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February 1911

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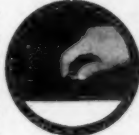


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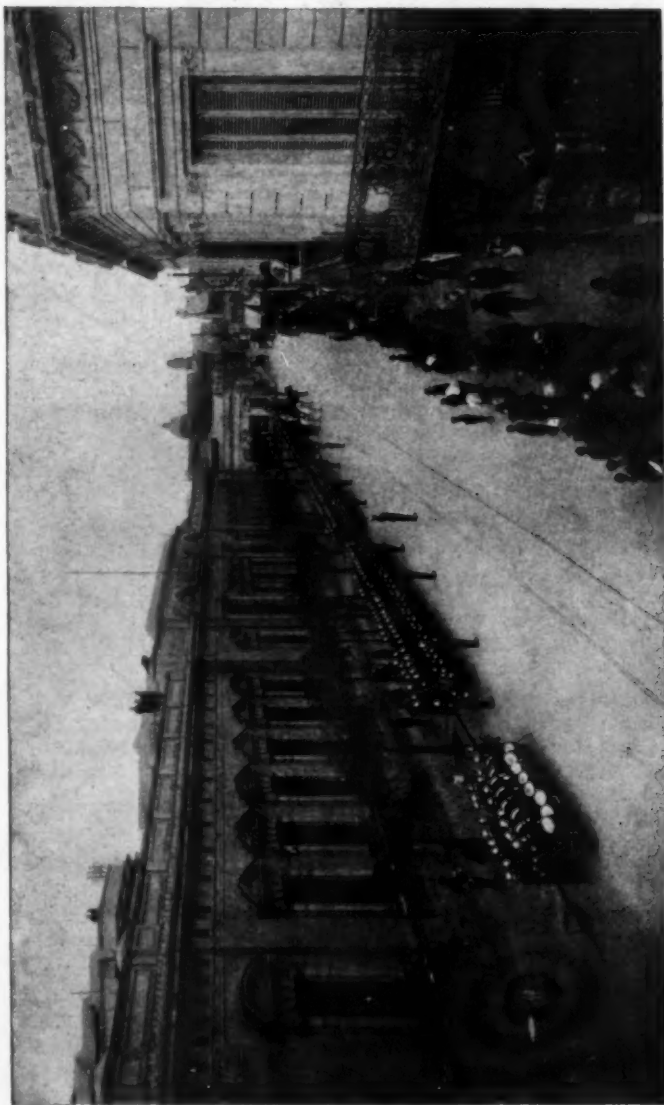
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ARGENTINE REPUBLIC OUT ON PARADE

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY, 1914

What's Afoot at WASHINGTON

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

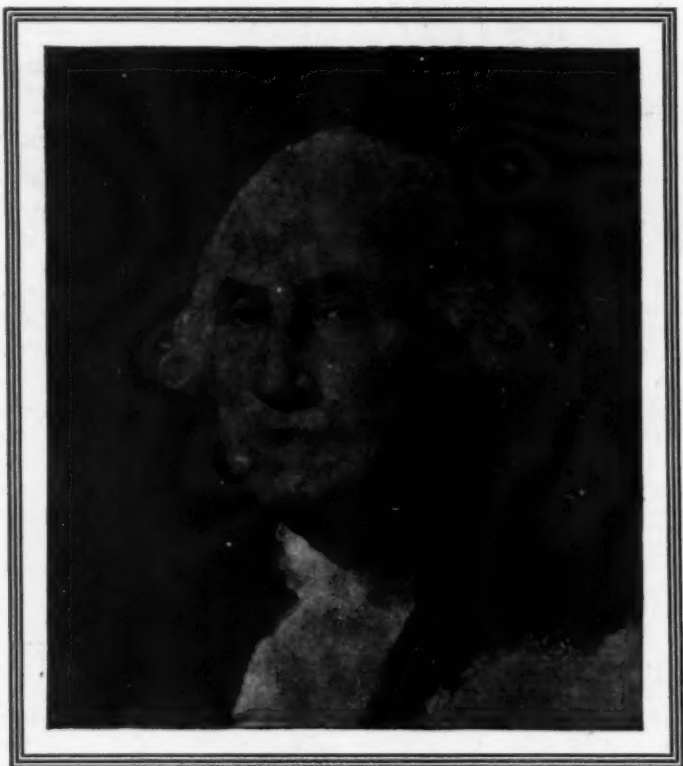
AFTER the January recess, the executive, judiciary and legislative coordinate branches of the government returned refreshed to their work at Washington. The President, arriving from his holiday at Pass Christian, Mississippi, was keen to see that the needles of legislative processes were properly threaded, with side glances at the corporation question, as the second product of Democratic constructive legislation. The presidential vacation days were replete with those little human incidents which prove that the Chief Executive still remains very much a man of the people despite his elevation to high office. Political enemies, for their part, have given up sneering at the "college professor," and it is insisted in Washington that no President has ever been accorded more respectful and courteous consideration by his opponents.

WITH the advent of 1914, the members of the Cabinet, laden as usual with bulging portfolios, again gathered about the Executive table, walking into the little business office of the White House with dignified step. The real gravity of the situation for business men all over the country in confronting the adjustments incident to the legislation of the past year has largely supplanted the expectancy of appointments of so much interest to local constituents. New faces in different offices are becoming familiar to Washington travelers, and the sense of authority and responsibility has in many cases sobered the hostile and ebullient partisan spirits into a realization that the welfare of all the people remains the dominant purpose of the Constitution. The days marking the birth of Washington and Lincoln have been celebrated by a number of speeches, replete with reflections on the duties of the hour, in the light of the oft-rehearsed biography of those two great Americans. Senators, judges, congressmen, federal officials, diplomats, statesmen—would-be and otherwise—seize this occasion to declare anew the old doctrines in the light of new progress.

A NOTABLE TABLEAU IN POLITICAL LIFE

IT seemed like the final tableau in a political play. The scene was the Executive office, the clock pointed to the good old supper hour of six; the dramatis personae included a group of the country's most noted officials. The President was cast in the leading role, for upon his simple act rested the impressive climax of the most important financial legislation effected in fifty years.

Many motor cars honked an overture about the little, brilliantly lighted white building, suggesting preparations for the holidays. The Christmas



A FAVORITE WASHINGTON BUST

The one hundred and eighty-first anniversary of George Washington's birth will be celebrated
February twenty-second

moqd prevailed in the assembly, and felicitations were exchanged—of course this means that Senator J. Hamilton Lewis was there. Overcoats were piled high on the chairs in the outer corridor, as the company gathered inside the circular room and retired to the executive chamber. In the rear of the President's chair stood Senator Owen and Congressman Glass, both active in the passage of the bill. At the President's right stood Mrs. Wilson, nearby his daughter Margaret. Secretary McAdoo of the Treasury and his beautiful young daughter, and Secretary Redfield of Commerce and Labor represented

the Cabinet. It was a notable gathering.

The guests drew closer about the President's desk, on which laid the engrossed bill, unsigned. The twin student lamps on the table gave a scholastic atmosphere to the scene. The President, attired in light gray business suit, with a necktie to match, was in his happiest mood, though maintaining the poise and dignity characteristic of university days. At one minute past six, after parenthetically remarking that he might have something to say after the bill was signed, the President adjusted his spectacles and used three gold pens lying on the table, writing "Approved" with one, "Woodrow" with another and "Wilson" with the third. The pens were then presented to Secretary McAdoo, Senator Owen and Congressman Glass, respectively.

No children ever received Christmas presents with brighter smiles of satisfaction than this trio with gold pens. As the speech of the President proceeded there were hearty outbursts of applause, but the Republicans present shook their heads and remained sober. When the President declared that the time of hostility had passed, that the time for constructive legislation had begun, and that the Currency Bill was the first of the series, there was renewed applause from the Democrats, while the Republicans remained quietly in the background. Even the President's optimism and sincere convictions could not alter their views. The President declared that the Tariff Bill had only



MISS SADIE GOMPERS

The daughter of Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor. She declares that she is a suffragette, "like dad," and has pledged her active support to the cause. She is the fiancée of George B. Gerau, a leading San Francisco lawyer, and will be married in Washington

removed impediments; they felt that it took work from American workmen, and gave the country the usual run of Democratic depression in trade. Opinion was certainly divided, but there was a general conviction that the bill was eighty-five per cent good, and even its opponents expressed the hope that the other fifteen per cent would not prove as disastrous as predicted.

Upon one thing the entire gathering agreed—that Woodrow Wilson was President of the United States, clothed with the power of sovereignty representing ninety millions of people, and demanding the respect due his position. After the bill had been signed, there was another round of hand-shaking.



THREE PRETTY DAUGHTERS OF CONGRESSMAN LAZARO OF LOUISIANA
Miss Mary Lazaro, Miss Heloise Lazaro and Miss Elaine Lazaro, who have entered Washington society and are very popular in Congressional circles

Secretary Tumulty was here, there and everywhere, making everyone feel at home, and looking out for the large accumulation of appointments that demanded the President's signature before he could take his Christmas journey to Pass Christian, Mississippi, where he enjoyed his first vacation since the summer breathing spell at Cornish, New Hampshire.

There were greetings all around as the guests departed, and the White House family were left alone as the curtain fell on this little drama of national life. Whatever may betide, the impressions of that last tableau will always be associated with the fate of the Currency law.

IN reviewing the achievements of 1913 there seems to be one predominant note. Despite the tragedies of the Balkan war and the unrest in Mexico, there were many events that indicated the inevitable progress of arbitration and peace. The awarding of the Nobel prize to Senator Elihu Root brought into international prominence a career of remarkable achievements in arbitration of world problems.

RECALLING THE WAR OF THE EGGS

THE subject of eggs came up at luncheon time in the Senate restaurant. The proposition of efficient economy was under discussion, when Senator Carroll S. Page made the startling statement that in the discussion of tariff and currency, one important element of cost and loss had been overlooked. He referred to the report from the Secretary of Agriculture, declaring that in one year over 1,500,000 eggs were destroyed in transportation to New York City. This loss represented nine per cent of the total supply. With a twinkle in his eye, Senator Page suggested that some reader of the NATIONAL might acquire fame and fortune by inventing a safe and sane egg-carrier that would avert the smashing of ten per cent of the eggs laid by the American hen. The farmer's boy of years ago can recall the time when eggs sold at from five to ten cents a dozen, and even under those conditions the smashing of an egg was a real calamity.

The omnipresent egg on the breakfast table recalls the story told by the late Senator Allison of a broken egg that led to an Indian War in Minnesota. In 1862 several Sioux Indians appeared in a farmer's dooryard and saw a nest of eggs with a hen sitting on it as an industrious hen is wont to do. An Indian picked up one of the eggs, and his companions warned him not to break it as it belonged to a white man. Having a general contempt for all pale-faces, the brave could not resist smashing the egg. He proceeded to break the others in the nest, while another Sioux shot the hen, scared from her nest.



MISS HARRIET LANE

The daughter of Senator Harry Lane of Oregon. This is her first season in Washington, and her charm of manner has already won her many friends



HON. PRESTON MCGOODWIN

Recently appointed American Minister to Venezuela. Mr. McGoodwin is a brilliant young American with a keen business head and a practical mind

A third Sioux, to show his heroism, sent a bullet through the farmer's cow, which brought the farmer to the door, rifle in hand; and a fourth Indian, to show his supreme bravery and his contempt for the white man, shot the farmer dead. This bloody outrage was completed by massacring the farmer's wife and children.

Thus from a bit of mischief started by a broken egg, there followed a revolt at the Indian reservation. Little Crow called a council of chiefs that resulted in Sioux outbreaks all along the Minnesota frontier. More than a thousand white men, women and children were butchered because of the wayward breaking of a single egg. Governor Sibley took the field at the head of a body of volunteers and defeated the forces of Little Crow. A year later, after the dispersal of his forces, Little Crow was shot. Three hundred ringleaders were captured, thirty-eight were publicly hanged at Mankato, and the rest were imprisoned. Later, however, President Lincoln pardoned the remaining prisoners, closing the last incident of a war occasioned by the breaking of an egg.

SWALLOWING THE TARIFF PILL

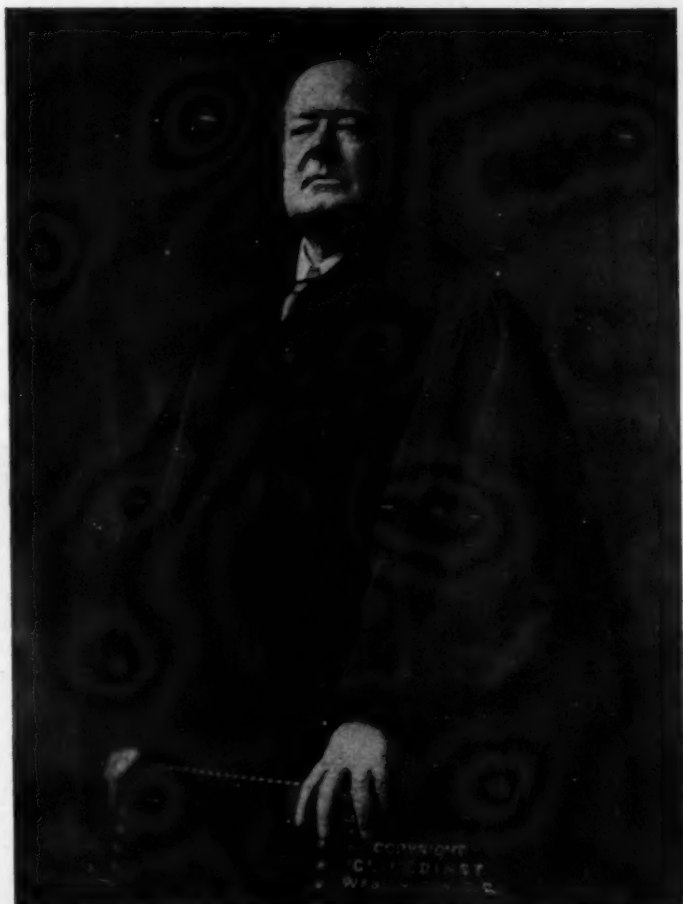
THE new tariff, the delay on the currency bill and numerous other theories are advanced as the reasons for unsettled business conditions. Whatever the cause, accumulating evidence of the march of poverty, with its spectre of free soup houses, indicates that the "tariff pill" is as hard a dose for the nation to swallow as at any other time. We have had the same symptoms, took the same medicine and are getting the same results. Even before the year 1913 ended, the Municipal Lodging House of New York City had taken care of more penniless and bedless men on a single night than ever before in its fifteen years' history. The number included six hundred and fifty men, thirty-two women and sixteen children who had breakfast at the lodging house, and more than five hundred and twenty-five men who spent the night at the Charities pier, at the foot of East Twenty-sixth Street.

A great many of these applicants said they would be willing to work at anything if they could only find employment. But everywhere the answer seemed to be "not hiring any help."

A NOTE SIGNED BY WEBSTER AND CLAY

WHAT always charms me about Washington is to realize that, after all, men are human, and that no dignity or distinction can eliminate the spirit of democracy on which the republic is founded. To walk along having a chat with Chief Justice White, and finding that the man who has written decisions of historic moment from which there is no appeal, retains an interest in everyday affairs and wears a fuzzy hat, and about the same sort of clothes, shoes and neckties as any other man, only serves to emphasize his real dignity. The Chief Justice is as simple as he is dignified. He loves to spend his vacation days at the old home in Louisiana, where neighbors and friends still hail him with the affectionate greetings of the days when he was forging his way to the front as a promising young lawyer.

The men in official Washington seem to have less of a halo about them than in the good old days, when the towering form of Webster or Rufus Choate would attract more attention on Pennsylvania Avenue than a brass band or a



THE CHIEF JUSTICE RETAINS A STRONG INTEREST IN EVERY-DAY AFFAIRS

Edward D. White, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, is in private life a man of simple tastes. The Washington visitor will frequently meet him walking through the parks or down the Avenue, for he is a leading member of the famous "pedestrian club" inaugurated by the late Justice Harlan

tango dancer in 1914. In the Riggs National Bank of Washington the other day I was shown by the president, Mr. Charles C. Glover, the identical note endorsed jointly by Choate and Daniel Webster. The story is told that Choate asked Webster to endorse a note with him for \$500.

"All right," said the studious and thoughtful Webster, "I'll do so, Choate, if you'll make it \$1,000 and give me half." Choate agreed to the compact, and

the two set out for Banker Riggs, signed the note with due solemnity, and secured the proceeds. As they swung across the threshold out again on the Avenue and divided the money, Webster in his ponderous voice remarked to Choate, "Rufus, why do you suppose Mr. Riggs wanted our names on that note?"

"It baffles me, Daniel," responded Choate, "perhaps he desired some memento to hand down to posterity, for I cannot at this moment conceive how it is going to be paid in our day and generation."

The cancelled note is today a valued souvenir, worth many times its face, because of the illustrious signers.

TALKING TO THE INDIANS BY GRAPHOPHONE

THERE was a thrill of real patriotism in witnessing the descendants of the aboriginal inhabitants of this country take the oath of allegiance to the Stars and Stripes.

The exercise which marked the breaking of ground for the National Memorial to the North American Indian at Fort Wadsworth Harbor, New



MAKING BOOKS FOR THE BLIND

Here the blind literally lead the blind; sightless Washington women are making books for other blind readers. Recent stories by Richard Harding Davis and Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett are among those being prepared for publication.

York City, was the recognition of the justice of William Penn to "give to the Indian his due." When President Taft and thirty-two Indian chiefs met on this occasion, the enthusiasm of the meeting suggested to Mr. Rodman Wana-maker, who is erecting the memorial, the idea of an extended tour, covering twenty-five thousand miles, in a specially equipped car, to every one of the one hundred and nine Indian tribes. To each tribe he carried a message of

friendship and good cheer. Dr. Joseph Kossuth Dixon, who had charge of the expedition, has just returned to Washington, and laid before President Wilson a document in which the chief of each tribe swears an eternal fidelity and allegiance to the American flag and to the Government which it represents.

The results of the expedition, made possible by the generosity of Mr. Wanamaker, are regarded by Interior Department officials as of the greatest value to this Government in its relations with the Indians.

Dr. Dixon carried with him a graphophone message to the Indians from President Wilson. Whenever a reservation was visited, the Indians were called together, the talking machine set up and President Wilson's message delivered as follows:

"The Great White Father now calls you his 'brothers,' not his 'children.' Because you have shown in your education and in your settled ways of life staunch, manly, worthy qualities of sound character, the nation is about to give you distinguished recognition through the erection of a monument in honor of the Indian people in the harbor of New York. The erection of that monument will usher in that day which Thomas Jefferson said he would rejoice to see 'when the red men become truly one people with us, enjoying all the rights and privileges we do and living in peace and plenty.' I rejoice to foresee the day."

Dr. Dixon in discussing the success of this remarkable expedition declared:

"I feel that I have changed the destiny of a race of people. The Indian hitherto has been driven back, robbed and practically crucified. He has been surrounded on reservations with a series of merciless limitations until naturally he would not listen to the white man.

"I think our expedition paved the way to obliterate the clouds of suspicion and we have broken down the walls of fear, distrust and suspicion,



REAL AMERICAN ROYALTY

Chief Prince Eagle Eye, one of the interesting visitors to the National Capital. The young prince is of Chippewa descent, and comes from a long line of noted chiefs

and the red man in the future will welcome the just advance of the white man. For the first time the Indians of our country have sworn formal allegiance to the flag and to the Government."

The allegiance to which the Indian chiefs subscribed, either by thumb print or otherwise, which the government now treasures, is as follows:

"Though a conquered race, with our right hands extended in brotherly love and our left hands holding the pipe of peace, we hereby bury all past ill feelings and proclaim abroad to all the nations of the world our firm allegiance to this nation and to the Stars and Stripes, and declare that henceforth and forever in all walks of life and every field of endeavor we shall be as brothers, striving hand in hand, and will return to our people and tell them the story of this memorial and urge upon them their continued allegiance to our common country."

COLD-WATER CONSTITUENTS ENTERTAINED BY CONGRESS

ONE of the largest gatherings ever assembled on the east steps of the Capitol was that of temperance workers from all parts of the country, to impress upon Congress the importance of a prohibition amendment to the Constitution. Senator Morris Sheppard of Texas and Representative Richmond P. Hobson of Alabama acted as a reception committee and greeted the army of two thousand men and women, who marched to the capitol to the tunes of "Onward, Christian Soldiers" and "America." Senator Sheppard sounded an optimistic welcome. "Prohibition," he said, "will embrace the whole United States within a comparatively short time. The movement is so strong throughout the nation that nothing in the world can prevent its ulti-



TWO TEMPERANCE ENTHUSIASTS IN CONGRESS

Congressman Richmond P. Hobson, of Merrimac fame, and Senator Morris Sheppard, the noted Texan. Both led in doing the honors at the convention of temperance workers in Washington.

mate complete success." Senator Thompson of Kansas and Senator Owen of Oklahoma were also enthusiastic in endorsing the proposed amendment.

Speeches in the open air by the women workers were a feature of the occasion. During the week Senators and Congressmen were kept so busy



TWO YOUNG NATIONAL CHAMPIONS

Miss Hattie Holbrook, fourteen years old, was awarded a prize by the Agricultural Department for having the best garden, showing the greatest net profit, in her state. Mr. Merle Hyer took the lead in all boys' potato clubs—382 bushels from one-half acre was his record yield. Both were photographed during their visit in Washington

entertaining their cold-water constituents that one doorkeeper declared he never before had seen such a "drouth-like expression" on the faces of legislators.

When the matter came up in Congress there were some demonstrations in the galleries, and Mr. Hobson, the irrepressible hero of the Merrimac, made the most of the occasion. He even was drawn into a threatened fisticuff encounter with a brother Congressman, one Jeremiah Donovan of Connecticut—who comes of a fighting race himself.

SOCIETY BUDS KEEP HOUSE AS MARITAL TRAINING

IN a little cottage in Huntoon Place, Washington, there is an object lesson in domestic science that has set Capital society agog. Here real house-keeping is the feature of social activities. Real babies and real meals are provided by real girls, really eager to know how to care for real homes—for



MISS FRANCES LILLIAN PROUTY

The young daughter of Congressman Prouty of Iowa. She was recently presented by Professor George Henry Howard at a piano recital, which was attended by many Washington friends

real husbands. The classes are allowed so much money each week, just as if they were to provide for a home, on a stipulated sum from the salary envelope of the master of the house. The funds have to be equally divided, leaving a little surplus for a rainy day. Now debutantes will have the practical specifications at hand, and when a marriage proposal is made, they can coolly ascertain the appropriation on which they must begin—and make calculations.

The work at Huntoon Place was inaugurated by Mrs. Archibald Hopkins, a Washington society leader, and much interest has already been manifested by

young Washington girls. Miss Emma S. Jacobs, the director of domestic science in the Washington public schools, furnished the classes from the public schools, and the pupils, wealthy and poor alike, are now instructed to practice American housekeeping in the old-fashioned way.

Besides the kitchen work, the girls are taught to care for the other rooms—a sitting room and two bedrooms. A baby's crib is in one of the bedrooms, and here the sewing is also done. The class really "plays keeping house in a corner," and learns how to dress a baby, to bathe and to feed it.

So now, as the old-fashioned visitor remarked, the American girl goes to school to learn what mothers, aunts and grandmothers used to impart in the old days. But many a young man will now be emboldened to ask the great question, knowing that the girl of his heart can care for a humble home as well as manage a pretentious establishment.

And after all, a happy home will always represent the consummation of ideal life.

A SENATORIAL DISCUSSION ON DIAMONDS

SHE was seated in the gallery and looked at the solitaire on the third finger of her left hand. It glistened in the reflection of ruddy blushes. On the floor of the Senate they were talking of diamonds, not the ace of diamonds, or even the queen, but of real diamonds—the kind she wore on her finger. Now, who would have dreamed that stern Senators would be engaged in such an interesting discussion? She listened attentively, and in her dainty memorandum book made a note that German Southwest Africa was entering into the production of diamonds. Thus the American maidens fair will not have to make their lovers pay tribute to the monopoly of the South African Syndicate.

As she bent her head to hear every word that might be said, she caught the information that most of the stones in the new fields are secured from near



MRS. VINNIE REAM HOXIE

The first woman sculptor in the United States. She executed the famous life-size statue of Lincoln, which stands in the rotunda of the Capitol, also the statue of Admiral Farragut, which stands in Farragut Square, Washington. Busts of many other American statesmen have been modeled by this talented lady



MRS. JOHN BURKE

The wife of the Treasurer of the United States; a lady of great charm, who is one of the most delightful hostesses in Washington official circles. She has gone on side by side with her husband since the very beginning of his political career in North Dakota, over twenty years ago

the surface of a large area of diamondiferous gravel. During June, over 170,000 carats were produced, which exceeded all previous records of the new field. "Helen, dear," she whispered to the sweet young thing who sat beside her, "how many do you suppose there will be next June?" And again she blushed a rosy red.

As long as diamonds are diamonds there will always be a keen interest in their production, whether discussed in debate on the Senate floor or in the whispered confidences of the maiden telling the story of the solitaire. As

long as the feminine mind remains under the fascination of the flashing gem, the search will continue for new fields and mines, to keep pace with the demand for lovers' most costly pledges of lifelong constancy.

INTERNATIONAL HONOR AND NATIONAL TRIUMPH FOR SENATOR ROOT

WORLD honors have come to Elihu Root without the dazzle of spectacular efforts to win popular applause. Honors national and international may be heaped upon him, but his poise and dignified modesty remain undisturbed. After the Nobel Prize for Peace was conferred upon him, he was surrounded by friends, colleagues and countrymen, who greeted him as the world's greatest peacemaker. Quietly he thanked them for their good wishes and hastened to his work in the Senate.



AWARDED THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR PEACE

Senator Elihu Root, the New York statesman, who is honored as the world's greatest peacemaker in receiving the Nobel prize

The importance of Senator Root's work for the pacification of Cuba and the Philippines, the part taken by him in the negotiations between the United States and Japan, and in the discussion of the Panama tolls question have received world recognition in the award of the Nobel Peace Prize. Almost coincident with this great honor was the selection of Senator Root as a member of the Court of Arbitration at the Hague. To this court are to be submitted the claims of British, French and Spanish subjects in regard to property seized by the Portuguese government after the proclamation of the republic.

Coming so close together, these two international honors were particularly gratifying to the Senator's colleagues at Washington.

A host of admiring friends insist that Elihu Root has a mind that works in the direction in which he aims. There

is no scattering of thought, no pandering to the applause of the populace. He has achieved many great tasks, any one of which would make him immortal. He practically framed the entire government of Cuba and of the Philippines; he negotiated the first eight arbitration treaties entered into by the United States and has since negotiated twice that number; he paved the way for the withdrawal of the American army from Cuba; and his tour to the Latin-

American countries was the first movement that led the nations of the Western Hemisphere to an understanding of international peace.

His career in the Senate has continued to consummate in legislative action what he had already inaugurated in executive administration. Elihu Root is a statesman in the full and unmeasured sense of the word.

WHAT PRESIDENT GRANT FORESAW

RECORDS of the past often foreshadow the future. There were lively times at the White House when President Ulysses S. Grant became enthusiastic over the purchase of San Domingo. This was

the first suggestion of acquiring territory not contiguous to the boundary lines of the two oceans. The administration was assailed because of even this suggestion of insular possessions, but President Grant's convictions were based upon a broad understanding of the future, as developed by later events. In those days Roscoe Conkling—who despite a somewhat exquisite personal appearance, with curled and scented forelocks, was a manly, able and devoted worshipper of President Grant—insisted that the hero of Vicksburg and Appomattox did not view politics through a microscope, but rather with the broad vision of the astronomer who surveys the planets as their figures cross the huge crystalline lenses of a powerful telescope. President Grant foresaw the inevitable expansion of the United States to the islands of the sea, but possibly never dreamed that the Stars and Stripes would, within a quarter of a century after his passing, float over a huge archipelago of the Orient. He seemed to foresee that an era of world peace following the reunion of the republic would



A JANUARY DEBUTANTE

Miss Genevieve Walsh, the daughter of the Senator from Montana. She spent the holidays in Panama, and was presented to Washington society upon her return. Miss Walsh is a graduate of Vassar and is an accomplished and brilliant young lady

naturally expand the domain and influence of a nation whose history for nearly forty years responded to the appeal of the silent commander, "Let us have peace,"—a notable utterance coming from one familiar with the sternest terrors of war.

JAPANESE BUSINESS MEN TAKE NOTES ON WASHINGTON AFFAIRS

EVERY few weeks there are delegations of Japanese business men in Washington winding up a tour or starting on one, carefully observing and taking notes on commercial matters. Japan's foreign trade in 1911 aggregated \$478,697,200, and the United States received \$111,340,400 of this



AMERICA'S MOST REMARKABLE WOMAN

Miss Helen Keller, the blind philosopher, who lately was interviewed by Madame Montessori, the Italian lecturer. She pronounced Miss Keller the most wonderful woman of the century

amount, the largest item of Japan's growing commerce. This shows the growth of Japanese trade in America.

Very methodical investigations by the Yokohama Chamber of Commerce establish reliable estimates of the great advantages to be derived by the operation of the Panama Canal, showing that the distance between Yokohama

and our Atlantic and Gulf cities is shortened by from 3,500 to 3,700 miles, and from nine to twenty-six days steaming, as compared with the Suez and London routes, by which a large proportion of the freight is now transported. The large amount of freight now sent over the transcontinental railways



HON. GEORGE TURNER OF WASHINGTON

A Western statesman, formerly United States Senator, who has been mentioned as successor to Justice McKenna of the Supreme Court

SENATOR W. S. KENYON

A brilliant Iowan who is noted as a lawyer and judge. He has a strong personal following both in his home state and among his colleagues in the Senate

may be greatly reduced in quantity, in cost of freight and in charges, but the increased commerce and demand for expeditious shipments will always furnish the railroads with a large bulk of the increased business.

No country can be more intensely interested than Japan in the success of the Panama Canal, and it is scarcely conceivable that any Japanese statesman has ever formed the hare-brained projects which certain alarmists have so often exploited in and out of Congress.

Japan is hardly likely to sacrifice one-fourth of her foreign trade and enter upon a war costing from one to two million dollars a day for any conceivable gain in territory or prestige.

NO MORE DEAD LETTER JOKES

THE abandonment of the Dead Letter Office auction sales has eliminated an interesting institution coeval with the government itself. Benjamin Franklin, the first postmaster-general, inaugurated annual auction sales in the Dead Letter Office, at which all the packages and letters unclaimed for a year or more were offered for sale to the highest bidder. True, it was a

lottery, but in those days lotteries were encouraged and protected by the government. The first money appropriated for building the new Capitol at Washington was raised by a lottery, and eminent persons, not excepting ministers, were agents for the sale of lottery tickets. Now the United States Attorney-General has decided that the dead letter sales are a lottery, and the thirty-five thousand packages that accumulated during the past year must no longer be disposed of in the good old way.

The annual sale has always been a sort of "grab bag" affair, and furnished a great deal of amusement; for speculators would bid vigorously, often running the price up on a package which might contain nothing more than a bustle or a brick, or a package of worthless rags, perhaps in some instances intended as a hoax, and sometimes by persons possessed of a mania that it was desirable to fill up the mail bags in anticipation of parcel post.



TWO LADIES OF THE TURKISH EMBASSY

Madame Abdul Hak Hassein Bey and daughter Cynthia, the wife and daughter of the first secretary of the Turkish Embassy. Madame is one of the most charming and accomplished ladies in Washington, and is an acquisition to American society

There was no "unsight unseen" sale this year, and when a letter or package goes to the Dead Letter Office in these enlightened times, it is really dead, as Julius Caesar or McGinty himself.

THREE MISSOURI GOVERNORS IN WASHINGTON

THE good old state that wants to be shown is certainly on the map in Washington these days. Three former governors of Missouri are now living at the capital. Senator W. J. Stone, former governor, is now serving his state in the United States Senate; Former Governor Folk is now the Solicitor for the State Department, and A. M. Dockery is the

Third Assistant Postmaster-General. Senator Stone is rounding out his second term in the Senate. He has had a long public career, covering service in the House, the Governorship of Missouri and membership in the Senate. In the last presidential campaign he was Champ Clark's chief adviser and manager, but is today regarded as President Wilson's strong adherent and confidant in senatorial affairs. Senator Stone says very little, but he makes that little count. He keeps in close touch with affairs at Washington but always has a weather eye open for Missouri and Missouri people. During the currency debate he read from manuscript an address that recalled the manner and methods of his party colleagues during the Cleveland administration.

SENATOR JONES GETS HIS THREE CLERKS

SOME compensation for the long session has been granted the hard-worked Senators in the passage of a resolution providing that Senators having less than three clerks shall be entitled to that number. It was Senator Jones of Washington who last summer began the agitation for increased clerk hire, and became so insistent as to resort to filibustering against everything, because he could not get his resolution through. At the time, Senator Williams convulsed the Senate by likening Jones to that historic John Hook who, on the very heels of the victory of Yorktown, went with hoarse voice screaming through the American army lines, "Beef," "Beef!" because he could not get the money he thought was coming to him. But Jones scored.



SENATOR WILLIAM J. STONE
One of Missouri's former governors now living in Washington

UNCLE SAM'S SYMPATHY FOR POOR CHILDREN

FIELD agents of the Agricultural Department send many interesting reports to headquarters which indicate the scope of their work. A humanity and sympathy with the boys and girls of the farm are reflected in their reports, and in the hearts and reports of their superiors. Thus poor children in lonely districts of the country enjoy the public sympathy of Uncle Sam. In return the young people not only follow out the instructions of the agents, but also endeavor to make good. The following report from a Farmer's Co-operative Demonstration agent in Alabama is in reference to the Girls' Tomato Club work:

"One little girl who lives on top of a mountain cleared and fenced her



ENJOYING THEIR FIRST SEASON AT WASHINGTON

The Misses Anna, Virginia and Martha Ford, daughters of the newly appointed public printer. Not forgetting their love for their own state, New Jersey, they regard the national capital as a really delightful place of residence

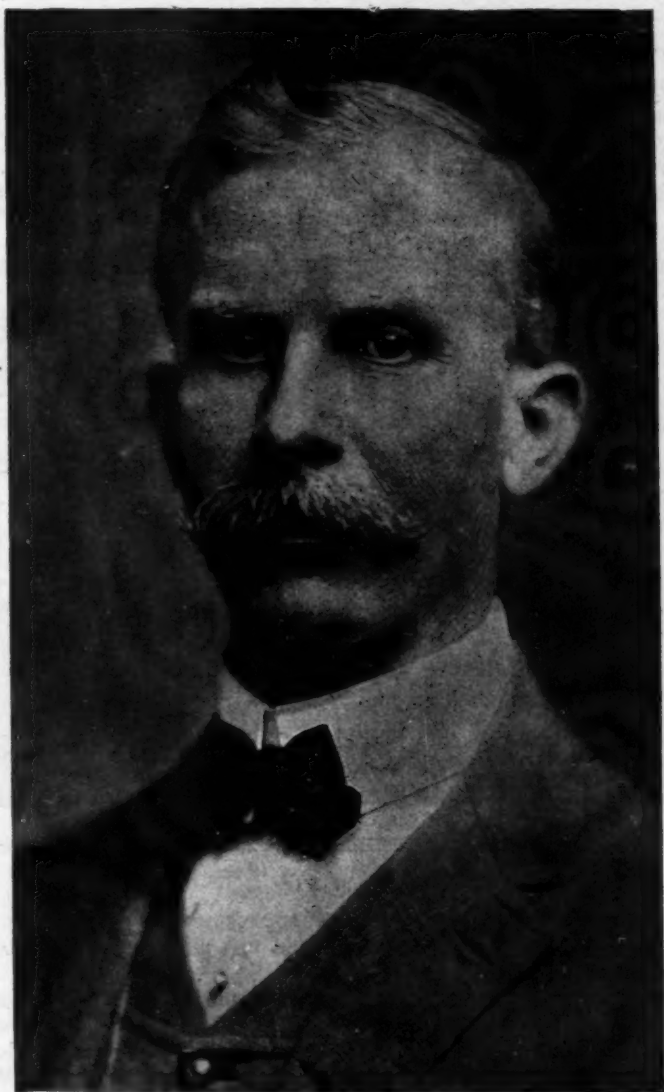
own plot, dragging rails, one at a time, down the mountain side. As she lives alone with her grandmother she had no one to plow for her, so she and her grandmother dug the plot up with a grubbing hoe. The plants, having no fertilizer except a little barnyard manure, are slender and of a yellowish color and I am afraid she won't make many tomatoes. But that won't prevent her from working harder than ever next year.

Here is the spirit of the real farmer being nurtured in the young.

FATEFUL TEA IN CONGRESSIONAL CUPS

IN the House cloak-room, lunches and sometimes tea are often served during the long and strenuous sessions when Congressmen do not find time to go down stairs for a leisurely bite. In the cloak-room one day where a group of busy members were drinking tea, a startling discovery was made. Of course it was a Congressman from Boston who made the surprising statement. He insisted, with his teacup poised mid-air, that he was drinking the same brand of tea that was thrown into Boston Harbor in 1773, prior to the Revolution. To prove his claim a page from Pepys' diary was quoted. Here the fact was set forth that Dan Rawlingson, the first grocer to serve tea in England, was in due course succeeded by the firm of Davidson, Newman & Co. in Leadenhall Street, London, who today sell the same blend of tea that was shipped to the United States in 1774 and is still shipped at the present time.

The only thing that has decidedly altered is the price—for Rawlingson's customers paid sixty shillings a pound for tea that can now be bought for a shilling. Tea is still mixed in the large tubs, now more than a century old, used at the time of Rawlingson. The identical sign of three sugar loaves over the small barred window of the Rawlingson shop is still in place.



SENATOR FRANKLIN P. GLASS

A prominent Alabama newspaper man who was recently appointed to the Senate. This is his first public office

So the Congressmen sipped their tea with increased satisfaction, in the belief that they used the same brand of that fateful tea that occasioned so momentous an event in American history.

WEBSTER'S LAST WORDS RECALLED

BETIMES I love to wander about in the corridors of the Capitol from the basement crypt to the galleries, looking at the portraits of men prominent in history, and at paintings reflecting great historical events. One face that always holds attention is the orator of ante-bellum days. Even in marble, the form of Daniel Webster stands out with the pre-eminent prestige of his personality. He was often called "Black Dan," an old guide told



THE BIRTHPLACE OF DANIEL WEBSTER AT FRANKLIN, NEW HAMPSHIRE

me, because of his swarthy complexion; but history knows him best as the Great Expounder of the Constitution, and one whose classical utterances have become historical epigrams.

At his birthplace, in Franklin, New Hampshire, a celebration was held last summer by the Webster Birthplace Association, which is restoring to its original proportions the house in which Webster was born. The location and building itself had been nearly lost sight of when former Senator William E. Chandler organized an association to preserve on the foundation walls, from as much of the old building material as could be secured, and, in its original proportions, the house in which Daniel Webster was born. The occasion brought together many eminent men from all parts of the country; a notable address was made by Congressman Samuel W. McCall and an oration

by Governor Felker of New Hampshire. The poem of the celebration was written by Miss Edna Dean Proctor, a noted daughter of New Hampshire.

While the vast throng stood about the birthplace, the last words of Webster were recalled. As the light was fading from those deep-set, lustrous eyes, his lips moved, and he whispered the words "I still live"—words which now ring out in history, for in truth Daniel Webster does live and will live as long as the nation which he loved and served is "one and inseparable."

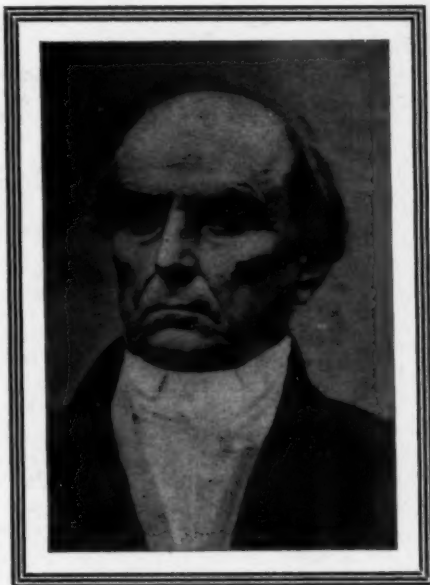
A HOPEFUL OUTLOOK

WHILE spending a half hour in the Department of Commerce and Labor with Secretary Wilson, the office seemed to present a glimpse into an international clearing-house. The plans of Secretary Knox, of the previous administration, to inaugurate an extensive campaign for American commerce had already been inaugurated. There was a general plan to establish a similar system to that in vogue in Germany, which has made the most wonderful increase in foreign trade of any country in the world. The plan was definitely made to increase foreign trade about fifty million each year, reaching a total trade of three-quarters of a billion within five years.

This might have the effect of ultimately transferring London's ancient title as "the money center of the world" to New York, for the markets, by reason of the Panama Canal, will be much nearer. Lower freight and passenger rates, and more frequent trains and sailings will soon bring about almost miraculous results.

It is estimated that for the first syndicates to arrange for a partnership with the government, there is one billion dollars' worth of improvements possible in Turkey. China is also wide-awake to engage the attention of American financiers and American industrial genius. Turkey and China, however, are not the only countries where American syndicates could arrange partnerships with the government. Almost any country on the globe with the exception of Great Britain, France and Germany could be opened up by approach along proper lines, and even the indifference evidenced by the administration to what is known as "dollar diplomacy" will scarcely check the movement.

In the next decade, the world of trade will move westward towards the Orient, with the course of empire, in marked degree.



DANIEL WEBSTER

(The last picture of the great New Hampshire orator, reproduced from an old daguerreotype)

Daniel Webster

by Edna Dean Proctor

At his birthplace, Salisbury (Franklin), New Hampshire, August 28, 1913.

Hail to the home that reared him! hail to the hills, the stream,
That heard his earliest accents, that shared his earliest dream!
A place it is for pilgrimage—for gratitude to shrine
A name and fame whose grandeur will never know decline;
And with honor and remembrance and reverent accord,
For his greatness and his service we bless and praise the Lord.

From his own Kearsarge and Katahdin to Shasta's dome of snow,
From Superior's pines to the tropic Gulf where the palm and the orange grow,
He loved his land and in dreams beheld the splendor of its prime—
A mighty nation nobly dowered for a destiny sublime;
And he strove to weld the States in one with a strength no power could sever,
For the cry of his heart was, "Liberty and Union, now and forever!"

We think of him as a mountain peak that towers above the lea,
Where sunshine falls and lightnings flash and all the winds blow free;
And his voice comes back like the swelling chant, within some minster old,
That floods the nave and thrills the aisles and dies in a strain of gold!
So lofty his eloquence, grand his mien, had he walked the Olympian plain
The listening, wondering throngs had seen great Zeus come down to reign;
For beneath the blue or in stately halls, he swayed the hearts of men,
As the boughs are swayed by the rushing wind that sweeps o'er wood and glen—
As the seas are swayed by the tidal force that moves beyond our ken.
And when nor plea nor prayer availed war's awful strife to shun,
His fervor glowed in the flag aloft and nerved each Northern gun,
And above the roar of battle and the rage of mad endeavor,
His cry still echoed, "Liberty and Union, now and forever!"

Do we look alone at the wounding thorn when the crimson rose waves high?
Do we hear but the one discordant note as the symphony rolls by?
The clouds on his fame are like morning mists in the path of the full-orbed sun,
For his glorious, deathless words will shine
Down the years with a light divine till dawns and days are done!
And whatever world has gained him it will be a heaven to him
That the Union lives, resplendent, not one star lost or dim.

Hail to the home that reared him! hail to the hills, the stream,
That heard his earliest accents, that shared his earliest dream!
And while the skies enfold Kearsarge and the meadows Merrimack river,
From sea to sea, shall our watchword be
His patriot heart-cry, "Liberty and Union, now and forever!"



Photo by Hon. George B. Leighton

WEBSTER'S BIRTHPLACE, THE LARGER MANSION HOUSE



Photo by Hon. George B. Leighton

THE RESTORED BIRTHPLACE HOUSE

CHARACTER

A Sermonette by Robert J. Burdette

"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."—Proverbs 23:7



SOMEONE has said, "Character is what a man is in the dark." What he is without an audience. His reputation may be grandstand play; a safe, senseless slide to second with the ball a quarter of a mile away—a cloud of dust and thunders of cheers from people who don't know the game. His character may be the sacrifice hit that brings him hisses from the same class of people—and advances the team.

What you wish you were, that's your ideal. What people think you are, that's your reputation. What you know you are, that's your character. To paraphrase Abraham Lincoln, you may fool some other people all of the time, but you can't fool yourself one little bit of the time.

Reputation is a variable estimate, depending not upon what people know about you, but upon their guesses, made from what they see of you. "We have lived together for fifty years," said the Left Hand, "and I never saw him do one charitable action." That's reputation. But all that time the generous Right Hand was the almoner of God, working in loving and secret fellowship with Him. That's character.

You will not drink wine, not even for politeness' sake, and at the table of an esteemed friend, and "our Best Society" says you are a fanatical, bigoted prohibi-

ditionist. You refuse to encourage a vile story with a smile. Some people say you are a cold-blooded hypocrite. You will not permit yourself to laugh at a funny story, well told, in which all the "laugh" is in its profanity. And folk say you are self-righteous. And you carry your Bible in your hand when you walk to church. And they say "a canting Pharisee." Yet all the while your character is that of a sober, pure-minded, reverent, God-fearing man—a Christian. Four reputations—all bad, and one character which outweighs and outlasts the four, going into eternity with you.

Character—you won't find the word in your Bible. But there you learn what it is. The Bible isn't a dictionary—it's a Teacher. The primary meaning of the word "character" is an instrument for marking or graving; commonly, a mark engraved upon a plate of stone or metal; a figure cut deeply into a plate of bronze by a chisel of steel. Now do you begin to understand what character is?

Something which your daily life cuts deep and deeper into your soul day by day, and marks you, I pray, for one of God's men or women, even a special one among His millions. "To him that overcometh I will give a white stone, and in the stone (not "on" it, you will observe) "a new name written, which no man knoweth save he that receiveth it." Isn't that glorious? Wondrously glorious? That new name, graven by the finger of God, in exclusive confidence with yourself, deep in the white pebble of your life—that's your character. Not Simon, as men called you. But Peter by the dear Lord's rechristening. What God knows you are, and what you know you are. Do you begin to understand what your character is?

Even the angels may never fully comprehend your true character. John quotes Christ as saying that it is

a secret between God and yourself. Maybe God himself doesn't quite know your new name yet. He is learning it from your daily life. Are you setting him a fair copy for that new name? Every day you pray the Heavenly Father to watch over you and keep you from evil in your actions. Do you pray just as earnestly that He will watch just as carefully to see what you are thinking, hear what you are whispering, that he will look down into your deepest soul to note what are your secret inclinations? By these things you are shaping your character. God doesn't make it; you do.

Character is not builded up, like a house that can be torn down if it be found defective. It is being engraved, day by day, deep, deep, deep into your very soul—the immortal part of you. You can't rub it out. Should you try to cut it out, it will leave a hole that will have to be patched, a wound that may heal, but will heal with a scar. Character stands. And you can't write your character in the ragged years of the fag-end of a misspent life.

Christ can forgive the sins of a penitent thief on his deathbed. But he can't give him the character of an honest man. He was a thief all his life. And in death he is just a forgiven thief. A pardoned convict. The record stands. It can't be changed to show that the convict was never in the penitentiary.

Do you begin to see what a serious, earnest, prayerful lifework it is, the graving of your character?

"As a man thinketh, so he is." What do you think about when you are alone? How do you act when there is no audience? What manner of creature are you "in the dark"? What are your thoughts and inclinations when you think God isn't looking? What is your real name?

The PLOTTERS

by
Lilian Ducey

I'VE no patience with them!" Marjorie's troubled, girlish heart beat out the words with eager irritation.

"Or I," the young fellow crouching forward in his chair, stirred the waning blaze.

"Because, if ever two people were in love—" Her voice trailed away into silence on the obvious conclusion to her sentence with a sort of dreamy exasperation.

"I wonder what the row was?" He asked the question meditatively, eyes still fixed on the fire and the poker he was wielding to such good purpose.

The girl shrugged her shoulders at this, quite as if he had eyes in the back of his head to see. There was a moment of silence until the fire glowed and sputtered and shot into flame, then he sat back in his chair and looked at her.

"I said I wondered what the row was," he repeated.

"And I said," Marjorie returned properly superior, "that I hadn't the faintest idea."

"Oh!" Stephen Blair looked at her a trifle bewilderedly. "I didn't hear you."

Another silence overtook the conversation. It lasted a long, long time. But at last the man broke it, saying with the same irritable impatience that had tinged Marjorie's voice a short time before: "Do you know what—somebody ought to knock their two fool heads together!"

The girl smiled to herself. "If somebody only would," she sighed sagely. "Finding themselves in such close proximity, they

might make a mistake and kiss." And she added after a moment: "But I do think Douglas might come and see her—try to make it up. In fact I think he's horrid not to!"

"How do you know but what she's to blame," he protested. "I tell you Douglas is the squarest old boy—the bulliest brother!"

"And there isn't another in the world like Clarice! She's the best sister ever! She's the beautifullest, loveliest darling! She's the sweetest, tenderest—"

She stopped short for want of breath and adjectives, and the man answered the note of indignant anger in her voice.

"No use for us to quarrel. What we want to do, ought to do, is to try and help them before it's too late. Douglas has already asked father to transfer him to the London office. And if father does!—"

Marjorie fixed him with a frank stare of alarm. "Did he really?"

"Really." Stephen stirred uneasily as the seriousness of the case was brought to his mind anew. His shoulders lifted to superb erectness. Commanding power rang in his voice as he said: "And something's got to be done!"

He brought this out with such an air of decision that for a moment it lay like a challenge between them. Then Marjorie flung it back to him.

"Then do it," she urged blandly.

"Do it!—Me?"

"Who else?"

"Well, I thought—you see, you're her sister—" He fumbled for a convincing

argument; gave it up and went on with pleading earnestness: "Couldn't you have a talk with her? If she were just to send him a wee, little line. Why if she only crooked her finger at him, I know he'd come running! All he wants is the chance to do it."

Marjorie sniffed with displeasure. "And you want me to ask *my* sister to grovel to a man! Never! Why don't *you* talk to Douglas?"

Stephen twirled the ends of a little bristly mustache and looked meditative. "A fellow," he said, clearing up that suggestion with an air of finality, "can't broach a subject like that to another, even if he happens to be his brother."

"Then what's to be done?"

Stephen shrugged his shoulders. Marjorie swept from her chair and rushed to the window. "Oh! I thought that was Clarice coming home," she murmured with relief. "And we've got to think of something before she gets back. Maybe we won't have another chance to talk for days."

She continued to stand at the window, looking out on the snowy earth. The gray February day was slinking into the darkness of night. And the spell of its silence held her for a moment, while in it the germ of an idea suddenly sprang into vivid thought.

"If we only could, Stephen! Oh—if we only could!" She swept back to her chair, a gleam of inspiration in her eye.

"What on earth?" began the man.

"Why, it just came to me like *that*—" she snapped her fingers. "I wasn't thinking of a single thing,—and lo and behold, there was the whole of it mapped out before me."

"Well, am I in it at all? Or am I not?" Stephen asked the question with considerable restraint. In his mind Marjorie was a duck of a girl, but she had an irritating, little way with her of keeping a fellow guessing at times.

AS a further test of his self-control, Marjorie plunged into deep thought, meanwhile tapping pearly teeth with a rosy forefinger. He wouldn't condescend to ask again what this wonderful plan might be, so he waited in somewhat

thunderous silence. At last, like a galleon under full sail, she whirled about the room, switching on lights, gathering pencils and paper. Then she beamed her delight and mischief with a little secret smile of whimsical humor.

"Stephen, we'll write valentines!" she gurgled. "Now! This minute! Tomorrow is Valentine's day!"

Such a look of disgust crossed the man's face that the gurgle died in a gasp. The next second, however, she had matched his disgust with the most superior disdain.

"Oh, you poor thing! You unimaginative—" she paused. "No, I won't call you names. There isn't a minute to spare. We're going to write two valentines—one for Douglas, one for Clarice. I'll get Clarice—after we've composed them, of course,—to write his. You do the same with hers—get him to write it. I'll tell Clarice I want to send it to Tommy Westcott, one of the boys I knew when I was at the seminary. You can tell Douglas that you want to send it to a girl who knows your writing. And there you are!"—she spread out her hands with an all-knowing gesture.

Stephen emitted a long drawn breath of admiration. The flash in her eyes had kindled a spark in his, and the next moment with impish chuckles they were laughing merrily.

"I used to be a dabster at verses in the seminary," Marjorie gurgled. "Beautiful things like:

"The drawing teacher, stately and wise
With mustached lip and baby eyes—"

The two young faces shone with some wildly joyous flame. They fairly scintillated with the radiance of their smiles. And the little points of light in their eyes leaped and danced with the sheer audacity of their daring.

"Of course, the situation of the estranged lovers is dreadful beyond words," Marjorie sought excuse for their levity, "but since we are to alter it, why moan and mope?"

"Why!" Stephen was grandly acquiescent.

"Anyway, it's a perfectly beautiful scheme," she went on. "And mine was the master mind that conceived it."

Stephen did not refute this. How could he? So she waited smilingly until his look of admiration began to wane, then she said:

"But, so you can share in the glory of it—you see I'm not a bit greedy, Stephen!—I'll let you plan the details. I mean, write the verses."

"Well, as I live! Say, but you're magnanimous!" he began. Then his protest suddenly died on his lips. He drew himself importantly erect. "Why not?" he boasted with tranquil mien.

"Why not?" she echoed him. It was a little, flippant, teasing way they had of taunting each the other. And she passed him a pad and pencil. "Make it a heart to heart pair of messages," she urged.

Stephen frowned and coughed as he stared at the blank sheet of paper. Before him, whenever he raised his eyes, Marjorie's face jeered and mocked him. If it wasn't demanded of him on the minute he knew he could do it! If only she didn't look so indulgently superior!

"Do it yourself!" he flung at her once, when a low laugh of amusement rippled from her lips.

But when she took the pad in all seriousness, he exclaimed, "No, you don't!" and made her give it back. The next moment he was scribbling for dear life.

"I'm inspired like you," he mumbled as he wrote. "It just dawned on me—easiest thing in the world—used to fill the college paper full of it—get something with a metre that sort of jibes with your idea—after you once get the knack, you can reel it off by the yard—"

"Let me see." Marjorie held out her hands as his pencil paused. But it was with difficulty she read the hasty scrawl:

"A fire mist and a planet,
A crystal and a cell,
A jellyfish and a saurian,
And a cave where cavemen dwell."

He was looking at her intently as she read. He always liked to watch the motion of her lips. There was infinite charm in the very way she used them. But when she came to the line: "And a cave where cavemen dwell," she stopped to search his face in amazement.

"Well, I never—" she began; then, "What on earth!—"

"My dear child," he explained patronizingly, "that's the masterpiece I parodied. Go on with it."

So she continued somewhat meekly. Marjorie had a way of accepting defeat gracefully,—then waiting her turn:

"Then a sense of law and beauty,
And a face turned from the clod—
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God."

"Now for the valentine," he laughed. "I'll read it to you."

"I'm capable of reading the English language," Marjorie pronounced witheringly. "And also of appreciating it. Only in the labyrinths of my reasoning, when I saw caves and cavemen, why—Oh, naturally I began to wonder whether you were going to treat her to that old chestnut of banging her over the head and dragging her away by the hair."

"Proceed with the valentine," said Stephen. And Marjorie continued:

"A jealous doubt and another,
A cross word and a look,
A challenge crisp and a last retort,
And bonds in' wrath forsook—
Then a soul that writhes and quivers,
And a heart that aches as well,
Some call it a lovers' quarrel,
But I, dear, call it —"

HERE Marjorie swept him an indignant look. "Well, I'm glad you had the grace to write it with a dash. Do you call that a valentine? Of all the—!"

"But isn't it realism?" Stephen cut in with a hurt tone. Doesn't it epitomize their situation exactly?"

"Pshaw!" she objected instantly. "We were writing a valentine."

"We?" he looked at her tauntingly.

Marjorie smiled at him as if he were some hopeless infant incapable of comprehending the simplest bit of reasoning. "After all," she spoke impressively, "it is the master mind that is responsible for the success of every scheme. Even the little details must be planned when the underlings fail in their part."

Stephen's lips etched themselves with a steely smile. Words failed him, so he simply handed her the pencil.

Marjorie eyed him dauntlessly. "Thank you," she said sweetly. Then she studied

* "Each in His Own Tongue," by Mr. Herbert Carruth.

the paper for a moment, and presently her rippling laugh rang out.

"I have it," she chuckled, writing fast. "Listen!"

"A jealous doubt and another,
A cross word and a look,
A challenge crisp and a last retort,
And bonds in wrath forsook."

"Hold on!" he stopped her. "That's exactly what I wrote!"

Marjorie just shook her head at him as much as to say: "God pity the feebleness of the masculine intellect." Then she began all over again.

"A jealous doubt and another,
A cross word and a look,
A challenge crisp and a last retort,
And bonds in wrath forsook;
Then a pride that knows no yielding,
While the heart still cries for thee—
So I grasp my chance, A Valentine!
This day my soul flies free."

Stephen's silence was the silence of heart-whole appreciation. And Marjorie made no effort to check it. To beat him at his own game, no matter what the game, was the ethereal spice that gave flavor to her days. So now she waited.

"Marjorie," he said at last, "believe me, you're an Infant Phenomenon. What's the use! You write the other."

She gazed at him for a long moment—a gaze of commiseration. "And you think that one would answer?"

"Why, it's great!" he answered.

"Oh, you poor thing!"

She said the last with the condescension Stephen most disliked, and he shot her a fiery glance. The next moment, however, he drew himself erect as a wave of responsibility swept him.

"Now, look here, Marjorie," he spluttered, "you're fooling away the time. What if she should come? What if your mother were to come? I'll have to be on my way pretty soon or I'll be late to dinner. We haven't a moment to lose."

"Of course we haven't. Do you suppose I don't realize that?"

"Well, then—" he retorted somewhat perplexed, "what do you mean by—"

"Stephen," she cut in with decision, "I had it all planned while you stared at that pad, before you put a pencil to the paper. Also I revised our whole mode of procedure. We won't get them to write

them. The one for Douglas I'll print inside of a neat, little heart, drawn on Clarice's stamped letter paper. You can just type the one for her on the firm's paper and send it special delivery."

Stephen looked at her irritably. "But the verses!"

"Oh, the verses," Marjorie echoed impishly.

"Anyway," he retorted coolly, "you talk like the frog in the well problem. Climb three feet one day and drop back two each night. You take wild jumps to a conclusion, omitting all that goes before. Then you have to go back and it takes you twice as long to get anywhere."

SHE accepted this with a little tilting of her chin, and delicate nostrils widening with derision.

"But I get there," she retorted. "Don't I? Even you must acknowledge that. And I have the good sense to know when verses are bathos, not pathos. Ugh! Imagine sending man or woman such a valentine! And I only corrected your version to show you how it might be improved."

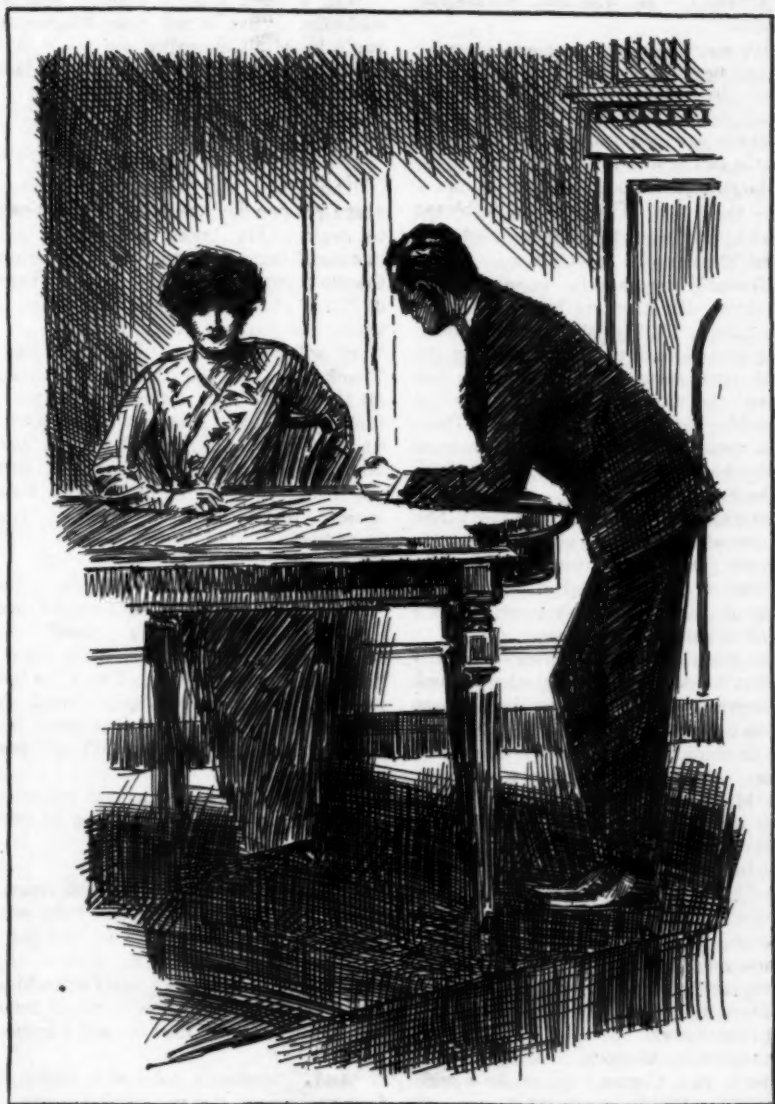
"Well, I never!" Stephen was smiling again. He couldn't help himself. If Marjorie was bewitching in quiet moods, when lightning-like currents of anger swept through her she was a vision. In moments like this he felt the superiority of his twenty-four years, and in his mind called her a peppery, little child-woman. So he said indulgently: "The verses—let's get it settled before anyone disturbs us."

"Oh, yes," Marjorie always came back to a given point of departure all smiles. "They have the simplicity of greatness. We'll use the same little couplet for both of them."

"Well, let's have them," Stephen urged. Marjorie's eyes danced and rippled. "Sentiment is so silly," she laughed, then with mock solemnity she bent to him, lowering her voice like some arch plotter.

"This heart of mine
Craves word from thine;
Oh, bid it live, and love to give—
My valentine!"

Stephen shook his head solemnly. "You didn't make that up yourself."



"Marjorie," he said at last, "believe me, you're an Infant Phenomenon. What's the use? You write the other"

"Well, Stephen Blair!" Marjorie stared at him indignantly.

"All right, then—you did," he laughed back.

"It's just the regulation valentine stuff," she was beaming again. "But done artistically—and you know I can draw almost as beautifully as Clarice!—on her monogrammed paper, and Douglas will think it's some magic incantation that will readmit him to Heaven."

On their rush of merry laughter, the sound of the front door opening and closing fell like some icy hand. It was—

"Clarice!" trenchantly, in a subdued monotone, did Marjorie breathe her sister's name. Hastily, she scribbled something on a piece of the pad, but before she could pass it to Stephen, Clarice had entered the room. All she saw was the beseeching glance he cast upon her. Then, for a time, the talk was of the matinee Clarice had been to see, and of the delay on the subway.

"Mother hasn't been feeling well. She has a headache." Marjorie offered the bit of news with sinister forethought. But it failed of its desired effect. Instead of going on to her mother's room, Clarice voiced all her sympathy to Marjorie.

The minutes dragged. Every time the plotters found their eyes meeting, a look of chagrin at being foiled at the ultimate moment swept over their faces. Stephen was thinking: "If she'd only ask me to dinner; that would give us a chance." But Marjorie was thinking: "Why on earth doesn't he get up to go home; I could put it in his hand when he said good-bye!"

But he made no move toward departure. Neither did Clarice. At last, in her exasperation, Marjorie actually threw the minutely folded paper at him. The tiny missile hit him directly between the eyes.

"Marjorie!" Clarice's elder-sisterly tone rang chill reproof.

Mutinously, Marjorie took the two in, "I don't care, Clarice," she spoke a trifle savagely. "He's exasperated me all afternoon. He's been in that lofty, my-dear child mood. He called me an infant phenomenon and a frog in a well. He's been quoting poetry at me."

Clarice shook her head indulgently.

"You two will never grow up, I'm afraid. You act just as you did five years ago."

"Oh, I don't know," Stephen grinned wickedly. "But I tell you, Clarice, if you'd heard all she called me, you'd take her right upstairs and lock her in a dark closet." And with this parting shaft he rushed away.

NEXT AFTERNOON—ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

"Hello?" . . . "Oh, Stephen! I'm so glad I got you in. Stephen, I'm frightened to death. My knees are rattling like castanets—anyway they're quivering. Couldn't you come here? Can't you get off?" . . . "Douglas just left? Yes, I know, but couldn't you anyway?" . . . "Try, will you?" . . . "I breathe easier. Thank you. It's like that time we stole all the plum's from father's prize tree—fifteen years ago. I haven't felt so scared since." . . . "All right. But if you don't come on the next train, be sure you'll find your fellow plotter dead from anxiety and fright." . . . "Yes, yes. Good-bye!"

AN hour and a half later she flung the door wide for him before he could ring.

"Come in and don't say a word," she fairly swept him into the living room. "You did it up splendidly. I took the box from the messenger boy, never dreaming what it contained. I brought it to her myself. And, oh, Stephen! When I saw all those roses!"

"This little valentine has cost me some money," Stephen laughed. Then he bent toward her. "How'd she take it? Did she find the envelope right off?"

A little shaft of impish merriment flickered into Marjorie's eyes. "She pretended not to see it. So did I. But there it was, buried among the flowers—the firm's name in the corner fairly screeching at us. I don't know how it would have ended only mother called me and I rushed away."

"And," Stephen's voice was unsteady from excitement, "do you think she opened it?"

"Do I think she opened it? Wouldn't those roses have touched a heart of stone?"

Two sighs rose in simultaneous rejoicing. "And then?" Stephen prompted.

"Well, she shut herself in her room. Later on she bathed her eyes. I walked in when she was doing it and she said she felt a little headachy. But the signs of tears were there. And mere words couldn't blind Marjorie to the sight of them. Of course, I had to mention the flowers, so I wondered who had sent them. I said I wished someone would send me a valentine like them instead of the silly, love-sick ones I'd received."

"So you received valentines, too?" Stephen asked the question with sudden curiosity.

Instead of answering, Marjorie fixed him with a stern eye. "Don't you see," she asked impressively, "that I am trying to tell this story just as it happened—without any side-stepping?"

"Go on then," said he, with a little air of restraint. And Marjorie continued:

"This is the afternoon the Ladies' Sewing Guild meets. But Clarice didn't go. I don't know why those roses should have given her a prescience of what was coming, but they must have. At any rate, at half past two another messenger boy came trailing up our garden path. I was in here, but Clarice was in her room. And, Stephen, she swung the door to him in the same way I did for you. Of course, I didn't let her know that I saw the boy, but I assure you I did gasp when in fifteen minutes she came downstairs looking like a sky-rocket ready to burst, and announced that she had suddenly decided to run to New York, and would I tell mother she'd explain when she returned."

"And then you telephoned me."

"Immediately. It's glorious! But, oh, Stephen, I'm scared! What's going to happen when they meet and find out that neither sent those messages? What's going to happen *when they come back*? They'll know we did it—"

"Croaker!" taunted Stephen.

Marjorie shrugged, but she summoned a little teasing smile. "Be careful or I won't show you the telegram," she threatened.

"The telegram! No!" Stephen threw her a rippling look.

"She dropped it in the hall." Marjorie drew a paper from her belt. "And talk about silly!—" Then together they read it, but silently.

"Long enough to be a night letter," Stephen commented. "He was as bountiful with his words as I was with the roses."

"Wasn't it lucky he never mentioned what he'd received?"

"Well, a man would hardly do that, you know," Stephen commented. "But say! Let's hope they made it up completely before they found out they'd been tricked into it."

"Let's hope so," acquiesced Marjorie.

THEY were still looking at the telegram, and presently, like two ecstatic, overgrown children they burst into noisy chuckling.

"Dear heart," Stephen pointed a long forefinger at the message.

"God bless you, Clarice—and the day," Marjorie quoted from it.

"I can't wait for evening," Stephen sighed with burlesque sentiment.

"Be the angel you have proved yourself and meet me—" Marjorie began with a giggle, but it stuck in her throat as two laughing people entered the hall.

"My heavens!" Stephen gasped. "Let's fade gracefully away."

And they faded. As if moved by a mutual impulse their hands met. Swiftly, but silently, they tip-toed to an alcove and hid behind its hangings.

"We've got to know which way the wind blows for us," Stephen put his lips to the ear that all but rested against his shoulder. One arm was thrown about her also—because the hangings were draped to a narrow space. Then they waited in a somewhat throbbing silence.

"Marjorie has gone over to the Griswold's; she spoke of going at lunch time." It was Clarice's voice—just a little shy, yet with a hint of hysterical happiness in it.

They heard the voice of Douglas, too—tender and moved. "Oh, my dear," he whispered, "how I ever managed to hold myself from taking you in my arms right there in the city, I do not know."

What the next unbroken silence meant was easily guessed at, and the two in the depths of the hangings found themselves clinging also. Stephen, too, finding Marjorie's face so near his own, right below him, stooped to it. First, he put his lips to her temple, then looking into her eyes

seemed to find her lips without volition. And in the room beyond conversation once more reigned supreme.

"It was that imp, Marjorie, you may be sure," Douglas laughed. "Don't you remember when she was small—before she left for the seminary? Why, she could plan more mischief in a minute than a dozen other children in a day. And she always led Stephen around by the nose until he got too big for her."

Marjorie barely suppressed a giggle—even with the wonder of that kiss still trembling her lips. And the next minute Stephen, with dominant masterliness, made it an impossibility.

"Oh, but I do love you—you bad, little thing," he managed to whisper low enough so as not to be heard by the others. "And you do care—Marjorie?"

For answer Marjorie pressed his hand slightly—only a vague caress, but much as coming from her. "Sh-h-h!" her lips moved, for the others were talking again.

"Well, they plotted to good purpose this time," Douglas said happily. "But the nerve of them!"

"I don't know how they dared," Clarice gave a little, contented sigh. There wasn't really any great need of words, still, in a blissful, dreamy way they rambled on.

"Well, the day was meant for lovers," Douglas' voice was deep and very tender. He paused a moment, then said: "Here, let me put this on again, sweetheart. And, if you ever, ever presume to take it off again! Why, you acted with a wilfulness that was sister to Marjorie's!"

"Don't, Douglas," Clarice breathed contritely. "I came so near to wrecking our happiness—I—I want to forget my wickedness. Marjorie, dear little girl, wouldn't have been so headstrong in her pride."

Stephen, with his cheek pressed close to Marjorie's, whispered softly: "Listeners do hear good of themselves once in a while."

"When they deserve it," she whispered back, in a curiously tremulous voice, but with just a ghost of a gleam of mockery in her eyes. And it may safely be supposed that had the circumstances not been as they were, Stephen would have experienced more difficulty in accomplishing her surrender.

Perhaps he knew this, for he suddenly pressed her to him with all his beautiful young strength.

"Stephen is fonder of the child than he really thinks," Douglas spoke reflectively. "Haven't you ever noticed that he never even pretends to bother with other girls?"

"And she," Clarice laughed softly, "she's nothing but a sleeping princess. Sometimes she amuses me. She has a little album filled with pictures of him—every snap shot ever been taken. It bears the inscription: 'Sacred to the memory of Stephen Blair. The best fighter, best loser and happiest grouch ever was.'"

The man behind the curtain felt a little, alert tension stir the girl in his arms, but the talk went evenly forward.

"Hanging on her dresser, suspended from a huge, blue ribbon bow, is his first pipe. He left it on our verandah years ago. And just the other day she told me how furious she felt at the time because he was growing up and she was still a child."

"When you're through talking about those children," Douglas interrupted, "I want to talk about ourselves. It's been arranged that I should take charge of the London office. Will you go with me, Clarice? Will you marry me, dear, and go with me?"

THERE was a moment of tense silence, during which Marjorie put her lips close to Stephen's ear. "Ought we to listen any more?" she whispered. And Stephen turned her head around and whispered back: "What can we do?"

"I know it is a great deal to ask," Douglas was saying, for Clarice had made him no answer. "You see, I've got to go in two weeks. Everything has been arranged."

Then Clarice burst out: "Two weeks! Oh, Douglas! Oh, you know I couldn't! Isn't there some way you can remain?"

Douglas seemed to think for a moment, then he said: "Well, I suppose we could send Stephen. I wish it were possible, dear,—" he paused. "Yes, Stephen can go. It will only be for a year or so, and a year at their age will only help them to determine their own minds."

There was a decided commotion behind the curtain as he said this. And the next

second two irate and scowling young people were confronting them.

"Oh, no, you don't!" Grim composure and crimson confusion fought for the mastery of Stephen. Confusion seemed to lead, yet the steady eye and tightened mouth were oddly at variance with it.

"Talk about ingratitude and the serpent's tooth!" Marjorie's cheeks were bright with blushes, but the flash of her indignant eye was not in the least impaired by them.

"Stephen! Marjorie! Were you two there—here—behind those curtains?" Amazement made the other two incoherent.

"Let Stephen go—eh? A year from their lives—?" Stephen had no words for their amazement, only for the issue at stake. "Oh, no, you don't! Or, if you do," he turned to Marjorie.

"Do you think you could get ready in two weeks, Marjorie?"

Marjorie hesitated only for the fraction of a second. "Yes, indeed, Stephen," she said with the most beautiful seriousness, that suddenly dissolved into gurgling, rippling amusement as she noted the white stare of blankness on her sister's face. "Certainly—if they make you go."

"Marjorie—you don't—mean—" Clarice was stammering, but a twinkle that seemed to be growing in Douglas' eyes made her lose her tongue altogether for a moment. Here was an ultimatum. And an ultimatum wherein Marjorie was the active spirit was of the inflexibility of cast-iron—and that whether it was presented laughingly or in all seriousness.

"You surprise me—you and Stephen," Clarice went on. "Why, I hadn't any idea you two had reached an understanding."

"Either you'll go with Douglas, or you won't," Stephen was backing up Marjorie, unflinching purpose deep in his steely eye. "If you don't want to, we don't mind. Anything, in fact, to smooth the path for you and him. We are the two most unselfish people on the face of the globe. We don't even care how we spend our

money for roses, or sit up until midnight fashioning a valentine."

Clarice looked soberly at him; she was sparring for time and an argument. As he finished, she shook her head a little deprecatingly. "She couldn't get ready either, Stephen," she smiled.

"Couldn't she?" he looked grimly into Clarice's face; then he turned to Marjorie. "Couldn't you?"

"I'm ready now, Stephen," she answered with such adorably assumed meekness that Douglas fairly shouted from amusement.

"You're being driven to it, Clarice," he said when his mirth had subsided somewhat. "And the little villain means it, too, I believe. I'd like to kiss her for it. What do you say—wouldn't it be a trifle precipitate for those two to be married without the preliminary of an engagement? They're equal to it though, as you know. Make up your mind to it, Clarice, and go with me."

"It isn't that I don't *want* to go with you, Douglas," Clarice began, when catching the sudden flash of joy that illuminated Stephen's face at her refusal, she changed as swiftly as a weather-vane in a sudden gust of wind. "Yes, I'll go," she announced with decision.

As she spoke Stephen turned on his heel. "Come, Marjorie, and show me the gold fish in the dining room—or something else in some other room." And a minute later he faced his fellow plotter, who was saying in a demure, little voice:

"Wasn't it lucky she didn't call my bluff, Stephen?"

"Lucky!" Stephen looked into her eyes, rapt awe mingling with trace of disappointment. "Why, I was wishing with all my heart that she would!"

"Oh, but, Stephen!"—it was a little cry—"I couldn't get ready in time! I really couldn't!"

"Well—I'll—be—jiggered—" was all Stephen said. But his tone was like the arms he put around her—tenderly caressing.





PLUPY on Loafers

by
Judge Henry A. Shute

Author of "A Real Diary of a Real Boy," etc.

LOAVERS is fellers witch aint got no wirk to do and wont do it if they has. i asked my father how loafers lived and he sed loafers didnt live, they just xisted and set round til they dide and never was no good to ennybody xcept at lection time when they was wirth from 3 to 5 dolars cording to wether it was a close lection and the candidate was willing to come down with the stuf.

he sed a loafer was better ded than alive becaus when he was alive everybody wanted to give him a crak in the jaw and count 10 and when he was ded everybody tride to say something good about him witch wasent mutch ennyhow and bery him.

somtimes loafers sets on fenses and somtimes leens agenst posts and bildings and doorsteps and smoaks and spitts and spitts and spitts. loafers always has plenty of tobaco and tobaco spitt and a pip to smok it in, i mean the tobaco not the spitt.

when a loafer wants to have a good time he gos where their is a lot of men diging a drane or a dich or priing a big rock out of

a hole or luing a hodd of brix up a ladder or lifting barils of flower into carts or bilding a stone wall or some sutch things as them and sets down in the sun and yorns and yorns and keeps on yorning and the fellers witch is busting there lungs lifting and priing with crobars and straning there backboans with barils of flower when they see this loafer liing on the grass get mad as time and holler to the loafer hi their don't you want a gob and the loafer laffs kind of sassy and says, no gob for me and yorns and says i gess i will go to sleap. then the fellers witch is wirking puts down there hodd and crobars and big rocks and hollers less lam time out of this dam loafer and they chase him 2 mils and then dont ketch him becaus they have straned themselves bad by wirking hard and he aint and when they comes back to there wirk they find the boss has doked them 35 cents each for loafing witch makes them madder than they was before.

the ant isent a loafer becaus he wirks all the time bilding a mound of sand for fellers to set on and get crawled all over

and bit and stang most to deth. So is a be i almost sed so is a hen but that is very unpolite and indessent in good company. they is 2 verses in the bible whitch speaks of ants and bes. one is this

how duth the little bissy be
impruve eech shining hour
and gather honny all the day
from every oapening flour

the other one is this

go to the ant thou slugger
consider its ways and be wize

this is the first time i ever suposed a slugger was a loafer. but it must be all wright for the bible says so but i gess if a feller dasted to call John C. Heenan or Tom Sairs or Yankee Sullivan or enny of them priseifers a loafer he wood get a lam in the snoot that wood make him pretty cairful what he sed to fellers whitch was bigger than he was. perhaps the feller in the bible what told the slugger to go to the ant to consider his ways thought the ant mite learn the slugger to fite better for ants can fite like all get out. sometimes 2 diferent kinds of ants, little red ones and big black pissmires will get up armies and go fourth to fite and have terrible battles, only no slugger wood be aloud to fite the way ants do becaus ants grab holt of each other and bites off his hind leg. just think of John C. Heenan and Tom Sairs triing to bite off eech others hind leg. i gess they wood have to stop it pretty quick. Gosh, think of it.

i have offen been sirprised to see how mutch was sed in the bible about sparrers and sluggers and i offen thought i wood ask Mister Lowell our sunday school supper-intendunt about it but sense that time he set fire to his wiskers at the crismas tree and sed o hell i have sort of lost conferdence in him. i asked my sunday school teecher Mister Winsor about it and he laffed so loud that the superintendent sed will the gentleman kindly refrane from laffing in this sacrid eddifice, so he refraned that is he shet up rite off.

but i was talking about loafers. sometimes you will see a feller leening agenst a post evry nite till the stores shet up without saying nothing to nobody but spitting but he may not be a loafer. i knew a feller whitch did that and i suposed he was a loafer till i found out that he warked day-

times and was the soul suport of an agged father mother wife six children and four dogs warking in a sawmil.

some fellers that dont do enny wirk day-times aint loafers. cause why. they wirks nites nitewatching in a factory.

that is a goke. you didnt gess it did you. they is some fellers whitch cant see a goke. fellers like Hu Gilroy, they call him Hug and Ike Shute and Spettical Lang i asked father why they was that way and he sed there branes was mildood, i asked what that was and he asked me if i remembered that time i et the apple pie i found in the cellar that was all covered with fuz and i sed yes becaus it made me so sick i most dide and had Docter Perry. well father sed it was becaus it had set there so long it became mildood and when a man cant see a goke it is becaus his branes has set so long doing nothing that they was covered with fuz jest like that pie. there branes was loafers.

mother sed she was schoked to hear father say them things and that them men was good men and respecterble citterzens and father sed that was the trouble and that if they had ever did rong he shood have some hoap for them. mother sed it was rong to say sutch things befoar the children and aunt Sarah she sed so two. but they both had to laff as everybody does when father gets talking that way. father sed a man whitch coodent see a goke unless you set fire to it and held it under his nose had ought to be watched by the polise.

but i was talking about loafers. father says a loafer may be smart enuf when he begins to be a loafer and he may be a loafer becaus he has got tired out, but if he dont get rested pretty soon he gets lazier and lazier and loafinger and loafinger until at last he gets so lazy that he is too lazy to breeth and so he jest ups and dies.

loafers most always has smart wives whitch wirk washing close and scrubing floors and sowing button holes and wiping winders and gnitting stockings and mittings and glooing fethers on hats and taking cair of sick peepole and babys whose mothers are ded or dont want them while there husbans is a setting round or leening agenst posts. i hoap i shall never be a loafer and have a smart wife, dont you.

PLUPY.

Almira's Judicial Mind

by
Edith Wallace

SOME scoffed, some smiled, and everyone wondered. Even the twelve men who knew were not quite sure they understood. One of the twelve was Thompson, the talkative, and when at last he betrayed the secret, most men still remained perplexed, but all women worthy the name drew a long relieved breath of sympathetic understanding. With one accord they exclaimed "Why, of course!" which goes to prove that the sexes occupy different planes of insight and intellect.

Perhaps it is best to let Thompson tell the curious story in his own words.

"Almira and I had been married thirty years," said Thompson sadly, "and I honestly thought that I knew Almira through and through—from A to Z, so to speak. I thought I knew her every fault and foible, every little idiosyncrasy, all her leanings and likings. Honest, I did think so. I held the mistaken idea that I understood her mental processes and possibilities so that I could foresee and prophesy just how she would act and proceed in any crisis, any possible emergency. But I'm willing to confess now that I didn't know her at all, despite those thirty years of intimate companionship. I found out that I'd only skimmed, as it were, the surface of her personality; its depths I had never sounded.

"Why, I had an idea—it seems preposterous now—that I could tell just how Almira would perform any duty assigned her. I'd have wagered all I'm worth on it. Almira was always self-controlled, calm in speech and manner, and possessed what I called a judicial mind. She never made snap judgments as so many women do. She never judged on the spur of the moment, but always looked at both sides

of a question before giving a decision. There was none of the 'intuition business' about Almira. She always wanted to know all the whys and wherefores, and all the ins and outs of a subject before she ventured an authoritative opinion on it.

"So, when she was chosen on the first woman's jury in our state, and was made foreman, I mean forewoman, of it, I was delighted. You see, I'd been rooter for equal suffrage for years, and naturally I didn't want to see it get a black eye at the start by any emotional overturn. I was sure that with Almira bossing the job, it was going to pan out about as fair and square and up to the highwater mark as if men were running it.

"Almira was true blue, too. She didn't trump up excuses or make the slightest effort to evade the call. She said she had expected to perform a full citizen's duty, whether it lay along the line of answering a riot call, serving in the City Council, or cleaning unhygienic back yards. Whatever it was, she was ready, she said, and she meant it, too. Her first chance came with this summons to jury duty. There was no objection coming from Almira, although most of us held a belief that the women were called more in the hopes of showing them off to a gaping public as undesirable citizens rather than because of an overwhelming need of their services. The eyes of the nation were on them, this first jury of women in the state. The fact was blazoned from one end of the country to the other.

"For several weeks that jury did itself proud. It did splendid work. It was done in the limelight, too, of public scrutiny, and was subject to public criticism. Every newspaper in the land was giving them

space and attention. Some were praising the jury's work, some were covertly criticizing, not only the decisions, but the women's dresses and personal appearance, which didn't seem fair. They did well, those women. That is for a long time. They handled some pretty intricate cases and disposed of them with a satisfactory dispatch that won over to their side many recalcitrant and reluctant publications.

"I knew, of course, that the controlling and directing influence was Almira's. She had an adroit, yet convincing way of presenting facts that brought every doubting soul over to her side sooner or later. Her arguments were clear and cogent. She used common sense and it told in good results.

"The comments were pleasing: 'Able women jurists'; 'marvels of justice'; 'swift and sure'; these were but a few of the kindly remarks showered upon the brave twelve. They deserved them; everyone so admitted.

"They were actually gaining international reputation for wise decisions, and the hopes of the suffragists in the few places left that still withheld equality rose to a fever pitch. It was predicted, enthusiastically, that the great women jury had broken down all opposition to the advance of its sex, in all vicinities.

"Almira wasn't puffed up either, by her success. She'd come home, and though every paper in the land and some in other lands were eulogizing her and her companions, puffing them up to the skies, she'd make biscuits for dinner and mend my socks in the evening just as calm and composed as if she were not a member in high standing of a great celebrity club.

"Her fame did not spoil her. She was just the same good painstaking housekeeper she had always been. I was proud of her. I used to feel actually arrogant in being able to say when riding down town mornings, and some fellow-passenger pointed out the picture of the famous woman jury in his newspaper, 'That's my wife,' and show him Almira's picture in the center of the group.

"I had the chance often, too, for the good work of this pioneer suffragette jury was the popular public topic of conversation. 'Well, I see those women have

decided against Atkins, good thing, too'; or 'Say, ain't it great the way those women are putting matters through'; and 'I guess they're in a hurry to get home to their babies.' These were samples of the comments made everywhere, and their tone, while often jocular, was always complimentary. How could anyone foresee the melancholy end?

"It was the last case, a pathetic one, perhaps, but with the facts so plain and patent that even a ten-year old child could have forecast the inevitable verdict. Or so it seemed to everyone. Alas, we had the unknown to deal with.

"The case was an ordinary one. A lad of eighteen was charged with attempted robbery. It was alleged that he had been dishonorably discharged from the navy and had held up an automobile party in an attempt to extort money enough, on threats of murder, to reach his far-off home with. That was the excuse he made, that he had only threatened, with no intention of carrying out his threats. The automobilists had shown fight, had promptly knocked the boy down and made him captive.

"THE case was clear. The boy, indeed, had wished to plead guilty, but had been persuaded not to by his attorney, a young fellow but a few years older than his client.

"Almira was jubilant at the prospect of getting home again. She confided to me that everyone was glad. Mrs. Arkwright belonged to a big evening whist club. She had missed four meetings already and, as the next one was to be at her home, she naturally wanted to be present. Little Miss Atkins, the teacher, wanted to start for Europe with a party on the tenth and had been so worried for fear the proceedings last over that date. Mrs. Newcastle had a new grandson, her first, and was crazy to be with him, and Mrs. Peters wanted to begin canning. 'Everyone,' my wife explained, had something important on hand, and then Almira ended with, 'And oh, Jack, isn't it gratifying that we have been able to put to flight the theories and prophecies of those who declared that women jurors would be the failures of the century?'

"I agreed, and I was in dead earnest, too. The comments of the press had been very flattering with the exception of the always lugubrious *Gazette* which had pointed out the day before that it was dangerous to comment until a task was really finished. 'Many a cow,' it said, 'had been known to give an excellent pail of milk and then, with a curious rebelliousness, kick it all over.'

"Almira only laughed when I expressed indignation at the aspersion. She was too happy to mind a small criticism or slander. As I kissed her good-night I felt a deep thrill of satisfaction at being the husband of a woman so brimful of commonsense and practicalness. I said so. I declared that I knew that it was my Almira's good judgment and diplomacy which had swayed so many decisions to a just and equitable basis. She only laughed and kissed me back again. I think she knew I was right.

"'How about the young highwayman?' I asked. But Almira was trying on a new waist and didn't manifest any interest.

"With her mouth full of pins she mumbles 'The way of the transgressor is hard' sentimentously, 'and I suppose society must be protected from its derelicts. We shall hear that case tomorrow, and I am so glad it is the last!'

"I was, too, and I said we would take a week's trip to the mountains, just for fun, and for her to hurry home next day, so we could decide where to go. She said she would be home at noon, probably, and so you may be sure I was surprised when as I was on my way home, at the time appointed, with an armful of railway folders, I read on the bulletins such news as this:

WOMAN JURY CAN'T AGREE ON
THE HIGHWAY ROBBERY CASE

"Nothing more. So I felt sure I would find Almira at home waiting for me, and I thought I would joke her a bit about the first and only disagreement of her associates.

"She was not there and what's more, it was past midnight when she arrived, and it was plain that she was in a very nervous condition, so I asked no questions

and felt relieved when I heard her retire. She did not appear the next morning until after the papers had come out, most of them with gigantic headlines, announcing that the famous woman jury had actually freed the self-confessed bandit, young Lawrence, and had declared the 'Caught in the act' highwayman an innocent and slandered fellow. It was further stated that the judge had discharged the women with a caustic comment on this conspicuous failure, a comment which he said would have been even more scorching but for the previous excellence of former decisions. The jury, the papers went on to state, had evinced no shamefacedness, but on the contrary had smiled complacently among themselves, and had even cast pitying glances at the disgusted judge.

"THE various editorials read according to their editor's beliefs. Some of them were openly triumphant, and the *Gazette*, a pronounced opponent of equal suffrage, reiterated gleefully its remark concerning bovine behavior. Some were faintly apologetic; others were denunciatory. As for me I remained loyal and true to my established belief in Almira's astuteness. I felt absolutely sure that Almira had found some new and extenuating circumstances to account for what seemed, on its face, madness. I awaited her with impatience.

"I went over the papers again. They excited my anger. A few were actually hinting at bribery, as if that poor beggar had a dollar to buy anyone with, and others made ponderous remarks on women's frivolity, lack of mental balance and other extravagances, just as if no jury of men, within their knowledge, had ever been guilty of bringing in a peculiar and unexpected verdict.

"Almira awoke, refreshed and truculent. To my well-intentioned and consolatory remark that I knew she was not to blame for the extraordinary decree, whoever else might be, she returned a stare of amazement.

"'To blame!' she exclaimed. 'Why, no one was to blame. We did just right, and I don't care if all Christendom believes to the contrary.'

"This exclamation accorded with my



"To blame!" she exclaimed. "Why, no one was to blame. We did just right, and I don't care if all Christendom believes to the contrary"

theory. I thought, very complacently, that my wife, no matter how other women jumped at conclusions, possessed a judicial mind.

"Yes," she proceeded, "we had the very best of reasons for freeing that boy. The very, very best! Every woman agreed with me after I explained why I really couldn't bring him in guilty; though, I must admit, they were all against me at first. Even little Miss Atkins, who was the one I was most afraid of, said I was quite right. Yes, they all agreed with me. We promised not to tell anyone our reason, either, but of course, that promise does not include our husbands; anyway, not you, dearest."

"I was glad it didn't. My curiosity was great. I could not help saying, tentatively, 'New evidence, I suppose.'"

"Evidence," repeated Almira scornfully, "we didn't even consider the evidence. We all knew he did it. There was no question about that."

"I GUESS I looked my mystification, for without another word Almira arose suddenly, and going behind me, put her arms around my neck and kissed the top of my bald head. This was unusual, for Almira comes of old Puritan stock, and is somewhat chary of spontaneous caresses."

"I drew her hands down into mine. They were trembling. 'Tell me, dear girl,' I said. She was silent for a moment. I felt that she was looking through the folding doors into our library where hung a life-size portrait of our only child, the boy whose bonny face and bright eyes had blessed our home for a few happy and all too brief years."

"Darling," whispered my wife, "you remember our Jack?" Remember Jack? She felt the shiver that, despite my efforts, passed through my body at her question, ill-timed as it seemed.

"Remember Jack? Do I ever forget him? Why, when Greenlaw, who walks home with me sometimes, talks of his son and tells me of his exploits and of their plans for the coming seasons, I shrivel and feel sick at heart, and the day darkens for me."

"Remember Jack? There's never a day, an hour, a minute, when I forget him."

Sometimes I wake up in the night and think I hear his call of 'Dad, oh, dad' and when I sense my loss again I stay awake the rest of the night and am no good at all the next day.

"I could only nod my head in acquiescence, and then, all of a sudden, Almira burst into sobs and whispered, 'Oh, my dear, perhaps it was wrong. Perhaps I did wrong, but oh, Tom, when the judge charged us, he looked at us, the poor, brave boy, white-faced, white-lipped, ashamed but brave, with our Jack's eyes; with the very selfsame expression Jack used to have when he'd done something wrong and knew it, and was sorry, but was just a bit stubborn and trying to brave it out—and well, I forgot all about the evidence and I could no more have sent that boy to prison'—here she halted while the hot tears rained down on my head—'Oh, Tom, he looked right at me with Jack's eyes.'"

"I couldn't speak for a moment. My brain was in a turmoil. When one's long and well-built erection of preconceived opinions suddenly tumbles, like a house of cards, before his astonished eyes, is it any wonder that speech fails? But when I felt Almira draw, involuntarily, away from me, I regained sense enough to say staunchly, 'You did just right, dearest. I am sure of it.'"

"Then, for a few silent moments we regarded Jack's picture together, and Almira repeated, over and over, 'He looked at me with Jack's eyes,' and I wondered and became curious again."

"But the others," I ventured after a while, "what did they say?"

"Well," explained Almira, "they were against me at first, all eleven of them, but when I got courage and told my reasons and showed them Jack's picture in my locket and told them how bright and brave he was, and how he took a prize for oratory and saved Jeanie Downs from drowning, they all came around, every blessed one of them. Mrs. Arkwright said Jack's hair was just the color of her Sam's when he was the same age, and Mrs. Peters said he had the same expression her oldest boy, the one that was drowned, had, and even little Miss Atkins thought Jack looked like a boy in one of her classes, a

boy she had been very fond of and not a woman there but said they'd have felt just the same if they'd been in my place, and most of them cried with me, when I broke down, through so much being said about Jack, and they all agreed that my reasons were good and sound and that they were with me to the end, no matter what any old ugly judge might say or outsiders think,' and then Almira broke down again and mumbled again with tears something about 'Jack's eyes.'

"Why so long in reaching a verdict?" I asked.

"Oh, we weren't," said Almira. 'As soon as I told them my reasons that was settled, but I began to tell them about Jack and how he used to hoist a flag when I was home to show that the queen was in her castle, and that made one woman remember something about her boy, who is a man now, and after that everyone had some story to tell and the time flew before we knew it, we were so interested. Then we took up a collection so as to send that boy out West to his mother, and somehow the hours passed like smoke. Mrs. Arkwright missed her whist, too, but she said she didn't care, and Miss Atkins came near missing her trip. We remembered just in time. We gave the money to the boy's attorney and the lad is to start for home tomorrow, and we don't care a bit what anyone says,' finished Almira defiantly.

"She came around then and sat in my lap and after awhile we went in and

looked at Jack's picture together, and then I showed her a pile of telegrams from about everywhere, protesting, denouncing, ridiculing and I said lovingly, 'And to think of me boasting of your judicial mind!' To which she answered, 'A fig for judicial minds. Merciful minds are much better, and besides, even if that boy had committed murder, I'd have done the same, and so would any other mother, as long as he looked at me with Laddie's own dear brown eyes and his very expression.'

"But your oath," I persisted, for as yet my ideas were all at sea, 'the oath you took to perform your juror's duties. How about that?'

"I was a little afraid she might get angry, but she didn't. She only looked again at Jack's picture and smiled tenderly.

"I was a mother before I was a juror," she murmured.

"That's why I say I don't know Almira, though we have passed thirty congenial years together. Yet, as young Lawrence, the fortunate young robber, is doing well out West, is making good and bids fair to become an honored and useful citizen, and as the chances are ten to one that a prison term would have finished his undoing, perhaps it is a good thing that the judicial mind failed, at a crucial moment, to keep in its usual iron ruts, and showed a mercy that seemed unwarranted by any male precedent. But though I don't say so to Almira, I no longer have faith, or believe in the predominance of her judicial mind."

AND IF WE FAIL

AND if we fail, what then?
We climb a few steps whither we would go
In strife for happiness or strength or power,
Then in a darkened and despairing hour
The bitterness of black defeat we know.
And if we fail, what then?
Courage! Begin again!
The conflict, not its outcome, makes us men.

—Florence L. Patterson

Of Like Clay

by

Jessie E. Wright

HE was a failure. He read it in his wife's eyes every time she looked at him, and in the eyes of his children.

"It's nobody but father," meant no discourtesy, it was a mere statement of fact.

That he was a failure was rubbed into him by the manner of those he dealt with and of those who passed him in the street.

"Remember the things, John," urged his wife, while she waited on the doorstep for him to drive off.

"Yes, I'll remember," and as he drove away from their depressingly modest—rented—place toward town he could see as plainly as though he were looking at her the almost bitter expression of his wife's face. He was as conscious as though he had been his wife instead of his wife's husband of how her energetic, ambitious spirit chafed against the monotonous triviality of her daily struggle to make ends meet. He knew as well as though she had told him that she felt her thrift and industry would have given most men a chance to make a place in the world. He was equally aware that she was daily thankful the children were like her—a thankfulness he shared. What he did not know was that with each child laid in her arms for the first time she had looked—and looked in vain—for its father's eyes. Something in his eyes had won her and still held a spell over her. They suggested to her in a vague, illusive way some wonderful world from which she was forever barred, but which always beckoned.

As John drove toward town he did not speak to anyone; it seemed almost as though he planned to escape observation by not looking up. But he looked for the boy. The boy was standing beside his father waiting for the street car. Anyone

but John would have recognized the father at once as one of the town's magnates. But John had never noticed the father. He only saw the boy, a slender youngster still in knickerbockers, with his strap of high school books. He did not stand very straight. John saw him flush and shrink as the man's irritated voice reached him: "Can't you brace up and show some backbone?"

The car came buzzing along, the man boarded it, the bell clanged, and the boy walked on alone.

John had never yet spoken to the boy, but the suggestion of loneliness and dejection about the slight figure acted as a spur. He slackened his horse. "Want to ride?" he said in a low voice. The boy looked up to say no, but stared into eyes he had known in dreams. "Thank you," was the altered reply, as he climbed in.

Although the quietest and most reticent of boys he found himself talking. Yes, it was his first year in High School. He liked Latin and English, he hated algebra. He was taking clay modeling and free hand drawing instead of mechanical drawing and bench work like most of the boys. Nearly every one did better than he did. He liked to read; if he could only be let alone to read he wouldn't ask for anything else; but there wasn't much time to read. He didn't like games. His father couldn't see why. He had a gun, but he was glad he wasn't much of a shot; he hated to kill things—it seemed such a mean trick some way; his father thought he was a poor stick. He liked his camera, but not so much because he liked to take the pictures as because he could go off into the country where nobody was—and just watch things.

"Do it—do it!" urged John with a curious thrill in his voice. "Do it all you can: it will make something to remember,

and keep you from thinking sometime that there is nothing—" He stopped abruptly. After all he was just thinking of himself; of how at times he had stopped the intolerable nagging of his thoughts by wandering again by the brooks of his boyhood or in the wide river meadows, or through remote and tangled wood trails.

The boy stopped at the high school. There was a smile in his eyes as he jumped out, and John's face, answering, was temporarily lifted out of its shadow.

THE next day it happened again, and the next, until the boy waited regularly for John or John drove very slowly for the boy.

At first it was only the boy who talked, little likely as that would have seemed to anyone who knew him. What he liked, what he disliked, how he hated the days people came to dinner, and evenings when his mother insisted on his coming into the drawing room with her guests: it was almost thinking out loud.

"Father can't bear the sight of me!" he blurted out one day.

"Oh, no, don't say that!" said John firmly.

"Well, he acts that way. I don't stand right, nor sit right, nor eat right, nor speak right. I don't rush around like a hen with its head off—nor show gumption nor backbone. I'm never first in anything, and I don't like a scrapping, bellying bunch of boys. Whether he likes me or not he sure doesn't like anything I am or do or say!"

"Oh, well, never mind!" were John's outward words, while inwardly thinking with unwonted pride in superior possession, "How proud, how proud that man would be with a boy like my John or Tom!"

"Your mother smooths things out, I guess," he added gently.

"She used to, but now I'm bigger she can't come into the same room I'm in without telling me how different I ought to be."

"Oh, well, never mind. But try—do try. It will help—and it will all work out, and you'll feel better about it all in the end for trying."

And after that morning it was often John who did the talking. It seemed the



He could see as plainly as though he were looking at her the almost bitter expression of his wife's face

strangest, newest sensation of all his later years to find that anything he could say won such a listener. The boy's eager face and responsive eyes urged him on. Things that had never been worth the telling, but that had lived in his memory, seemed to win substance and charm merely through the boy's listening. What trifles

found their way into speech—the duck's nest on the tiny island in the river, the strange birds in the thicket—the field mice he had watched for a summer; the old dreams that never came true—the nights he had stared at the stars and wondered and prayed and wished—and the boy always understood—always understood.

The school year wore on through the mild winter. Once the boy flunked in algebra and the second half he barely made good. John thankfully recalled that John, junior, farther along in the course, always had the best of grades in everything.

THROUGH sleet or slush or snow or good sunny Kansas weather they rode down Sixth Street side by side in the little old runabout and found their day the brighter.

"When there were so many things you liked—you wanted—you planned," hesitated the boy, "how did it happen?"

John read the unuttered word in the boy's eyes just as he had read it in others.

"Yes," he said slowly, "there never seemed to be anything real about it somehow. You're right—I'm a fail—"

"Oh, *no!* I didn't mean—but—"

"Yes, I know. That's why I want you to try. There is a way out—I feel there is, but it's easy to miss, as I have missed it—and you are like me—"

"And I'm glad—I'm *glad!*" flashed the boy defiantly.

"But there is a way out if you can look ahead and *try*; and there will be money back of you, and more time."

"I know how it was with you," and the boy flushed violently, "it was just the old case of a square peg in a round hole."

John was silent. He had always accepted the valuation of his world without criticism.

"Are you feeling all right?" asked the boy abruptly.

"Oh, I guess so."

"But—"

"Well, this sharp spell in March, when I thought winter was all over, took me a bit unawares. My wife plastered me up some last night."

"You look—"

"Oh, I'm all right. Good-bye!"

That was Friday. The boy did not expect to see John until Monday. When Monday came and no John he felt worried. When Tuesday did not bring him, the boy waited patiently after his classes until he saw John, junior.

"Is your father sick?"

"Sort of a cold," was the astonished reply. "Nothing much, I guess."

"I'm glad," said the boy, showing his relief.

"Wonder what that bloated millionaire's kid wants to know about father for!" thought John, junior. "I'll tell father."

But his father was too ill to be told.

"I'm sure he'll be better soon," said his mother anxiously, "he isn't old, and I'm a good nurse—and he's always lived right"—with a throb of thankfulness at last for *that*.

The boy tried to ask John, junior, again about his father, but missed seeing him until Thursday.

"How is your father?" he asked hurriedly

"Pneumonia, the doctor says; but he's getting along fine."

"Would it be all right for me to come to see him next Saturday afternoon?"

"Sure!" was the surprised answer.

THURSDAY John had rallied somewhat.

The doctor was hopeful. John's wife had thought it best not to tell the children quite how sick their father was. She was confident of the outcome—pneumonia was not new to her.

Late in the afternoon John spoke clearly, "The boy—the boy!"

"I better call both of them, then!" she thought, unaccountably troubled, and called both John and Tom to their father.

He was looking eagerly toward the door. As they came in his expression changed, and his mind seemed to come out of its cloud. With a pleased smile he held out a thin hand to them. "You've always been good boys—splendid boys!" he said weakly. "You will do well—not like your father."

With a pounding heart his wife ran to telephone for the doctor.

Friday the boy was waiting in the office for the close of John, junior's, recitation, and so explained his delay to the principal.

"John is not here today," said the principal gravely. "His father died last night."

THE boy turned quickly to the window and stared blindly into the street. The opposite buildings, the trees—the street itself—bereft of all substantiality, wavered and grew dim and musty before him. He

"She's mighty hard to down," was the answer.

The air was sweet with the masses of white hyacinths that completely covered the casket. Quantities of hyacinths had been sent, but none of the family knew by whom. John, not junior now, but just John, had looked at them thoughtfully.



When Tuesday did not bring him, the boy waited patiently after his classes until he saw John, junior. "Is your father sick?" "Sort of a cold," was the astonished reply. "Nothing much, I guess." "I'm glad," said the boy, showing his relief

made a desperate effort for self-control and finally managed to ask when the funeral would be.

"Saturday afternoon," was the brief reply, but the boy's face and voice fitfully haunted him all that day.

As a funeral, it was altogether correct and proper.

"I don't see how she can afford such a good funeral," whispered a neighbor to her friend as they sat waiting in silent decorous rows.

"Mother," he said, "I believe that swell kid sent them—they cost something fierce, these things do, now."

"Who?"

"A boy in high school—seemed to know father."

"The boy—the boy," flashed across her mind.

"If he's here this afternoon, John, ask him to ride with us—maybe—maybe—ask him anyway."

A pale, shy boy did slip into a corner

just before the service began. The little rooms were full of silent folk plainly labeled funeral. Someone sang. The minister spoke of a good and upright life and of a bereaved family; and through it all, to the boy, there seemed to sound an undertone of heartbreak and defeat and simple bravery and a little clear note of something—was it freedom? And he kept biting back his breath and saying over and

over to himself—"Yes, I'll try—I'll try—I *will* try!" And once, scarcely heard by anyone, except the stiffly erect, black-veiled woman steeling herself to go through the ceremony, a dry, instantly-stifled sob broke from that corner.

"The boy—don't forget the boy, John," choked John's mother as the pall bearers stepped forward. But the boy had disappeared.

THE FIRST VALENTINE

By ANNA SPENCER TWITCHELL

I took a nickel that I earned an' bought a valentine,
The nicest one that I could buy, an' Gee! but it was fine,
All fixed with lacey paper an' with little hearts an' things,
An' a cupid in the center with pretty, gauzy wings.
I hid it in my 'rithmetic, so no one wouldn't see,
An' slipped upstairs when I got home, as still as I could be.
I practised for a half an hour, I guess, to write her name,
For when I use a pen the letters never look the same,
'Cause some stands straight an' other ones is always on a slope—
But by-an'-by I copied it upon the envelope.
It was a fancy envelope, an' it looked awful pretty,
When I had written "Helen Brown" an' her address, an' "City,"
An' then I stamped an' sealed it, an' quiet as a mouse,
I slipped down to the mail-box on the corner, near our house.
An' though the pudding cook had made was just my fav'rite kind,
I couldn't eat my dinner with that secret on my mind;
An' I was so excited after dinner, daddy said:
"I think that boy has played too hard—he'd better go to bed."
I didn't go to sleep, I guess, for most an hour or so,
But laid there in the dark an' kept a-wonderin', "Will she know?"
Next day 'most everything went wrong—I was so fidgety
In school, my teacher shook her head a hundred times at me!
But afterwhile our spelling an' our 'rithmetic was done,
An' it was noon an' I ran home as fast as I could run.
When I got there my mother she just grabbed me at the door,
An' hugged an' kissed me harder than she ever did before;
Her cheeks was pink as they could be, an' how her eyes did shine!
She laughed an' cried an' whispered, "Mother got her valentine!"
I wonder how she knew 'twas me—next year I'll send another,
For there ain't any sweetheart good as just a fellow's mother!

THE SECRET OF CHEAPER LIVING

How the "High Cost" Problem
is Solved in European Homes

by
Rev. Francis E. Clark

I HAVE little faith in the ordinary panaceas for reducing the cost of living. I even doubt if the much-desired reductions in the tariff, or even free trade, would greatly affect the problem. A hundred million dollars saved, or even several hundred millions, divided among the hundred million people of America would not bring an enormous yearly saving to each one of us.

Moreover, the increased price of the necessities of life is not an American problem, but a world problem. It costs almost as much to live in a first-class hotel in London as in the same grade of hostelry in Boston or New York. The average price of the country hotel in America is not more than two dollars a day; and you cannot get along comfortably in the country hotels of England for less than eight shillings a day (the same sum).

On the Continent, particularly in Scandinavia and Switzerland, it is possible to get more for two dollars or ten francs *per diem* than either in America or Great Britain; but it is just as possible, if one insists on the luxuries he expects at home, of a private bath, hot and cold water, electricity, etc., to spend four or five dollars a day in these countries.

In Germany the pension or boarding-house prices are much the same as at home, from nine to twelve or fourteen dollars a week; and the chances are that at the lowest figure you will have to put up with a two-candle-power kerosene lamp and a good deal of sausage and sauerkraut.

During the last two years I have lived for a longer or shorter time in most of the countries of Europe, and I have come to the conclusion that there is no cheap living in Europe if one expects the comforts which have come to be necessities to many American families.

Within the last twenty-five years the cost of living in Europe for the American traveler has increased at least fifty per cent. Then it was possible to get tolerable accommodations for five or six francs a day in Switzerland and Italy. Now these same hotels and boarding houses ask eight and nine francs, and the comfortable places that would welcome you for eight francs a quarter of a century ago now demand eleven and twelve.

Nevertheless it is true that the average income is much less in Europe than in America, that laboring men receive scarcely half as much, that taxes are higher, that many articles of food are dearer on the other side of the Atlantic than on this; yet the laboring man, at least in Scandinavia, Germany and Switzerland, is apparently well fed and well clothed, the children of the poor in these countries are rosy and healthy and comfortably clad, and even in Italy they are apparently no more picturesquely ragged and dirty than they were twenty-five years ago.

It must be, then, that the poorer people of Europe have discovered a secret which Americans have not learned, about keeping the wolf from the door while prices rise and wages remain low.

One of these is the open secret of the open market. Almost every European city, large or small, has its open market and its market day, when the country people flock to the public square with their loads of produce, and often, with much haggling, dispose of it at first hand to the citizens.

In Freiburg, in Baden, for instance, a small country market is held two or three times a week, while every Saturday the great Cathedral square is crowded with farmers and farmers' wives, each presiding over their own basket of apples, or cauliflower, or eggs, or table of cheese, or butter, or honey, or sausages, or chops. Here you can buy not only farm produce of every kind, but other wares, from a shoestring to a second hand encyclopedia, from a jew's harp to a graphophone.

But a market must have customers as well as salesmen, and this market does not lack them. I have seen at least three thousand of the honest citizens of Freiburg crowding the market-place on a Saturday morning, mostly worthy hausfraus, and all with their market baskets which, loaded to the brims, they themselves bear home in triumph, with spoil enough to last the family until next market day.

Here you can buy one egg at the same proportionate price as a dozen or a dozen dozen. You can buy a cent's worth of cheese for a cent, and get a full cent's worth. You can buy a handful of greens or a carrot or a pound of apples, and only pay for what you get; for are not the proper weights and measures, the size of the penny loaf and the basket of charcoal all engraved on the enduring stone of the Cathedral in the very middle of the old market-place? The old gargoyles would frown more hideously than usual if any market woman tried to cheat a customer out of a pfennig.

I fear that in America our housewives would, for the most part, think it beneath them to go to market and to carry their

own market baskets, or else they would be too busy, and they would either send the maid or order by telephone at the corner grocery, and so have to pay at least one extra profit, besides helping to pay for the horse and wagon or the auto that

delivered perhaps only a bunch of radishes or a head of lettuce.

One secret of the cheaper living in Europe, at least, is the open market, that brings the consumer face to face with the producer. It is not only that the middleman's profit is saved, but that the customer gets exactly what she wants. If she wants a piece of cheap meat for a stew, a chuck or a piece of neck, she gets it, and does not allow the butcher to put off on her an expensive meat, half bone and fat, for thirty-five cents a pound because she is too lazy or too busy to pick it out for herself.

If she wants ten cents' worth of vegetables, she can get just ten cents' worth of just what she wants, and is not obliged to take what the grocer may happen to have on hand and wants to get rid of.

In Freiburg I tested the cheapness of the open market several times, and found that I could buy many things from one-quarter to one-third less than the same quality of goods could be obtained in the next square.

In many, and I believe in most cities of Europe the same conditions prevail, and the open country weekly market is a real boon to the poor and even to the moderately well-to-do.

In Abo in Finland, to give another instance, frozen fish from the Baltic, hard, black loaves of bread that look like iron quoits, with a round hole in the middle (the bread only less hard than the quoits), besides many more delicate comestibles, can be bought for a very small sum in the market square, a fact that accounts in part for the abundance and excellence of the Finnish dinner table.

Even in large cities like Stockholm and Christiania and Geneva these country

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markets are an "institution" of the towns, though they are not, I imagine, so well patronized in proportion to the population as in the smaller cities.

It is said that the great market in the center of Washington was patronized by Daniel Webster, Henry Clay and the great dames of that time, each with their market basket. If President and Mrs. Wilson and Mr. Bryan and his wife should do the same today, who knows but that we might return to the simplicity of former days in this respect, and the open market become a great factor in reducing the cost of living.

Doubtless also there is much truth in the oft-repeated statement that many European housewives can make a savory meal of what our housewives would throw into the swill-pail. A handful of assorted vegetables, a knuckle bone, a rind of bacon, spiced and garnished, makes a toothsome, attractive meal for many a laboring man, at the expense of a very small draft upon his pocketbook.

This was brought forcibly to my mind when I embarked on an English steamer after several months on the continent of Europe. The bill of fare on the steamer was long and elaborate, the food most abundant, but much of it was ill-cooked, and little of it had the peculiar savor which a French, Italian, or Swedish cook would give it. More food was sent away from the steamer table on plates of the passengers untouched (even on calmest days) than would have fed a large number of people by the *table d'hôte* plan of a Continental hotel.

Another humble instrument that reduces the cost of living for the poor people of Europe is the bicycle. With us it has largely gone out of fashion. In many European cities it takes the place of the delivery wagon. Market boys, carrying large loads of vegetables, meats and groceries, pedal through the streets at a great

rate, and it is evidently cheaper to hire a boy and a bicycle to deliver goods than a horse and wagon or a motor car. This added expense comes not out of the grocer, as many of us are inclined to think, but out of the customer.

A still better delivery service, and almost as cheap, is furnished by the tricycle, which is as common in European streets as it is rare in our own thoroughfares. A large box or hamper can be propelled at a good rate of speed with the aid of a boy and a tricycle; and a delivery of goods almost as large as by a one-horse team can thus be accomplished at perhaps a third of the expense.

The faithful dog is also a much more useful animal in Europe than in America. Not only does he draw the milk carts in Holland and Belgium, but in many parts of Germany he is the willing slave of man. As I have often watched him tugging at the ropes of his little cart, or contentedly trotting by the side of his master or mistress, evidently ambitious to pull his fair share of the load, I have asked myself, Why should not American dogs be set to work? It is as honorable for dogs to work

as for horses. They would be just as much the companions and pets of men if they did their share of the common service, instead of living in pampered idleness, the pest of the sheep farmer and more often a terror to honest people than to burglars.

Still another element that reduces the cost of living to the poor of Europe is the greater share of manual labor which women assume on the eastern side of the Atlantic.

Doubtless this will be considered a large offset to the higher prices of America, for I have often heard my fellow-countrymen glory in the fact that women are seldom seen carrying heavy burdens or working in the fields in America; and the traditional woman and cow harnessed together to the plow in Europe, which some trav-

What is the conclusion of the whole matter? That while the first cost of the raw material is no greater and, for most articles, not so great in America as in Europe, the cost of getting it to the consumer is far greater in our country; and, tariff or no tariff, the cost of living will not be materially less until we change our methods of buying and selling, and are willing to adopt the humble and more democratic ways of buying, of transportation, and of delivery, as well as the more economical methods of cooking that make it possible for the European poor, even in the days of high prices to reduce the cost of living to a minimum

eler once saw, points many a complacent moral concerning the higher status of woman in America.

I admit that the work of our women is more out of sight, but I am scarcely prepared to admit that work in an East Side sweat-shop is any more womanly, and certainly not any more wholesome, than work in the fields, under the sky and in the fresh, sweet air of springtime.

What is the conclusion of the whole matter? That while the first cost of the raw material is no greater and, for most

articles, not so great in America as in Europe, the cost of getting it to the consumer is far greater in our country; and, tariff or no tariff, the cost of living will not be materially less until we change our methods of buying and selling, and are willing to adopt the humble and more democratic ways of buying, of transportation, and of delivery, as well as the more economical methods of cooking that make it possible for the European poor, even in the days of high prices, to reduce the cost of living to a minimum.

THE DOLLAR AGE

WHY did the Lord create the sky,
And stud it with bright stars?
He might have made the letter S
And crossed it with two bars (\$).

Then all the children of the earth
Upon their knees would fall,
And praise our dollar Standard,
And crown it Lord of all.

John Bull just takes the letter L
Across it draws a line (£)
And men fall down and worship it
As though it were divine.

The German, too, when money mad,
Toward mammon would embark,
He simply takes the letter M
And through it draws a Mark (M).

The Frenchman, not to be outdone,
In standing or in rank,
Adopts the simple figure (f)
And thus creates the franc (f).

Take all encompassed by the earth,
And put it in the scale,
Against the mighty dollar,
And it never could prevail.

"Oh, Grave, where is thy victory?
Oh, Death, where is thy sting?"
So long as man is only man
The dollar (\$) is the thing.

—J. McTammany, "The Soldier Poet"

Denis Reid

Instrument of Providence

by

Seumas MacManus

Author of "A Lad of the O'Friels," "Donegal Fairy Stories," etc.

IN reality this tale concerns that good, quiet and justly beloved clergyman, the Reverend Mr. McGregor, more than it does Denis Reid. But Denis, the hero of a hundred tales, was, at least, the cause of this one. Poor Denis felt himself a doubly distinguished man. He was the drouthiest journalist, either in Ireland or out of it, that ever made editor swear. He used to acknowledge this half, with that pardonable vanity which few men that are human, and that excel all their peers in anything can well repress. The other great distinction which he was wont to boast was that there were only five editors in all Ireland who had never dismissed him. And when Denis spoke of this he looked down with commiseration on poor worms of journalists around him, who were drowning down life's incline pinned to the tail of the same little sheet on which they had a quarter or half a century before begun their pitiable careers. They had not lived their lives, he said, who had not seen the wheels go round, and felt the reproving touch of proprietorial toe, in at least three score offices of the land. Not one of them had reached, he thought, the moral pinnacle of the profession who could not say in truth, with him, that he was a journeyman journalist.

At this time Denis Reid was on the *Dhruimsteelin Universe* again. It was his ninth re-engagement on "this influential organ" (as its editor, Pat Moroney, was wont to refer to it in his editorials)—his ninth—for Pat Moroney had a soft heart and a forgiving disposition.

In Derrygore *The Universe* had a large circulation—two dozen copies per week with only ten per cent unsold returns—and

as Pat was bidding for a still larger, he was devoting particular attention in his columns to the calling of a new pastor by the community of that solemnly Presbyterian parish, and Denis' pen was, those days, kept scratching faster and louder than its wont.

The likeliest man in the running for pastor then was the Reverend Mr. McGregor. I should say he was the only likely man. The Reverend Mr. McGregor did not want Derrygore—but his wife did. It meant more money, a handsomer manse, and better "society" than prevailed at Mullaghmore, and the good woman's heart hungered after all such—whilst the heart of the good Mr. McGregor himself coveted nothing more than the quiet content and earliest hard work amongst his poor flock of which he had his full in the parish where his hair had silvered and where he had fondly hoped to wear out in blissful quiet his last few years. But man proposes and his wife disposes. Mrs. McGregor must have Derrygore—or die. And for peace' sake the poor man, against his heart's wish and his own wiser judgment, bowed his head, and let his respected name go forward for the call to Derrygore.

THERE was little doubt but that he would get it. He wasn't known in *propria persona* in Derrygore. But the name of this earnest man and model clergyman was known and revered in every Presbyterian household there as it deservedly was in every one such in the county. And soon as he consented to his name going forward, there was little doubt in the minds of any but that Derrygore would give him an all but unanimous call.

Even the poor man's modesty could not conceal this from himself, and he had resolved to accept it at the cost of a heart-break. The worthy Mr. McGregor judged well, for in the whole presbytery of Derrygore it was soon found that there were only two individuals opposed to the general wish—a butter and egg buyer, to wit, a lean, scraggy, bilious, forbidding fellow, named MacAndrew, and a bacon-curer of more generous presence yclept Harrigan. The former opposed Mr. McGregor with all the unrelenting bitterness that only a very stern earnest Christian can exhibit, for that the good old clergyman (who, by the way, had not tasted spiritous liquors but three times—and then medicinally—in the course of his life) was an advocate of Temperance rather than Total Abstinence; and the latter opposed him because the former did. But the voices of two malcontents would be lost in the general acclamation. On a certain Saturday evening it was appointed that the Reverend Mr. McGregor should be at Derrygore to meet the elders in consultation; that on the next day, the Sabbath, he should preach to the congregation, and, on the day succeeding, get his call (for this was assured).

The Dhrumstevlin Universe followed with breathless interest the selection of pastor for the Derrygore flock; and on the Saturday appointed for the conference, Pat Moroney commissioned his whole reportorial staff, that is to say Denis Reid—to journey down to Derrygore, pick up the earliest and fullest intelligence of all that passed at the conference, and of how things looked for Mr. McGregor, transmit it immediately to the waiting compositors, stay over for the Sunday sermon, and the Monday selection, and bring back a batch of stuff that would make *The Universe* boom for once in its life, anyway. Denis took a drink at the train, and as there was at the Corramoan Junction a change of trains, and ten minutes' delay, he there thanked Providence and hurried to the bar for another drink. Remembering that, though all the world was drouthy, Derrygore was drouthiest, he purchased a pint bottle of whiskey; too, with a half-crown that he had, on his step to the Dhrumstevlin station, borrowed from Mr. Mc-

Gahren, the grocer. And while the maid at the refreshment bar was mixing a stiff one of punch for him, he ran back and deposited the pint bottle of whiskey in his black bag—as the poor fellow believed then—where it set upon the waiting-room table. But in reality it was the black bag of an old side-whiskered gentleman who had just come into the Junction from another direction, and who was now for his toes' sake endeavoring to coax warmth from an uncongenial waiting-room fire. Ere Denis, at the bar again, had punished his punch, the side-whiskered old gentleman had lifted his bag, which lay near Denis', and gone to secure a seat in the outgoing train. And Denis, having surrounded his glass of punch, ran for his own bag, and off to the train likewise, bounding into it just as it was moving from the platform—but being yet all oblivious of the great misfortune that had befallen him.

THE side-whiskered old gentleman, who was now unconsciously possessed of Denis' pint bottle of malt whiskey, was no other than the good Mr. McGregor. He found himself in a compartment with several others—all strangers, of course, for erstwhile only his good name had traveled in this portion of the world. But the man who sat opposite him, he noted, was a lean, scraggy-looking fellow of Calvinistic countenance, who glanced superciliously at all common persons who had intruded their persons into the compartment with him, then scowled at the world and locked himself within himself. Mr. McGregor cast his own kindly-modest glance around ere he resorted to his bag to bring forth a volume on Meditation with which he had been improving his mind as he journeyed hither. But lo, when he undid the fastening, and that the bag gaped open, the first thing presenting itself to his horror-stricken gaze was a bottle of "McGilligan's Prime Old Malt" (if the inscribed legend did not lie), which for a torturous instant held him in amaze. Then toward his fellow-travelers he gave a fearful glance, and his heart beat free again when he discovered (as, good easy man, he thought) that he was unobserved. Keeping a wary eye upon his fellows, and particularly on the forbidding one opposite, whose lids

were now dropped as if in slumber, Mr. McGregor hastily fumbled in his bag until he found an article of night apparel, in which he enwrapped the terrible object and stowed it away at the bottom of the bag; then, breathing easier, he drew forth his book of meditation and buried himself in it. Not now, however, assimilating the

provoking him beyond his usual arrangements. The more he studied the wonderful puzzle, the more puzzled he found himself, till at length when the train stopped at Derrygore, he decided to give it up, in despair, and put it aside along with the mystery of the man with the iron mask, as one of the world's unsolvable riddles. Only



Then toward his fellow-travelers he gave a fearful glance, and his heart beat free again when he discovered (as, good easy man, he thought) that he was unobserved

spiritual food there set forth, but under cloak of this, meditating upon something more mundane, the how and the wherefore of a bottle of "Milligan's Prime Old Malt" materializing in his black bag. But study the problem as intently as he might, he could not solve it. Often times had he heard, and sometimes read, of the devil tempting good men in material form, but his modesty would not consent that goodness of his could so far spur the devil,

he in his heart devoutly returned thanks to Heaven for that no eye but his had seen the bottle when he exposed it, and he craved for an opportunity to get rid of the horrid thing which now made his bag feel in fancy as a bag of lead. And as he bore the bag with him to the place of meeting, hurrying (for the train was considerably late and left him already long overdue), poor Mr. McGregor for the first time realized the taste of the horrors that must rend

the soul of the slayer while he is feverishly seeking for means to get rid of the victim's body. Mr. McGregor found no opportunity of getting rid of his horror, as he traveled through the long street that leads from the railway station to the meeting house of Derrygore. So, reluctantly he had to bear, not the horrid body, but the fearful spirit, into the Council of the pious Elders.

There was a cordial if sedate greeting before the reverend gentleman there. The Elders were ready in their places awaiting his coming—even he the atribilious one who had sat opposite to Mr. McGregor in the train. Mr. McGregor was taken somewhat by surprise to observe him there; he was also evidently taken in some surprise upon the entry of Mr. McGregor, for he immediately opened his eyes, in wonder. But the next moment he had withdrawn within himself, and sat with drooping lids, as if the world to him was all a hollow mockery and man was sent here to shut his eyes upon the vain show. The only Elder late at this important gathering was Mr. Harrigan, the second opponent of our friend. But even he came hurrying in, not long after Mr. McGregor. In the discussions that followed, for the Elders had many questions to put to Mr. McGregor, and many topics to invite his views upon, in confirming their opinion that he was the man called of God to care for the sinful mortals of Derrygore, Mr. McGregor completely forgot the skeleton in the cupboard—which is to say the whiskey bottle in the bag—and the horror of it was temporally obliterated from his mind.

UNTIL at length, when everything seemed settled, and every subject thrashed out, and the Elders were feeling satisfied that they had done all the duties that formality required of them before bestowing the post upon the favored candidate, the atribilious gentleman—who was, of course, MacAndrew, the butter-and-egg Christian—drew up his eyelids, allowing the vain world's hurtful picture to fall upon his retinae, and said in a voice that arrested the attention of all:

"Mr. McGregor!" Mr. McGregor bowed and said, "Yes, sir."

"May I presume to invite your opinion upon the question of alcoholic liquors?"

The Elders sat up in their seats, turning their eyes upon Mr. McGregor.

"Yes," Mr. McGregor replied in kindly tone, "I shall be pleased to give it. I put my faith," he said, "in Temperance rather than Total Abstinence. Many of you here," Mr. McGregor appealed to the Council generally, "will differ from me, I know, on this point, but it is a non-essential and a matter of opinion."

MacAndrew coughed hard when Mr. McGregor said it was a non-essential. Then he asked, "And how much liquor may an advocate of temperance justifiably indulge in?"

"I cannot fix that; you cannot fix that," Mr. McGregor said. "It varies with the individual."

"For instance," MacAndrew ventured, "one man may take only a half glass in the day, another may take a bottle?"

"Ah—ah—ah—I should not say that," Mr. McGregor hastened to reply.

"Oh, then, to come to business, now, what would you say?"

Said Mr. McGregor: "The fact is that it is utterly impossible for any man to lay down definite measures in the matter. Particularly difficult would it be for me, who, though I am an advocate of temperance as against total abstinence, never took and never take alcoholic liquors of any description, and have the strongest possible objection to all of them."

"Certainly, so we were all glad to understand," several of the elders graciously interpolated.

"I am glad to know it," said MacAndrew in a stern voice that gave every man present a start, and rising to his feet as he spoke. "Then," said he, taking in all the Elders with a wave of his hand, "perhaps the reverend gentleman will explain to us why he carries bottles of the abhorred liquid in his bag."

If a thunderbolt had introduced itself through the roof and taken its leave through the floor, it could not have caused more consternation amongst the assembled wise ones than did this astounding question. And poor Mr. McGregor could not have been more consternated had he been told that a thunderbolt generated in his bag. At his bag he made a sudden clutch and as suddenly jerked back his hand to

his side, making a heroic effort to look composed—a heroic, but alas (like many heroic strivings) a very, very futile one, and into the eyes of all the Elders—now bent on him like a battery—there sprang a questioning look—questioning and awful. The poor man's gaze first fell abashed under the batteries bent on him; then presence of mind coming suddenly to him, he said, "It is all a mistake."

"If so, Mr. McGregor will have no objection to my examining his bag?" said the persistent MacAndrew, stepping down the table and laying hands upon the article.

"I mean," said poor Mr. McGregor, throwing up his hands in hasty appeal, "that it is all a mistake the bottle being there."

The vile bacon-curing Harrigan laughed outright. MacAndrew, with both hands inserted in his bag, rumbled internally—the nearest approach he ever made to a laugh. "I should think that it is a mistake," said he—"present circumstances."

"I mean," Mr. McGregor protested with pathetic earnestness, "I mean that—I didn't know of its being in the bag."

"Oh," said the scoundrel MacAndrew, in tone of a man who has now got his victim speared against a tree, "you didn't know of its being here?" The impertinent fellow was diving into the bag now. "I thought you had just confessed that it was here by mistake? But that was probably a fault of my hearing."

"But it is by mistake that it is here. Entirely by mistake," said the confused Mr. McGregor.

"Ah!" said MacAndrew, and at that moment he drew out from the bottom of the bag a small bundle.

The eyes of all the Elders were dilating. MacAndrew, unrolling a necessary article of night apparel under the abashed gaze

of thirteen blushing men, asked, "To whom, Mr. McGregor, does this article of clothing belong?"

"It is mine," said Mr. McGregor, "it is mine, but I want to explain—"

"And," said MacAndrew, reaching at length the end of the roll and disclosing to



He suddenly lifted his head again. "I want to say now that you are heartily welcome to it. Put it in your bag again, me good man. It's yours," leveling a defiant look at Harrigan.

"Let me see the man that dare say otherwise"

the astounded gathering a pint bottle of yellow-tinged liquid marked "McGilligan's Prime Old Malt," "can you tell us who it was that wrapped up this bottle so carefully and hid it away so well at the bottom of your bag?"

"It was I," said the miserable Mr. McGregor, "but—"

"It is well," said Mr. MacAndrew, planting the bottle squarely upon one corner of the table whence it could act with effect

upon the staring Elders—"it is well and commendable that you tell the truth and shame the devil."

Said Mr. McGregor, "I—I—I—I want to explain that I discovered that bottle in my bag and knew not how it came there."

"Oh!" said MacAndrew, "then perhaps you will also explain to the Elders why you wrapped it up so carefully and hid it away so well." He looked the satisfied look of a man who had at length driven home a stubborn nail and riveted it. Mr. McGregor was confounded by this question and his head sank.

Then Mr. MacAndrew detailed for the gathering how that the reverend gentleman having in the train opened his bag, unwittingly displaying to his fellow-travelers the bottle of alcoholic liquor in all its nakedness, he exhibited instant fright, glanced stealthily around the compartment to see if it had been observed, and having foolishly satisfied himself to the contrary, began to wrap it and roll it and hide it away, keeping a stealthy eye upon his fellows all the time. In amazement the good elders listened to this story, a syllable of which the mortified poor Mr. McGregor dare not deny.

"It is all a terrible mistake," Mr. McGregor once again protested. And he explained how that when he found a bottle of whiskey in his bag without knowing what brought it there, it was pusillanimity, and not love of drink, that made him hide it away. At this Harrigan laughed, MacAndrew rumbled and a smile passed over even the countenances of the badly-shocked Elders. Harrigan, who became suddenly seized by an idea, ran out of doors and came quickly back with our friend Denis Reid, who had been without waiting the earliest intelligence from the conclave. Harrigan directed Denis' attention to the bottle, where it stood on the table.

"Lord bliss me," said Denis, starting toward it, "sure that's the bottle of whiskey I was telling you about, Mr. Harrigan, before you come in—the bottle that I lost

at the Junction. I'd know it in Jamaicky by raison of the quare cork that's in the neck of it."

Said the stern MacAndrew, "I have just been discovering it in this gentleman's bag."

Said the generous, impulsive Denis, "I gave it to him myself—made him a present of it of my own free will," and he looked the Elders in the face as daring any to deny it.

"You are mistaken, you are mistaken, my friend," said Mr. McGregor, rising up in alarm and appealing to Denis.

"Ah, well," said Denis, extremely puzzled by such conduct, "I—I—" and he hung his head a moment at a loss for means of exculpating this blundering old gentleman. He suddenly lifted his head again. "Whether you are right or wrong in thinking that I did not bestow it on you, and made you heartily welcome to it at the Junction, I want to say now that you are heartily welcome to it. Put it in your bag again, me good man. It's yours," leveling a defiant look at Harrigan. "Let me see the man that dare say otherwise."

Before Denis left Derrygore he discovered to his deep mortification that he had been doing an ill action rather than a good one which his heart prompted to poor Mr. McGregor. He took train with that gentleman on the return journey an hour after the scene, and there he abjectly apologized with a dozen apologies.

"My dear friend," said the good, kind man, "don't apologize. I have been rebuked by Providence," he said meekly, "for permitting despicable worldly reasons to impel me to seek the call to Derrygore. The scales have fallen from my eyes. I go back to do my work and live my life in content at Mullaghmore. This humbling is salutary. You are not the cause of my concern. You are only the instrument of Providence."

"The instrument of Providence! Me! Ah, sir," Denis said in pathetic tone, "I don't believe one word of it. You don't know me. Denis Reid is the devil's own instrument."

There are masterpieces of wit that neither reach the heart or flow from it; but a genius without the tender feeling of a heart is very imperfect.—*Klopstock*.

L I N C O L N : A W O R L D L I G H T

by
Riley R. Ross

Of the many students of the life of Abraham Lincoln, and his influence upon American history, none is better known throughout the country than Mr. Riley R. Ross of New York. His famous lecture, "A Business Man's Estimate of Lincoln," has been given from coast to coast, in schools and colleges and before representative audiences everywhere. Mr. Ross' study of Lincoln has embraced every available source of information upon Lincoln's life—in fact, the work has for many years been a labor of love with Mr. Ross. He first began to collect Lincoln data in connection with his work in the publishing house of Dodd, Mead & Company, New York; and in pursuing this research he has become one of the country's best-informed students of the life of Lincoln.

REPUTATION is often the result of a single act and but the passing approval of one's fellows. Character is a growth, slow, steady, and has the approval of both God and man.

Too often we measure a man by his contemporaries. The nineteenth century was prolific with great characters. Queen Victoria ruled England; Kaiser William, Germany; Victor Emanuel, Italy; Alexander II, Russia. In this century lived Gladstone, Bismarck, Garibaldi, Cavour, Metternich—the world's greatest statesmen and diplomats; Hugo, Tennyson, Carlisle, Poe and Dickens, great writers; Webster, Clay, Calhoun, orators; Von Moltke and Napoleon, great military leaders.

In this century there looms up a man greater than the greatest of these rulers, statesmen, diplomats, writers, orators and military men, a man who was the noblest benefactor of his country, the most renowned character of his century, the real product of this American soil—the first American—Abraham Lincoln.

He was born the 12th of February, 1809, in Hardin County (now Larue County), Kentucky.

His parents were known as "poor whites," which signified at that time that they were even poorer than the negro slave, because the poor white man, with no capital but his labor, was unable to sell it in competition with the free labor

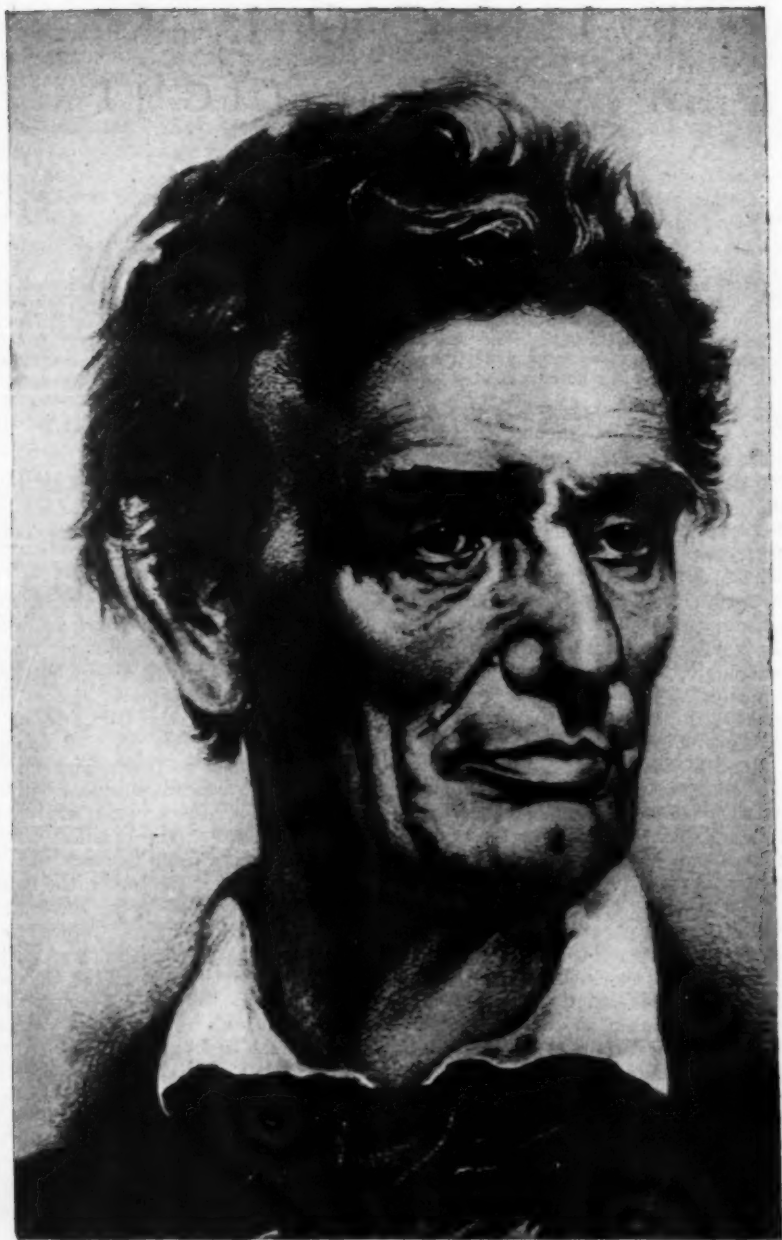
of the slave. Doubtless, in part at least, due to this condition, Abraham Lincoln's father disposed of his farm in the autumn of 1816, and moved to Indiana.

HIS HOME LIFE

The house in which the Lincoln family lived was what was known as a half-faced camp.

That is, it was closed on three sides to protect the inmates against the weather; no floor, the flat side of a split log, resting on four posts, as a table, three-legged stools as chairs, pins driven into logs at the corner as a ladder by which Abraham ascended to an attic, where was his bed of leaves. The bedstead downstairs was simply made by sticks driven between the logs at the corner, the inside angle being supported by a forked stick driven into the ground, on which rude and primitive support a bed was made.

It is no wonder that in the rigorous Indiana climate, in such a comfortless home, Abraham's mother was stricken with an illness which proved fatal. Abraham was then scarcely nine years old, but during her illness he cared for her as tenderly as a girl, and often sat by her side reading the Bible to her for hours. The lasting influence of his mother's life is shown by Lincoln's remark in later life. He said, "All I am or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother." Just before she died she called her boy to her bedside and said, "My boy, be a man among men."



"He was distinctively the one man in our nation fitted by education, by experience, by nature and by a Supreme Being to care for the destinies of the republic, when its fate seemed trembling in the balance"

This advice seemed to be a guiding star to his life.

Abraham Lincoln felt that some religious ceremony should be held over her remains, and at once wrote to Parson Elkins, a Methodist preacher and an old friend of the family, in Kentucky, asking him to preach a funeral sermon over her grave. In due time an answer came and a date was fixed. Through the pathless forests of Kentucky and Indiana this preacher guided his horse to Lincoln's cabin, where sympathizing neighbors for twenty miles around had assembled to listen to this, probably the first sermon preached in that section.

It requires but little imagination to picture this scene. The newly made grave in the midst of the unbroken forest, the sturdy, rough, but kindly-disposed settlers assembled to listen to the discourse. By the side of his father sat Abraham Lincoln—the ten-year-old boy, hatless, coatless and shoeless—drinking in every word as it fell from Parson Elkins' lips. In after life, even during the stormy days of the Rebellion, Abraham Lincoln said that the prayer offered at this time, in which he, the motherless boy, was commended to the care and guardianship of the Supreme, All-powerful and Ever-present Being, influenced his life for good, and created within him a hopefulness which prompted both friends and enemies to stamp him as a "fatalist."

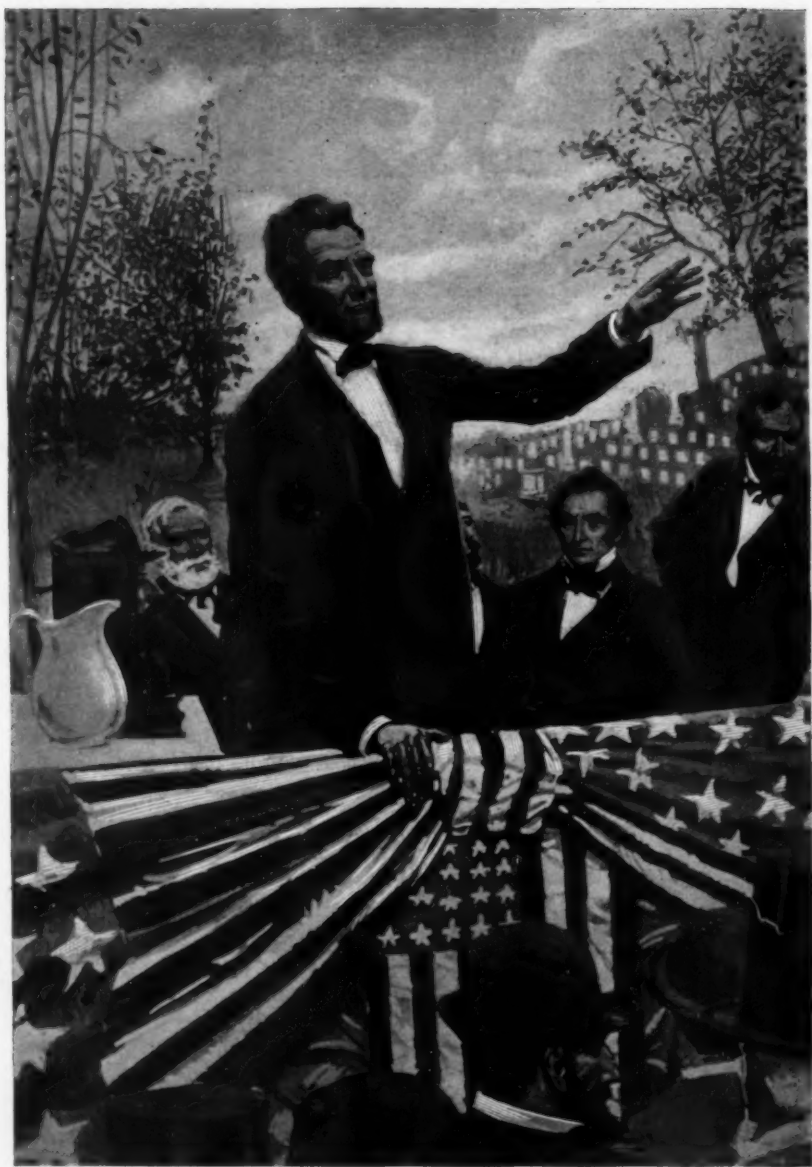
His mother's legacy and best gift was the old family Bible, which he read, re-read and thoroughly mastered, thus laying the foundation for a moral character which blossomed out in every speech he uttered, in every letter he wrote, and in almost every conversation. The spirit of the Bible was built into his boyhood, expanded in his manhood, ripened in his middle age, sustained him when sorrows seared his soul and gave him a grip upon God, man, freedom, immortality. This Book not only influenced his life, but molded his mind, made great his manhood

and gave to America this matchless man. While the precepts of the Bible were the foundation for his character, it was so fashioned and polished by a mother's teachings, so nourished by her prayers and so strengthened by her memory that it will live through eternity. *While we revere the memory of Abraham Lincoln, let us not forget his mother's teachings laid the foundation for his greatness.*

In 1830, when Abraham Lincoln was twenty-one years old, his father moved from Indiana to Illinois. About this time Lincoln got his first glimpse of the outside world. He had been postmaster, conducted a store, took a flat boat down the Ohio and Mississippi to New Orleans, split rails and by his dealings with his fellowmen had acquired the title "Honest Abe." It is said at this time he split over four hundred rails for every yard of cloth necessary to make him a pair of pantaloons; that his long legs extended through the pantaloons seventeen inches, and that when his boat got stuck in the mud, he waded

The spirit of the Bible was built into his boyhood, expanded in his manhood, ripened in his middle age, sustained him when sorrows seared his soul and gave him a grip upon God, man, freedom, immortality. This Book not only influenced his life, but molded his mind, made great his manhood and gave to America this matchless man

around in the water with his pants rolled up five feet—two of these were his natural feet under the water. He was a man of tremendous strength, and could take a barrel of whiskey by the chimes, place his mouth at the bung hole and raise it to a level with his lips. At the same time he was the life of every company of which he formed a part, could entertain his friends by telling stories, was a handy boy about the house, and in short was the one young man in the neighborhood with whom no one found fault and for whom each had a kindly word. He had no home, but was welcome in every home. He had no money, but many friends. He had no schooling, but acquired a great education. He lived amidst boisterous surroundings yet never committed an act which he might feel ashamed of. He associated with young men who considered intoxication a virtue rather than a vice, yet no spirituous liquor ever passed his lips. He was a member of no church, yet his life



DELIVERING THE IMMORTAL ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG

"Spoken amid absolute silence, his words elicited not a single note of applause; but they were the reflex of his thoughts, of his great nature, at that time as little appreciated by the masses as the great Emancipator himself"

was an example of moral and Christian ethics to the community. Seeing a slave woman placed upon the block in New Orleans for sale, his righteous indignation was expressed in his statement, "If I ever get a chance to hit that (referring to slavery), I will hit it hard."

His schooling consisted of less than a single year, yet no man of the present day has the opportunity for the self-educating process as had Abraham Lincoln. With the Bible as his first book, followed by Aesop's Fables, he acquired from the reading and mastering of the fables the happy faculty which characterized him in public life—that of being able always to illustrate every occasion and condition with a fitting story.

Later he took up the study of mathematics, geometry and surveying, and was compelled to master these intricate subjects unaided, except by his few technical books. He acquired the habit of arriving at a definite, logical, accurate and final conclusion, which training he could never have secured in institutions of learning. As Lincoln progressed in this mind-molding and character-forming course, he took up the study of history of this and other countries, and, being without any instructor or teacher, he made his own deductions and arrived at his own conclusions regarding historical events.

During this self-educating process he imbibed a spirit of liberty, independence, justice and love for humanity which ever characterized his conduct in private and public affairs. He was distinctly a self-trained man, and the value of this training showed itself in his speeches, arguments and correspondence. If his future could have been foreseen and the best possible training outlined to fit him for that future work, it could not have been better devised or more logically arranged.

His absolute, unwavering faith in a Supreme Being; his thorough knowledge and practical familiarity with the Bible; his logically trained mind, by means of

which, in the consideration of delicate and intricate problems, he arrived invariably at proper conclusions; his patriotic, far-seeing and almost prophetic faith in the future of the Republic, coupled with his sympathetic nature, his love for justice and humanity, were in themselves sufficient to have made him a most prominent figure in the nation even though there had been no race to release, no national honor to redeem and no country to save.

In 1847 Lincoln took his seat in the Thirtieth Congress at Washington. At the same time Stephen A. Douglass took his seat in the Senate of the United States. One, the tallest man in Congress, the other, the shortest man in the Senate—thrown simultaneously into the broad arena of national politics, these two men were destined in the next few years to hold spellbound the entire nation.

The 14th of March, 1849, brought to a close Lincoln's congressional career. During the two years that he had been in Congress he had made no great impression upon the House

nor upon the country, and his highest honors were yet to be won in another field. His return to Springfield found his law practice practically dissipated, and he was compelled to begin life anew.

THE HISTORY OF SLAVERY

Let us for a moment look back and note the leading facts regarding the history of slavery in this country. The Dutch slaver which landed the first cargo of slaves in 1619, on the banks of the James River, carried with her the inception of secession; while the Mayflower, which arrived about the same time, brought the germs of freedom, which actuated Lincoln and the Republican party during the trying times of 1860. The first great landmark in the history of slavery was the ordinance of 1787, which was intended to check the spread of slavery and establish the form of territorial government, and by a vote of three northern and five southern states,

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all in the affirmative, ordained the immediate and perpetual prohibition of slavery in the territories. Strange as it may seem, the balance of power was almost equally divided between the South and the North. Indeed, after the adoption of the Constitution, the admission of states was as follows:—Vermont, a free state, followed by Kentucky, a slave state; Tennessee, a slave state, followed almost immediately by Ohio, a free state; Louisiana, a slave state, followed by Indiana, a free state; then Mississippi, a slave state and Illinois, a free state. At this time there were eleven northern and ten southern states. Alabama was ready for admission as a slave state. The question then came up regarding Missouri and Arkansas, both slave states. The North hesitated to grant the balance of power to the South, from which discussion came the Missouri Compromise, of 1820, namely, that all territory south of 36° 30' should be slave, and all territory north should be free, except the state of Missouri. It was then supposed that slavery was absolutely and positively confined within certain boundaries; that the South should be its confines, while the North should be free.

The admission of Maine, a free state, was followed by Missouri, a slave state—thus keeping the balance of power even. Arkansas, a slave state, was admitted, and immediately after, Michigan, a free state. These tactics were again repeated in 1845, when Iowa, a free state, and Florida, a slave state, were admitted. The admission of Florida exhausted all of the slave territory in the South, while the North had the great undeveloped and practically unknown Northeast, all dedicated to freedom.

In the meantime, the spirit of invention, which is the spirit of progress, was striking death blows to slavery. McCormack had invented his great reaper; Elias Howe, his sewing machine; steam had changed rivers, which hitherto had borne only the savage in his birch bark canoe on missions of destruction, into highways of commerce, bearing on their bosom vessels laden with the production of lands whose riches knew no parallel in the history of the world; railroads were belting the country with bands of steel. These were industries and

inventions to be handled by the fingers and controlled by the minds of free men, and not by slaves. With their slave territory exhausted, the South was practically standing still, while the North was advancing.

In order to increase the slave producing territory, a bill, which will always stand as a disgrace upon the statute books of the nation, was enacted at this time. It authorized the acquisition, annexation and admission of Texas as a state, but really was a bill extending the domain and increasing the propagation of slaves. Not only did this bill increase the slave producing territory, but it was intended to increase the power of the slave holders of the South in the United States Congress and Senate. For to it was attached a condition that out of this immense territory should be carved additional states, not exceeding four in number, in addition to the state of Texas; that the Missouri Compromise was to govern the conditions of slavery, and that these new divisions be eligible to admission as states of the Federal Union. Thus, this bill not only increased the domain of slavery, but increased fivefold (for it meant five instead of one state) the power of the South in the Senate.

In 1846 and 1847 occurred the potato famine in Ireland, and from that country hundreds came to America in search of bread. Monarchical oppression at the same time drove thousands from Europe in search of freedom. These thousands of immigrants did not drift to the fair sun-land of the South, but settled in the North and West, for the reason that their capital was their labor, which could not be sold in competition with the free labor of the slave.

Strange as it may seem, in 1848 gold was discovered in California, and to that golden shore thousands sped over plain and desert and mountain, so that by the end of the year 1849 California had a population of ninety thousand people, formed a state constitution excluding slavery and asked for admission to the Union. This was a great surprise to the South, and together with the contention over the Wilmot Proviso, the boundary of Texas, the war with Mexico, the runaway

slaves, the great question of slavery once more threatened the stability, the integrity and the honor of this nation.

John C. Calhoun, the defender of the doctrine of State Rights and Slavery, and feeble in health, was carried into the United States Senate on a stretcher and from his couch listened to his words of venom, read by another, denouncing the North and advocating State Rights and Slavery.

Henry Clay's Compromise Measures were defeated, but in the meantime John C. Calhoun died. Zachary Taylor, "rough and ready," the old soldier of the Mexican War, also died. Henry Clay took the place of John C. Calhoun and Millard Fillmore, as President, the place of Zachary Taylor. Broken in health and discouraged by defeat of his Compromise Measures, Henry Clay left for the seashore, hoping to regain sufficient strength to again bring these Measures before Congress, at the next session. His Measures were championed by Millard Fillmore, and one by one they were passed; and thus the Civil War, which threatened the nation in 1850 was put off for ten years. This Compromise Measure of Henry Clay gave the North, California as a free state, and a law prohibiting slave trade in the District of Columbia; gave the South the condition that New Mexico and Utah should be organized as territories with no reference to slavery, a more stringent fugitive slave law and an appropriation of ten million dollars for the adjustment of the Texas boundary. This Compromise was accepted by both political parties as a finality plank in their platform, and the great slavery question was once more regarded as forever settled.

Both conventions of 1852 solemnly resolved that they would discountenance and resist any further renewal of the slavery agitation. This determination



THE BORGLUM BUST OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN
Which stands in the Rotunda of the Capitol

was echoed and re-echoed, affirmed and reaffirmed by the recognized organs of the public voice, from the village newspaper to the presidential message, from the country debating school to the measured utterances of senatorial discussion. Grave doubts, however, found occasional expression of distrust,—none, perhaps, more forcibly than in the following newspaper epigram, describing the word "Finality":

"To kill twice dead a rattle-snake,
And off his scaly skin to take,
And through his head to drive a stake,
And every bone within him break,
And of his flesh mince-meat to make;
To burn, to sear, to boil and bake,
And over it the bosom shake,
And sink it fathoms in the lake;
Whence, after all, quite wide awake,
Comes back that very same old snake."

And so with the serpent Slavery. For two hundred and fifty years its friends and enemies had tried to kill it. Political parties had voted it into oblivion, and yet time and time again it reared its cursed head, flashed its fiery eye, spit forth its venomous virus and threatened the destruction of the entire nation.

Indeed, there probably was no man of that time more decided and determined never to say another word on the question of slavery than Stephen A. Douglass. However, when he became chairman of the Senate Committee on Territories, a bill was finally drafted for the organization of Kansas and Nebraska, with the right to choose for themselves their form of government, thus disregarding and repealing the Missouri Compromise of 1820.

This was quickly followed in 1857 by the Dred Scott Decision, which protected the slave owner in the possession of his property, whether in a slave state, an organized territory or a free state. By the Dred Scott Decision, a slave owner could remove a slave into a free state and the law protected him in the possession of his property. The North stood aghast

at the possibilities resulting from this decision, while the South seemed jubilant over the result.

LINCOLN AND STEPHEN A. DOUGLASS

There was probably no period in the history of this country when a leader was more greatly needed than in the beginning of 1858. Douglass again sought re-election as United States Senator from Illinois. The slave power controlled the President, his Cabinet, the Senate, Congress and the Supreme Court. Slavery presented an undivided front, compact, solid, determined, sullen and thus far successful.

The North had her peace parties, her anti-slavery organizations, her abolitionists, but no great leader whom the masses could follow.

At this time, when the fate of our free institutions trembled in the balance, when the dark clouds of disaster and disappoint-

ment hovered over us as a nation; when the clanking of the manacles and chains of the slaves resounded through the North, and to his weeping and crying for help came no succor; when God himself seemed to have turned a deaf ear to his supplication, then, as the savior of the nation, as the liberator of its slaves, came that great, immortal character—
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

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He was six feet four inches in height, lean, lank, thin, almost emaciated in appearance; his extremely long legs, long fingers, long face, hollow breast and stooped figure made him directly the opposite of his opponent, Douglass.

Douglass was known to the entire nation. He was the leading man of the Democratic party, and had crossed swords on the floor of the Senate with Webster, Chase, Fessenden and Trumbull; small of stature, his massive head, his strong square features, his eager eyes, flashing fire beneath his broad forehead, proclaimed him an orator to the manor born.

Lincoln challenged Douglass to a series of debates from the same platform. Douglass accepted, naming seven joint debates. Douglass traveled from place to place in a special car decorated with flags, attached to which was a platform car on which was a twelve-pound Howitzer which announced his entry into the different cities he visited. Lincoln traveled in an ordinary passenger coach and indeed sometimes in the caboose attached to freight trains. Douglass was hailed as "The little giant." Lincoln's friends loved to style him as "The giant killer." Many farmers traveled the entire night and some of the previous day in order to be on the ground at the opening of the debates. They came in vehicles of all kinds and descriptions, the favorite one being what was known in the country as "hay ladders," filled with straw, attached to which were one or two buggies, trailing behind, which usually accommodated the women and children of the party. The farm boy rode the farm horse, even two or three on the same horse; some came afoot; in fact, no such interest or enthusiasm had ever before stirred any section of the country. The entire country was aflame with the interest which these debates excited, and at some of them as many as twelve thousand persons were gathered in a single day.

In a speech of three hours and ten minutes, Lincoln answered Douglass' first defense of his Kansas-Nebraska proposition. As Lincoln rose to speak, his tall, angular, awkward, lean, lank form was emphasized by his apparent embarrassment at the start. His high-pitched, falsetto voice could be heard in spite of the bustle and noise of the crowd. His Kentucky accent added to the interest of the scene, and those who remember him at that time declare that his countenance resembled the inspiration pictured by St. Gauden upon his statue, which now stands in Lincoln Park, Chicago. Progressing with his theme, his voice became more clear, his words came faster, his gestures were the movements of his body and head rather than his arms—they were the natural expression of the man. His long, straight hair seemed bristling with electricity, his whole frame quivered with

emotion, and, at the height of his eloquence, pleading for the sacredness of the Constitution and the honor of the nation, he indeed resembled the pen pictures handed down to us of the Hebrew prophets of old.

This series of debates, covering about four months, so pictured to the American people the enormity and injustice of slavery that Lincoln soon gathered about him, as staunch supporters, thousands who were apathetic only a few months before. His closing sentence in his final address is significant. Speaking of the extension or extinction of slavery, he said:

"That is the real issue. That is the issue which will continue in this country when these poor tongues of Judge Douglass and myself shall be silent. It is the eternal struggle between these two principles, right and wrong, throughout the world. They are the two principles which have stood face to face from the beginning of time, and will ever continue to struggle. One is the common right of humanity, and the other is the divine right of kings."

In these debates, the two ablest men in the nation were the champions; the Constitution, the platform on which they stood; the American people, the audience they addressed; the great prairies, the amphitheatre in which they spoke; and on the solution of the problem involved, depended the honor of a nation and the freedom of a race.

During this year Lincoln made his great contest with Douglass for the United States Senatorship from Illinois.

In the election which followed, Douglass was elected for the United States Senate; but Lincoln was looking for still bigger game, and that game was the Presidency. He secured it two years later.

Referring to his defeat, Lincoln said he felt much like the big boy who stumped his toe. It hurt too much for him to laugh, and he was too big to cry. Indeed, he had so effectively forced the issue during these debates and so held up to the public gaze Douglass, his opponent, that while he secured the nomination for the Presidency from the Northern Democrats, the election gave him but twelve electoral votes.

During the latter part of the year 1859 and the beginning of 1860, Lincoln delivered speeches in different sections of

the country, always effectively answering statements previously made by Douglass either from the rostrum or in the public press. On invitation of Henry Ward Beecher, Lincoln visited New York City on February 27, 1860. In an ill-fitting suit of black, not improved by several hours in the cramped quarters of his carpet-bag, he appeared in Cooper Union before a tremendous audience. His nervousness

Republic, and proved conclusively that at no period were they favorable to the extension of slavery. This speech, masterful in its array of facts, delivered by one upon whom the masses looked as an untutored, ignorant product of the western frontier, was heard with intense interest by the brightest, brainiest, the most learned and the most cultured men of New York City. Weeks and months of the most careful



VISITING THE SICK DURING THE WAR

"His sympathetic nature, his love for justice and humanity, his patriotic, farseeing and almost prophetic faith were in themselves sufficient to have made him a prominent figure in the nation"

was apparent when he began by placing his thumbs under his suspenders, raising them to a level with his ears and then letting them go, apparently unconscious of the act, or the amusing effect upon his audience; but as he warmed up to his subject, the audience lost sight of the ill-fitting suit, his gaunt appearance and his peculiar manner.

In this speech, he most carefully reviewed the attitude of the founders of the

searching and exhaustive study must have been given to its preparation. His arguments, backed by facts, were unanswerable, his logic unassailable and his conclusions inevitable.

The next day his entire speech appeared in four New York newspapers, and Will Cullen Bryant, then editor of the *New York Post*, stated that the pages of that journal were "indefinitely elastic for the publication of such words of weight and wisdom

as those uttered by Mr. Lincoln the previous night."

From New York he went to New Haven and Hartford and other points in New England, everywhere listened to by the brightest minds of the day. In April, the Democratic Convention convened in Charleston, and without naming a candidate for President, adjourned, to meet in Baltimore. The National Constitutional Union Convention met in Baltimore and nominated John Bell for the Presidency; the Northern Democrats nominated Stephen A. Douglass; the Southern Democrats, John C. Breckinridge.

The Republican Convention met in Chicago and nominated Lincoln on the third ballot. His notification and election are matters of history. February 11, 1861, he left his home in Springfield for Washington, and before leaving, bade his friends and neighbors good-bye in these words:

"My friends, no one not in my position can appreciate the sadness I feel at this parting. A duty devolves upon me which is greater, perhaps, than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He never would have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same Divine aid which sustained him, and on the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support; and I hope you, my friends, will pray that I may receive that Divine assistance without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain. Again, I bid you all an affectionate farewell."

**LINCOLN
SWORN IN AS
PRESIDENT**

March 4th, 1861, Lincoln took the oath as President. His speech on that occasion is a matter of history, conciliatory in point, almost pathetic in its appeal to the South, but with a determination to protect the government and the government's interest. He closed with these now historic words:

"We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds

of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

The day before Lincoln uttered these words, Alexander II, autocrat of all the Russians, by imperial decree, emancipated his serfs; while the United States, supposedly far in advance of Russia in civiliza-

tion and humanity, was divided on this question of slavery; and the South, headed by Jefferson Davis, was planning for the greatest war of modern times, not only to perpetuate, but to extend this nefarious traffic in human beings.

Now begins the great work of Lincoln's life.

Reared in a log cabin, and now occupying the most responsible place in the nation in the most perilous period of that nation's existence.

Thus far, through fifty-two years of Lincoln's life, we find him always prepared to take advantage of opportunities as they presented themselves. He won in his contention with Douglass on the question of slavery. The nation, recognizing the justice of his position, and his ability, selected him as the one man to guide the Ship of State during the next four years. The question of states' rights had troubled John Adams in 1798, when Virginia and Kentucky passed their Nullification Acts. Thomas Jefferson had to face it when a Northern Confederacy was about to be formed in 1804, and later, when Aaron Burr threatened a Southwestern Confederacy with its capital at New Orleans. James Madison had to contend with it when New England refused to furnish money or men or take any part in the War of 1812. Andrew Jackson, by force, suppressed this State Right movement in South Carolina in 1832. Several states, both north and south, had attempted to enforce their doctrine of State Rights by holding the club of secession over the head of the nation, but not until 1861 was the

Before his Cabinet he stood, in the lime-light of civilization, placed a milestone on the pathway of progress, a beacon on the hilltop of liberty, a guidepost for future generations and thus showed the greatness and the majesty of his manhood, the depth and tenderness of his humanity, and his confidence and faith in Almighty God.



MR. RILEY R. ROSS

actual blow struck. Lincoln had met successfully the incident—Slavery. He was now face to face with the result—Secession. Slavery was the cause. Secession was the effect. With Lincoln, slavery was secondary; but to admit secession meant the destruction of the Union. With Lincoln, the Union was sacred and must be preserved. Therefore, he used the entire force of the army and navy, not

to destroy slavery, but to preserve the Union. As a war measure, he destroyed slavery by his Emancipation Proclamation; but to bury forever the principle of secession, required the sacrifice of a million human lives, an expenditure of a billion dollars and a country torn by civil strife. The fall of the Confederacy was secession's death knell, but it cemented together the disjointed sections of our

country, restored to us one flag, made us one country, one people, one nation, the Union, and made actually true those prophetic words of Daniel Webster, "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

As Secretary of State, Lincoln selected William H. Seward.

As Secretary of the Treasury, he chose Salmon P. Chase, the man who gave Lincoln more trouble, probably, than any other one man in the Cabinet; but, finally accepting his resignation, Lincoln appointed him Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, December 6, 1864, succeeding Chief Justice Taney, who wrote the "Dred Scot Decision."

As Secretary of War, he selected Simon Cameron, who continued for less than a single year; then Edwin M. Stanton. Stanton was a staunch Democrat, attorney general in the Cabinet of James Buchanan. In a law suit before the Supreme Court in Cincinnati, he was associated with Abraham Lincoln, and so rudely elbowed Lincoln out of the case that Lincoln's comment was, "I have never been so brutally treated before." Notwithstanding this fact, he recognized Stanton's ability, honesty and loyalty and selected him for this most important position. To many, who claimed that Stanton was too impulsive, Lincoln said, "We will try him and let him jump around for a while, and if we can't control him, will treat him as they did a Methodist preacher whom I knew in the West. This man became so enthusiastic and excited in his testimony exhortation and prayer that the official board had to fill his pockets with stones to keep him from jumping over the pulpit. This we can do with Stanton."

He was probably the most difficult man in the Cabinet for Lincoln to handle.

At one time, a committee of western men, headed by Congressman Owen Lovejoy of Illinois, called upon the President and urged the mingling of the eastern and western troops. This plan interested Lincoln, who wrote a letter recommending this plan to the Secretary of War, Stanton. As this scheme seemed impracticable to Mr. Stanton, he refused to carry it out. "But we have the President's order, sir," said Mr. Lovejoy. "Did Lincoln give

you an order of that kind?" said the Secretary. "He did, sir." "Then he is an old fool," was the response. "Do you mean to say that the President is an old fool?" asked the Congressman, in amazement. "Yes, sir, if he gave you such an order as that." Returning to the executive mansion, he reported the result of the conversation. "Did Stanton say that?" asked President Lincoln. "He did, sir, and repeated it." "Well, Stanton is nearly always right, and if he said I am an old fool then I must be one."

One of the sorest trials in Stanton's life was when Lincoln's great human nature prompted him to interfere with the death sentence. Many instances of this kind are recorded, to only one of which we will refer. It was at a time when an old man came trembling before him and asked for a pardon for his son, who had been sentenced to be shot for desertion. Lincoln asked the old man to tell his story. It was this:

"We had three boys; one was killed in battle, one still serves in the army under Sherman and the third (the youngest) has been tried for desertion and sentenced to be shot. I am here at his mother's request; the carrying out of this sentence will kill her, as he is her favorite boy. The boy never deserted, he could not desert; it is not in his blood."

Without another word, Lincoln wrote a telegram to General Butler, ordering the sentence cancelled and the boy set free. As the boy was sentenced to be shot two days later, the father hesitated to return home, lest Lincoln might change his mind the next day, and so expressed himself to the President, to which Lincoln replied, putting his broad hand on his shoulder, "Friend, if he lives to get my first telegram he will live to be older than Methuselah before he gets a second telegram countermanding the order."

Lincoln told the story of how a great, homely giant of a man once put a pistol to his face and threatened to shoot. Lincoln coolly asked why he thus threatened his life. He replied that he had promised his wife and God that if he ever met a man more homely than himself he would shoot him on sight, to which statement Lincoln replied, "If I am

more homely than you I should die. Go ahead and shoot."

That the emancipation of the slaves was secondary and the saving of the Union his first object is shown by a letter written about this time to Horace Greeley. In it he said:

"If there be those who would not save the Union unless at the same time save slavery, I don't agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless at the

cause. I will do more whenever I feel doing more will help the cause."

Even before this letter was penned Lincoln had in his possession the original draft of the Emancipation Proclamation. It had been written in June, submitted to the Cabinet for criticism and discussion in July, but he did not feel that the time was yet ripe to issue it.

Probably in no one thing did Lincoln show himself the master of himself and the master of men more truly than in his handling of the Emancipation Proclamation. To his closest friends, he said he must wait for a victory before issuing the Proclamation.

The Battle of Antietam was fought and won, but only vague reports drifted in to the President; nothing on which he could absolutely rely. It was his custom to spend his nights at the Soldiers' Home, a few miles out of Washington; but this night he spent with his boy Tad, not six years old, at the White House. As night closed upon him and his last visitor had left, he placed the sleepy, tired boy to rest for the night and alone paced the floor, his vigil broken only by his occasional look at the sleeping boy, unconscious of the great burden the father was bearing. Ten, eleven and twelve o'clock passed. About one o'clock in the morning a messenger arrived from McClellan's army, with the definite news that Lee had been driven across the Potomac, out of Maryland and into Virginia.

He immediately decided to call a meeting of the Cabinet, and at high noon on the 22nd day of September, 1862, a Cabinet meeting was held, the significance of which cannot be expressed in words. When Lincoln entered, he carried in his hand a recently published volume by Artemus Ward and read from it until the entire Cabinet, with the exception of Stanton, was convulsed with laughter. Unable longer to withstand the levity of the situation, Stanton said, "Gentlemen, I feel that the condition of the country demands our most serious attention." Whereupon Lincoln laid aside his volume. His face assumed a rigid, deathlike paleness, characteristic when some momentous question was to be considered, and in his homely, frank and honest manner said, "Stanton,



"AUNT BETTY" THOMAS

The old colored woman who lived within a stone's throw of the spot from which Lincoln viewed the battle of Port Stevens

same time they could destroy slavery, I don't agree with them. My paramount object is to save the Union. If I could save the Union by freeing all the slaves I would do it. If I could save the Union by not freeing any of the slaves I would do that. If I could free some and leave others alone and thus save the Union, I would do that. What I do regarding slavery, I do it because I believe it will help save the Union, and what I forbear, I forbear because I think it would not help save the Union. I will do less whenever I feel what I am doing hurts the

you are right, but I had to read something of this nature, else the burden would have been too great to bear, and I would have yielded to a broken heart."

He then drew from his pocket the original draft of the Emancipation Proclamation. He said, "Gentlemen, I have not brought you together for discussion or advice. I promised myself and God that if Lee were driven across the Potomac I would crown the act with the liberation of the slaves, and am now ready to fulfill my promise. The act is mine and I stand responsible for the result."

Thus, before his Cabinet he stood, in the lime-light of civilization, placed a milestone on the pathway of progress, a beacon

their oppressive ruler, King John; second, the Declaration of Independence, which summarized the divine right, dignity and freedom of man; third, this equally great document, the Emancipation Proclamation, which made four million bondmen free and rendered immortal the name "Abraham Lincoln."

Harper's Ferry was burned. Then followed the Baltimore riot and the destruction of the great navy yards at Norfolk. The railroad bridges and indeed the railroads themselves, leading into Baltimore, were destroyed. Virginia, which Lincoln hoped to retain in the Union, seceded. Maryland served notice on Lincoln that troops should not pass through Baltimore



FROM THIS SPOT PRESIDENT LINCOLN VIEWED THE BATTLE OF FORT STEVENS

on the hill-top of liberty, a guidepost for future generations and thus showed the greatness and the majesty of his manhood, the depth and tenderness of his humanity and his confidence and faith in Almighty God.

This preliminary proclamation was signed and published in the newspapers that evening. It was received with profound interest by the whole country, rejoicing by the North and gnashing of teeth by the slave holders of the South.

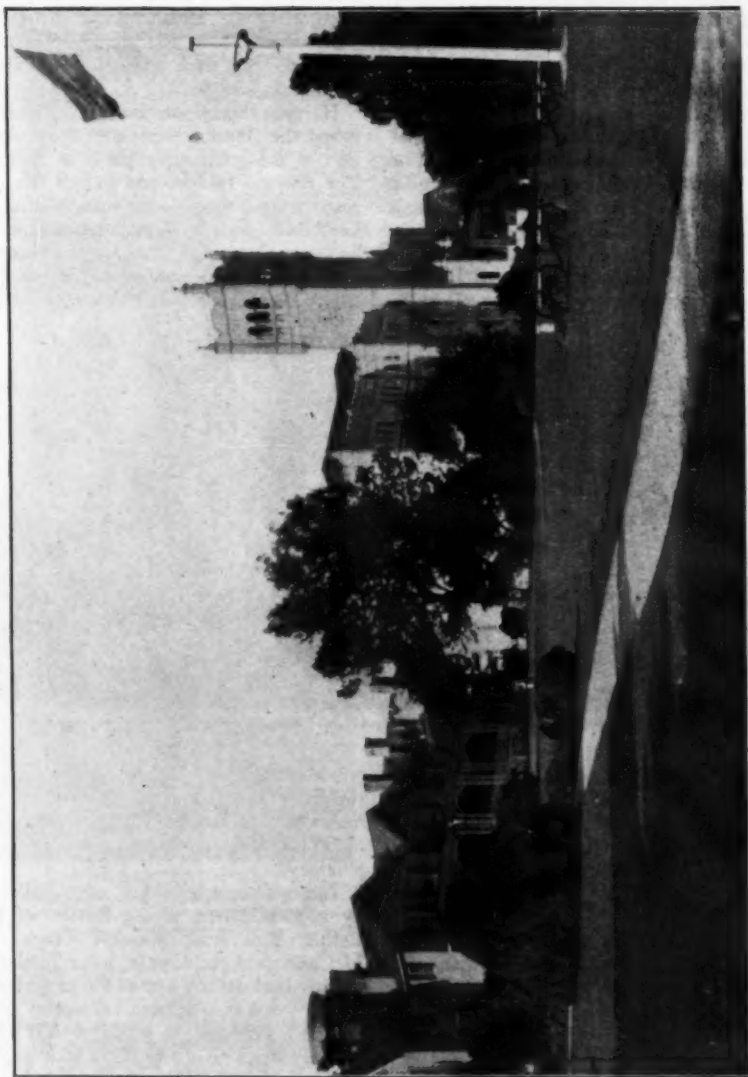
THE FINAL PROCLAMATION

The final proclamation was issued January 1, 1863. Thus was added one more to the great Immortal Documents of History: First, the Magna Charta, snatched by the Barons of England from

or Maryland to defend the National Capital. Lee, educated at West Point, hesitating, undecided, finally went with his state, and cast his lot with the Confederacy.

These discouragements were followed by such disasters as the Battles of Big Bethel, Bull Run, Wilson's Creek and McClellan's seven days of defeat in changing his base to the James River. It was defeat, defeat, defeat; disaster after disaster; enemies at home reviled him; friends began to doubt him; the nation listened almost hopelessly, wondering if victory ever could be secured. God, only, sustained Lincoln in these trying hours.

No wonder that in rapid succession Halleck succeeded McClellan, then Burnside, Hooker, and finally Meade, who



PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S SUMMER COTTAGE
From here he went to view the attack on Fort Stevens, in General Early's attack upon Washington

turned the tide of battle and brought victory out of defeat at Gettysburg, which became the turning point of the war. At the same time, Grant captured Vicksburg, and from this time on God's messenger, electricity, brought tidings of victory instead of defeat. Hooker fought his battle above the clouds on Lookout Mountain; Sherman cut his way to the sea and Lincoln found Grant, who, as he said, "would fight," and placed him in command of the armies of the nation.

With a critic's eye he had watched Grant from the time of his first victory at Paducah, in September, 1861, as he captured Fort Henry and Fort Donaldson, won Shiloh and Iuka, celebrated the nation's birthday by allowing the waters of the Mississippi to flow untroubled to the sea, by his great victory at Vicksburg, won for himself unfading laurels at Chattanooga, and yet during all of this time Lincoln had never personally met Grant. Grant's enemies had time and again tried to poison Lincoln's mind by telling him false stories of Grant's drunkenness. Although an absolute teetotaler, Lincoln's

great, broad, comprehensive, liberal mind swept the situation at a glance, and, at the risk of being misunderstood, said, "I wish I knew the brand of whiskey Grant uses and I would send a barrel of it to each of the other generals." When at a public reception at Washington, Grant appeared with hundreds of others to pay his respects to the President, he was quickly recognized, and as Lincoln took him by the hand the two great characters of the War met. One, the embodiment of patience, for Lincoln had waited three years to find his ideal; and the other, the embodiment of determination and success, for Grant had worked three years to merit this opportunity. Fortunate indeed was the country that, at this first interview between Grant and Lincoln, each should have been so favorably impressed with the other. In their hands was the destiny

of the country. They were co-operating for the preservation of the Union and the liberty of man. Probably no meeting in the history of the nation was so momentous and so memorable as this, which marked the beginning of the end of the Civil War.

The next day Grant was made commander-in-chief and began systematically, persistently, and with a bull-dog's tenacity, to lay his plans for the capture of Richmond and the surrender of Lee.

THE GETTYSBURG SPEECH

The great, immortal Battle of Gettysburg, upon the issue of which hung the fate of the nation, was fought July 1st, 2nd and 3rd, 1863, with a loss on the Union side of three thousand killed and fourteen thousand wounded. The state of Pennsylvania set apart a portion of this battlefield as a national cemetery. In November following, Senator Edward Everett was selected as the speaker at the dedication. Accompanying him was Abraham Lincoln, and as he was expected to say a few words, on his way there, in the midst

One of the most prominent traits of Lincoln's character was his absolute honesty. He was honest in the broadest, deepest and fullest sense of the word. The honesty he displayed when, as a boy, he walked six miles to return six cents overpayment was the characteristic honesty of the man throughout life. His honesty saved the nation, retained the flag, and made the world and humanity ever debtor to his foresight and patriotism.

of conversation, he scribbled down on a piece of paper a few words, which, spoken on that memorable occasion, form one of the brightest gems in the field of literature.

Spoken amid absolute silence, these words elicited not a single note of applause; but they were the reflex of his thoughts, of his great nature, at that time as little appreciated by the masses as the great Emancipator himself. While the studied oration of Senator Everett, delivered amid the applause of the people, has been forgotten, this gem in the field of American literature still lives, and ever will live.

By act of Congress, this entire Gettysburg speech has been cast in bronze and erected in every national cemetery and military park in the United States. It has also been placed at the entrance of our great colleges, universities, clubs and libraries. Not only in bronze has it been

immortalized, but today it is engraved upon the tablet of the memory of every school boy and is a part of every collection of choice literature. Never before, so far as history records, has such an honor been given to the words or writings of any one man.

One of the most prominent traits of Lincoln's character was his absolute honesty. He was honest in the broadest, deepest and fullest sense of the word. The honesty he displayed when, as a boy, he walked six miles to return six cents overpayment was the characteristic honesty of the man throughout life. His absolute fairness and honesty won for him the respect of the slave owners of the South, retained in the Union the border states, and secured the enlistment of thousands of men from those states for the Union army. His honesty and statements prevented war with England over the Trent affair, and made him the father of American diplomacy of today. His honesty and judgment made Grant commander-in-chief. His honesty in keeping his promise to Almighty God freed the slaves, and gave us the Emancipation Proclamation. His honesty saved the nation, retained the flag, and made the world and humanity ever debtor to his foresight and patriotism.

He was distinctively the one man in our nation fitted by education, by experience, by nature, and by a Supreme Being to care for the destinies of the republic, when its fate seemed trembling in the balance. It certainly was the eternal conflict between right and wrong; but with Lincoln as the leader for right, and God as the arbiter of the conflict, right won and the nation was saved.

In the midst of rejoicing over the War's ending and the successful achievement of his plans, while at the pinnacle of his fame, at the zenith of his glory, at the height of his power, he was struck down by the assassin's blow; a blow fatal to himself, fatal to the reconstruction of the South, fatal to the best friend the South ever had.

Some of you can remember that pall of blackness which spread over the country on that fatal Saturday morning in April, when his death was announced; but the blow which deprived the nation of its

leader showed that his friends were numbered by the million. Even his enemies in the South deplored the act; the nation stood weeping with the passion of an angry grief. Foreign representatives strove with each other to do him honor. Soldiers who had unflinchingly met death on a hundred fields of battle; civilians never known to weep over their own personal troubles or private cares; mothers who, with aching heart but tearless eyes, gave their boys that the country might live; the strong, the weak, the old, the young, the rich, the poor, all alike broke down and cried like children when they heard of the murder of Abraham Lincoln. Children, alarmed, found their parents' eyes red and cheeks wet with weeping as they were kissed awake that Saturday morning, and heard in a choked voice, trembling with suppressed emotion, the words—"Lincoln is dead."

When the attending surgeon made known to the iron-hearted Stanton that the wound was fatal, his great breast heaving with emotion, he exclaimed: "He must not; he cannot die!" His words were prophetic. Today Lincoln lives in the literature of our country, in the storied history of our nation, in the songs of our people and on the enduring canvas, and his name is as imperishable as the marble into which his likeness has been chiseled.

Educated in the great school of experience, all, from the country school on the hillside to the great university in the city, vied each with the other to do him honor. With his love of right, justice and humanity, he made not only this nation, but the world, his debtor. He was greater than the nation he saved, he now belongs to the world; greater than the age in which he lived, he now belongs to eternity. He was a Cromwell in courage, a Demosthenes in eloquence, a Plato in reasoning, a Solon in wisdom and statescraft, a Napoleon in leadership, a Bismarck in firmness, and a Washington in patriotism. At the same time, he was like a mother in tenderness and devotion to duty, a father in kindness, and a child in simplicity.

For the thoughts, the words, the deeds of such a man, there is no death. The sphere of their influence goes on widening forever and forever. They bud, they blossom, they bear fruit from age to age.



A SCENE AT THE WHITMAN HOME

Jim Whitman has his carpenter's bench under the trees, and with the canary bird-overhead and the flowers blooming about, there is a delightful outdoor scene between son and mother and Hardcastle's step-daughter

On the Road to Happiness

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

A HOPEFUL sign of the times amid the eternal tinkling of the sex, triangle and problem plays of the day in New York, looms up in Chicago, where William Hodge has for months been playing every night to crowded houses in his new play, "The Road to Happiness." During the unprecedented run of "The Man from Home," the thousands who saw Mr. Hodge in this play wondered if his record could ever be equaled in another role; but as Jim Whitman in "The Road to Happiness," Mr. Hodge has even surpassed the unrivalled popularity of the Kokomo lawyer. After six months' run, it would now seem that "The Road to Happiness"

will have the longest sustained run of any American play.

In the middle of a Saturday afternoon in Chicago, a traveler was hastening toward the Garrick Theater to witness a matinee and join the throngs on "The Road to Happiness." Arriving at the close of the second act, the faces of the audience in the darkened auditorium would have fascinated a physiognomist. A relaxed and happy expression on the features of the people, row after row, was a relief after surveying strained lines on the faces of theater audiences for whom sensational sex and problem plays were being produced. Here it seemed like glancing into

a happy home, there was such an air of genuine gaiety and good nature. Every eye was riveted on the happy, hard-headed Jim Whitman, and the atmosphere of the village was at once typical and familiar to Americans everywhere. The laughter was spontaneous, nothing explosive or

to move, for "The Road to Happiness" is one of those plays in which the audience has a personal heart interest and feels that it has a part in the direction of plot and action.

Theater-goers and critics seem for once to agree about this play. It has a touch of kindly nature that makes city and country folks akin. The country folks see a reflection of home life that awakens memories and murmuring sighs and echoes of their own past. The city folks respond to that love of nature, inherent to country scenes, and a relief from the mechanical artificiality of life "with all the modern conveniences"—as the apartment hotel folder advertises. Every situation in "The Road to Happiness" is followed closely by the audience; and Mr. Hodge, with that thorough naturalness and simplicity that suggests something of Abraham Lincoln as he might have been on the stage, gives the people who hear him that quiet, homely, but virile rendition of real American village life to which there is a sincerely enthusiastic response. The dramatic climaxes are in natural sequence, and are rendered with that natural tact and strength which charms thousands who have made Hodge play the exception to the rule about attending the theater.

The play in incident and dialogue is deftly knit together and the audience seems actually to participate in the action of the drama and join the cast of characters in completing the story.

It is said that the superb cast was selected within two hours by Will Hodge. He knew just what personality was required for the various characters, and consequently has genuine folk-actors in every character. There is a balance in the cast that is nothing short of marvelous in the production of new plays. As Mrs. Whit-



MR. WILLIAM HODGE

The unforgettable "Man from Home," now surpassing his former success in his own play, "The Road to Happiness"

staccato such as follows the slap-stick and tumble-down brand of humor. Every line was followed eagerly, for the play itself is a composite of wholesomeness that wholly justifies the title, "The Road to Happiness." It was in the very air that everyone felt somewhere on that road to happiness, for not a moment does the interest relax in the story of sturdy, self-reliant young manhood. Sharp climaxes occur in the lines, but everything seemed to move along as the audience wanted it

man, the hero's mother, Miss Ida Vernon is the same charming personage who has been a popular favorite for more than fifty years on the stage, and appeared behind the footlights in Richmond, Virginia, before the War.

The story of the play is one of simple home life that every human being can appreciate. As one eminent critic said, "It is Shore Acres, Old Homestead and Way Down East rolled into one great enduring American play."

Opening with a scene in the Hardcastle home, which might be located in any American small town, the play proceeds deftly to outline character. Benjamin Hardcastle is one of those strong-minded men who have been accustomed to "running things" in the village. He had married a second time, ostensibly for money. His wife's daughter, Viola, becomes a rival for the affection of the young man whom he desires his own daughter to marry. His daughter does not seem inclined to accept the well-to-do lover chosen by her father, and indicates a strong liking for one Jim Whitman. Jim Whitman is a carefully drawn type, one of those typical young, ambitious Americans of small-town birth and breeding, who is determined to have an education and "be somebody." He wants to become a lawyer, and to attain that end he does odd jobs of repairing during the day and keeps a student lamp busy at night. He visits the Hardcastle home to mend some windows, and the love story begins as soon as the daughter appears and the glazing begins.

The step-daughter, who has been away at boarding school, has not been heard from for some time, which arouses the step-father's suspicions. Her mother is anxious, and when the girl unexpectedly arrives, the mother is absent, looking for a letter at the post office. About this time a baby is

left on the Hardcastle door-step, and Hardcastle seizes the incident as an opportunity to make his charges and prevent his step-daughter from interfering with his matrimonial plans for his own daughter. It is a tense moment, but Jim Whitman chivalrously rises to the occasion, and walks away with the basket containing the baby, as the curtain falls in the first act. The musical interlude which follows,



MISS GERTRUDE HITZ

The leading woman with William Hodge in "The Road to Happiness." This photograph of Miss Hitz won first prize in a beauty contest in which 11,000 young ladies were entered

no matter how exquisitely performed, seems too long for the audience who eagerly await developments in the act to follow.

The second act reveals Jim Whitman's

home, where he is working at his carpenter's bench under the trees. There is a delightful scene between son and mother. The canary bird sings overhead, and the flowers around and about revive alluring memories. The step-daughter, driven from Hardcastle's home, is welcomed and cared for by Whitman's mother. Complications now come thick and fast. Hardcastle's wife naturally follows her daughter. Whitman becomes the cham-

with a real Middle West thunder storm, and the audience begins to realize that the Whitman home is after all a harbor of refuge from weather and scandal besides—especially when the windows are all closed and the great dog Rover dashes across the threshold. The audience leans back as if now satisfied to "let it rain."

The thrilling climax occurs in the third act. In the barn, Hardcastle's plot to tar and feather Whitman is revealed. Hard-



A TENSE MOMENT FOR JIM WHITMAN

The third act of "The Road to Happiness," showing Benjamin Hardcastle's barn. Hardcastle, Crawley, the constable, and George Porter, the village capitalist, have cornered Jim Whitman, intending to tar and feather him, Whitman however, is unharmed, and having delivered a severe arraignment to Hardcastle and the minister, opens the door of the barn, shows them his pocket handkerchief, and leaves

pion of the girl whom he feels to be innocent, and has the law-points figured out to meet Hardcastle's legal attack. There is not a moment, even in the most touching scenes, when a gleam of humor does not follow like a burst of sunshine, before the audience fairly bubbles with the tribute of tears. And here Jim Whitman reveals his quaint philosophy. The act closes

castle's frame of mind is reflected in the discussion of his household affairs, and the parson, in the guise of a peacemaker, is to bring Whitman to the barn. The haymow, the chickens and the threshing-floor, the buggy wheels and stalls are realistic. The most exciting feature of the play occurs when Whitman realizes the trap set for him. Here the reserve power of

William Hodge as an actor arouses the complete admiration and sympathy of his audience. Curtain after curtain is demanded and a speech from Mr. Hodge is inevitably insisted upon. In these curtain speeches Mr. Hodge never disturbs the natural evolution of the play, or ceases to be a factor with all the cast, the author and even the live stock in the barn scene.

The last act, in Whitman's home, again reveals the contrast from that home ruled by the iron will of Benjamin Hardcastle. Jim Whitman has become a real "attorney-at-law" and is preparing the "shingle" to screw upon the door. He has discovered that the father of the little waif is Hardcastle's own son, who some years before had been driven from home by his father, having married against his wishes. Beneath the hard exterior of his adversary, Whitman discerns a father's heart, and with the keen shrewdness of a budding lawyer plans a reconciliation and a clever cross-examination. He tells a story of the boy's death, but hardly has the broken-hearted father recovered from the first shock than the son makes his appearance. Whitman gently suggests that they go home to talk it over. Paternal and filial affection triumphs.

The "cooky" party is a popular innovation, followed by the final engagement between Hardcastle's daughter and Jim Whitman, who puts the engagement ring back on her hand "for the eighth time" and insists that now it is going to stay there. The play ends with a denouement characteristic of William Hodge. The audience, loth to leave their seats, retire with a picture of a happy family party gathered around the center table and beginning to play a game of dominoes. There is a wholesome sweetness in the play that is refreshing and makes one desire to see it again and again. It is as

natural for theater-goers to talk enthusiastically of "The Road to Happiness" as it is to desire to be happy. William Hodge has certainly achieved a great triumph in his play, which shows how many tragedies of life might be avoided by substituting the cheering, wholesome philosophy of Jim Whitman. There are many epi-



MISS REEVA GREENWOOD

The young actress who plays the part of Eva Hardcastle in the "Road to Happiness"

grammatic experiences in the lines of the play which are long remembered, though heard but once.

After the audience had departed, it seemed as if the charm of sweet memories hovered in the shadows of the vacated auditorium. A single electric "beacon light" burned on the stage like "mother's



SELLING A BOTTLE OF SPAVIN CURE TO FARMER PHIL
Jim Whitman acts as a horse doctor besides a carpenter, studying law at night

light" in the window at home. The scenery for the first act was already "set" for the next performance. The "good-night" passed to the veteran watchman as the members of the cast passed out, echoed the spirit of "The Road to Happiness"—for is not that the road we all want to take in the journey of life? William Hodge and his plays have marked an epoch of success in the production of plays that reach the

heart interest of the people and he has transcended the boundaries of his profession in the broad and wholesome influence of his productions.

The progress of national life is more often influenced by such men, modestly immersed in their own work, than by the flashy red-fire of political leaders, or the exotic fads and furies that bloom and wither in the passing hours.





THREE PRETTY SENORITAS OF THE LAND OF LUXURY

THE LAND OF LUXURY

ARGENTINA—THE UNITED STATES OF SOUTH AMERICA

by Peter MacQueen, F. R. G. S.

THE Argentine Republic is more like the United States than any other of the South American countries. In the northwest, where it adjoins Chile and Bolivia, there is a rugged tableland upon a high plateau. But most of the country, perhaps seven-eighths of it, is an immense plain two thousand miles long and varying from six hundred to eight hundred miles wide, running from Magellan Straits to the borders of Bolivia and Paraguay. There are a few lines of unimportant hills, but as a whole it is a prairie somewhat resembling the great wide lands that lie between Buffalo and Denver, or Texas and the Canadian frontier. It does not, however, undulate like the North American prairies, but is very flat.

Argentina has a varied climate. In the south it is severe. In the north it basks in summer tropics. The region called "the pampas" is a sort of square, six hundred

miles wide and six hundred miles long. Here the heat is great in midsummer and in the winter time the cold is moderate. The rainfall diminishes as one goes from east to west, and near the Andes the country is too dry to be cultivated without irrigation. But fortunately for the Argentines the melting snows of the Andes will provide irrigation just where the dry lands are. The pampas, like the former plains of North America, are covered with grass and flowers. There are few trees, and the native fauna is much poorer than it was in North America.

Argentina has one great metropolis in which one-fifth of its seven millions dwell, the city of Buenos Aires, which is the most impressive community south of the equator.

The approach to Buenos Aires from the sea is not impressive. It is like an insignificant avenue leading to a palace with beautiful spacious grounds. From the Atlantic the steamer passes up a very

muddy estuary, so broad that it looks like a gulf, formed by the union of the great Parana and Uruguay rivers, and thus arrives before the massive city docks, on the southern bank. Thirty miles away, as far as Havre is from Dover, lie the rolling fertile fields of Uruguay. A vast harbor, one might believe, if the crooked roadstead, marked all the way to the ocean by buoys, did not show how shallow is the water. By the same sign you realize what a tax on the country it must be to keep this channel dredged so that the largest ocean craft may reach the city, for the river bed is a mass of soft, sandy mud which is constantly brought down by a powerful current. Not the Scotsmen when they dredged the Clyde, nor the Englishmen when they constructed the Manchester canal showed greater enterprise nor bolder conception than did the Argentines, when on this low and windy coast they built alongside of their great city a mighty ocean harbor.

Coming among the docks, one sees the flags and funnels of many ships from many lands. Along the wharf are huge warehouses and behind them rise the buildings of the city. Not very high do the buildings seem, because Buenos Aires is hardly thirty feet above high water mark, although even at that it is still twice as high above sea level as the flat city of St. Petersburg. Nor is there higher land within a hundred miles. And not a native rock can anywhere be found.

TWENTY years ago sea-going vessels had to lie two or three miles off Buenos Aires, discharging their passengers and cargo by lighters and launches and by high-wheeled carts that carried the people from the launches through the shallow water to dry land. Now the long, deep channel has been dug and the largest steamers find easy access into the very heart of the city. Built of the finest concrete, many miles of docks receive the shipping of this great metropolis which is today one of the ten most important harbors in the world. During the last year the Argentine has sent out in export trade eight hundred and fifty million dollars worth of goods to Europe and Australia, a hundred and sixty-six millions to the

United States, and a hundred and fifty-six millions to Mediterranean ports. Most of this passed through Buenos Aires.

A very dramatic feature of this harbor is that the ships not only come to the center of the city, but that the railways are laid along side of the wharves. Each dock is several hundred feet long, making a series of deep berths which accommodate a number of large vessels. Even so, I saw quite a fleet of craft of every description lying at anchor in the estuary, waiting an opportunity to get to a wharf. This condition has become chronic. But the Portenos, as the people of Buenos Aires are called, are always alert to observe such a difficulty and overcome it. They have appropriated ten million dollars and are already enlarging the old docks and constructing new ones. Immense tracts of land have been reclaimed from swamps; in fact, most of the city front of Buenos Aires was formerly a part of the Platte River.

On entering the city one is surprised to find that with the boundless pampas all around the streets are so narrow as to permit wheeled traffic to move only in one direction. The narrow streets may be a recrudescence of the Spanish type of city, which made its thoroughfares narrow to keep out the burning sunlight and give a shadow in which passers-by could be comfortable during the noonday heat. In the newer parts of Buenos Aires wide streets are being laid out, and the congestion of the older sections is in part remedied by an efficient system of electric cars. Skyscrapers are making their appearance because no earthquakes menace here. In the residence quarter the mansions built in modern French style are handsome and up to date. Numerous small plazas planted with trees and shrubs, bright with sunshine and vocal with bird songs, atone for the want of space in the central streets. The Avenida de Mayo traverses the center of the city from the wide plaza where the government buildings stand, to the very handsome Plaza Grande which is adorned by the National Congressional Building. This is one of the greatest boulevards in South America, and the traveler would have to go to Paris or Vienna to find its equal. Indeed it reminds me of the

Boulevard Hausmann in Paris. The names of the streets are beautifully resonant, and I was never tired of repeating them as I read them on the cars, musical Spanish vocables—Congallo, Corrientes, San Martin, Libertad, Tamucan, Maipu, Florida, Esmeralda, Avenida de Mayo. I do not believe another city in the world has a list of poetical names like these. Only be sure you pronounce them in Spanish!

Gayety fills the streets of Buenos Aires. From four to six in the afternoon the Florida is an avenue of beauty and of joy. Everybody seems to have plenty of money and fine clothes, and to rejoice in making this fact known. The ladies are decked out in the smartest millinery that Paris can produce and the finest jewels that money can buy. By common consent during this hour of the day wheeled vehicles seem to avoid this fashionable promenade. It is lined with shops that recall the great streets of London and Berlin. Nowhere else in the world does one get a stronger impression of exuberant wealth and optimistic extravagance.

On fine afternoons in the Avenida de Mayo and other principal avenues, as well as in Palermo Park, there is a wonderful display of carriages drawn by handsome horses and of still more costly motor cars. The motor cars go at a rate of twenty-five to forty miles an hour, and I was told that they would kill more persons in proportion to the population than in New York City. When a great singer or artist visits the city, the vehicles often become so crowded together that they are unable to move for twenty minutes. The police, however, regulate the traffic very well and everyone is as good natured as he is gay. The policemen are *gauchos*—half-Indian cowboys from the western country.

The race course is out at the Palermo Park. The races are held on Sunday afternoon. An immense crowd gathers and the grand stand and all the enclosures are filled. The wealth and fashion of the Republic are there. The men are dressed like the gentlemen of London and New York, and the women are gowned from Paris. Nature has given the women of this city fine features and beautiful eyes, but custom here seems to prescribe that Nature shall not be left to herself. Betting

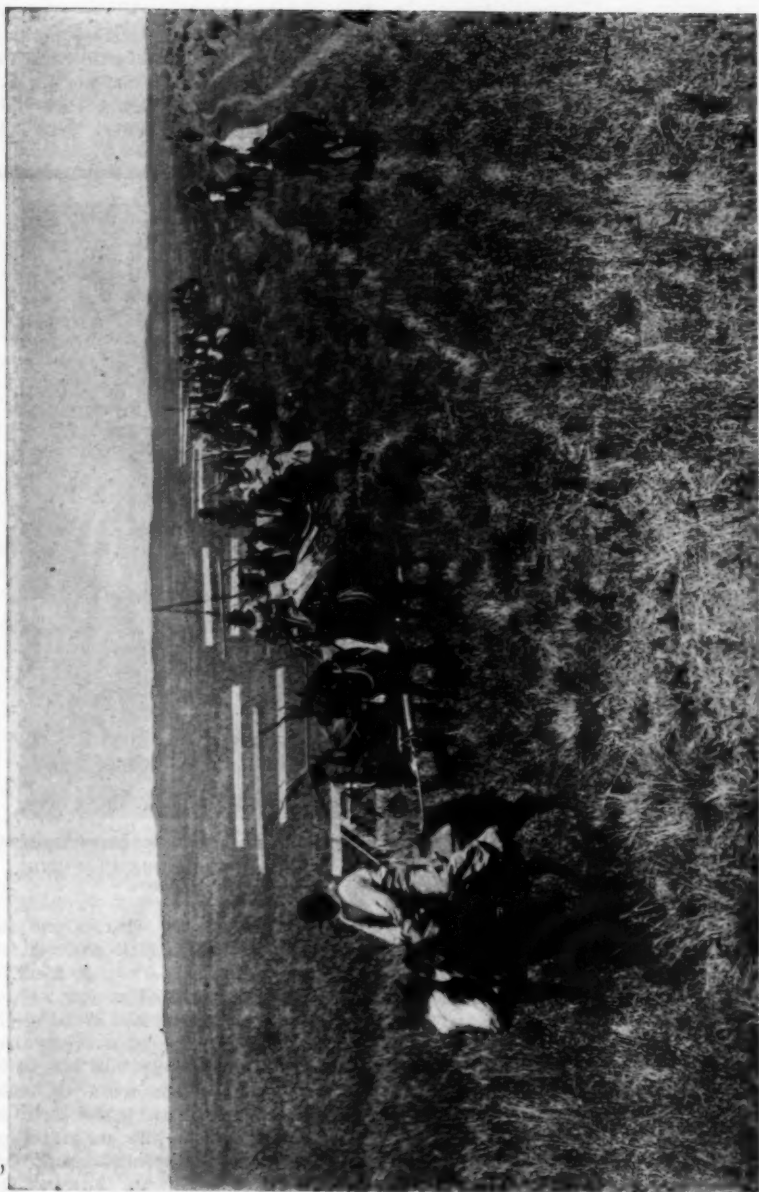
on the horses is the great excitement, and I am told that on some occasions a million dollars changes hands.

In making something out of nothing, and that something well worth while, the Argentine certainly leads the world. The proof of his genius is Palermo Park. We have shown that he reclaimed waste land



A SHEPHERDESS OF THE ARGENTINE HIGHLANDS

from the river for the wharves and the city front; he took a little more of the river swamp for this park, that it might be easy of access, as well as near a sheet of water, for there is no lake in the neighborhood. He had to import every tree and plant, even the very hills had to be imported, nice foreign rocks to make miniature caverns with home earth to cover them. But the hills are green and recall a fine line of the Scriptures (a very rare experience in Buenos Aires)—“The little hills rejoice on every hand.” The park is new, but in a few years will be the



Courtesy of Pan-American Union

A TYPICAL ARGENTINE WHEAT FIELD

glory of the city. Already there are some fine specimens of sculpture in artistic arrangement among the gardens and drives. The Latin American, like the European, loves sculpture for its beauty rather than "in memoriam." The beautiful statue representing "Reflection" by Lola Mora in Palermo Park would look strangely out of place alongside of the bronze figures of William Ellery Channing, Edward Everett Hale and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. For, good and noble as these men might be, they could never by any stretch of imagination appeal to the Latin instincts for aesthetic beauty.

Senorita Lola Mora is the fair and gifted product of this Latin civilization. Her masterpiece, called the Lola Mora Fountain, has been placed in front of the central railway station close to the docks in a wide plaza which is a fit setting for so grand a work. The group forming the center of the fountain is symbolic of the maritime spirit of the people of Buenos Aires.

The Botanical and Zoological Gardens are all too small, but in themselves are extremely well arranged. In them can be found nearly all the flora and fauna of South America.

THE hotels of Buenos Aires are fairly good and very expensive. One of the cheapest rooms I saw in the Plaza Hotel was seven dollars a day, European style. There are good Spanish hotels with rooms from two dollars a day upward. The Plaza is, perhaps, the most cosmopolitan of all the hostleries of the city. In its ball room and drawing-room I was reminded of the Waldorf Astoria. The meals are a little higher than in the big hotels of New York City. But there are numerous small restaurants where good refreshments may be had at reasonable prices. As an example of the charges in the big hotels of Buenos Aires, I may quote a story told me by an Argentine official. He said that some years ago a commission of European ambassadors was entertained by the Argentine government at the Bristol Hotel on the Avenida de Mayo, and that the bill for soap and perfumery was fifteen thousand dollars a week. Nobody seemed to complain, and apparently everybody

was satisfied. Luxuries seem to be necessities to the Argentines, for I was told that the tariff on champagne is only two per cent, while that on a plow is fifty per cent.

There are two buildings in the city that reflect two very opposite ideals. One is the Jockey Club and the other is the office of *La Prensa*, the leading newspaper of the republic.

I was shown all over the Jockey Club by one of the kindly members. Everything that wealth wedded to good taste can do has been accomplished in this marvellous building. All the luxuries that man has ever imagined are here assembled. Lucullus when he dined on peacock's tongues and spent ten thousand dollars a day on dishes could not have surpassed the regal splendor of the Jockey Club of Buenos Aires. And its splendor can only be outdone by the genial and hospitable quality of its membership.

On the other hand, *La Prensa* stands for a surpassing quality of journalism that ministers to the highest development of the human intellect. The impressive building of *La Prensa* faces the Avenida de Mayo. It has a club with Turkish baths and restaurant for its employees. It teaches shorthand and music to the young men and women of its staff without charge. It has a splendid library and a gorgeous suite of apartments for the entertaining of distinguished men. It entertained Amundsen coming back from the conquest of the South Pole, and Secretary Root traveling southward on a diplomatic conquest of the continent. It pays the *New York Herald* forty thousand dollars a month for cables from Europe and North America. Its circulation sometimes reaches over three hundred thousand a day. It has been published for sixty years, and we are told on good authority that it has never published a line of scandal.

Outside the city are the residences of those wealthy citizens who prefer semi-rural to town life—magnificent villas with charming grounds, not too far away to be reached by train after business is finished for the day and dinner guests assemble. Beyond lie the *estancias* or big farms, averaging six miles square, their owners, the *estancieros* or farmers, being

the leading men of the republic. Most of these men also own a fine town-house in Buenos Aires, and they are all-powerful in the government. The land of the Argentine Republic was divided a hundred years ago when the feudal ideas of Spain were strong in the hearts of the people. Thus the country became a country of great estates. Today the republic is rectifying this mistake and making the farms smaller. The total area of the Argentine is seven hundred and twenty-eight million acres. It is stated that two hundred and fifty-three million acres are available for

a country. It stretches out a dreary urban excrescence far into the pampa. I was told that the people in this slum quarter are not a very desirable element, and that among them anarchism is rife.

But the train carries you beyond all these things to La Plata, a sumptuous suburb laid out with costly magnificence. One must admire the art with which the ground was here surveyed. The planting has been done with so much taste that even on this unpropitious level a great degree of beauty has been attained. All kinds of trees and shrubs and flowers grow here



RARE SPECIMENS OF ARGENTINE SHEEP

agricultural use. In 1910 only forty-seven million acres were under actual cultivation. Thus the future of farming in the Argentine is hopeful beyond imagination. It will be the real United States of South America.

We have high authority for the statement that "the poor are always with us," and there are plenty of poor people even in Buenos Aires. They are not desperately poor, for nobody is ever desperately poor in a semi-tropical country. On its land side the city dies out into scattered shanties, dirty and squalid, with corrugated iron roofs, their wooden clapboards gaping like rents in tattered rags. These are inhabited by the newcomers from Southern Italy and Southern Spain. This part can hardly be called a city, still less

in rich abundance. The bourgainvillea clammers over the porte-cocheres and the roses pour down a cataract of bloom.

Thus Buenos Aires is a city of great magnificence, some squalor, and not a little poverty. But there is much hope for even the poorest class in Argentina. The Italians and the Spaniards mingle very well. The two languages resemble one another and a hybrid language is rapidly developing with the development of a hybrid race. Out on the great farms Italian men are growing to the stature of six feet, and are realizing here more than anywhere else the standard of the great Roman armies that followed Caesar into Gaul and Spain.

With the increase of American travel toward these Latin Republics there will

be a new interest throughout this country, in the trade and art and customs of our Latin neighbors. The world is ripening into the Brotherhood of Man. With the increased neighborliness that the steamship and the railroad and the wireless bring, the peoples of the western hemisphere seem tending, not to the amalgamation and subjugation of one race by another, but to a great fraternal confederation of the Americas, North and South.

of Peru across the Andes. This monstrous system gave rise to smuggling into Buenos Aires by the English and Dutch ships. This smuggling was stopped and real trade began in 1776, when Buenos Aires was made a vice royalty and allowed to deal direct with Europe. Men took to ranching then, and great colonies spread out over the vast plains. In 1810 came the revolution which made the country a republic. The farms were now divided into great estates, as



A SOUTH AMERICAN RUBBER CAMP

When the Spanish settled Argentina, they found only a few Indian tribes of low civilization, who had no milk-giving animals and no animals to feed upon except the guanaco and ostrich. Naturally their numbers did not increase. In the hill country of the northwest some tribes learned the arts from the Peruvians. The rest of the country was a vast wilderness.

For three hundred years the Spaniards settled along the Parana and Paraguay rivers, and through them kept a line of travel with Potosi and Lima in Peru. Their object was to make Peru supreme. Therefore all merchandise for Buenos Aires and the rest of the Argentine had to come thither by way of Panama and the harbors

I have said, after the feudal manner of old Spain. So that the *estancias* today in the Argentine vary in size from six to eighty miles square. This has prevented a real democracy from growing in the republic up to date. The standard of a North American farm is one hundred and sixty acres, four men on a mile. The standard of an Argentine farm is six square miles, enough for twenty-four men in North America. One system spells democracy, the other aristocracy.

With the development of railways in the Argentine, however, there is a tendency for the emigrants from Italy, and Spain to acquire small holdings. The great landowners are very extravagant, and will in

time be forced to sell. And the railways will bring the small farmer nearer the market. In 1911 there were twenty thousand miles of railway in operation, built and worked by British companies and by the British government. The British investments in the Argentine were a billion and a half. Mr. Bryce estimates that within fifty years the Argentine will have almost as many inhabitants as France or England. This nation will be made up almost entirely of Spaniards and Italians. The Italians of the Argentine today are said to be the finest race that Italy has produced since the days of Julius Caesar.

There were on the plains of the Argentine last year a hundred and fifty million head of sheep, cattle and horses. The entire exports of the country were twelve hundred millions. It is declared that agricultural prosperity is more general in Argentina than anywhere else in the world. But this prosperity is tempered by the risks of drought and locusts. And one of these plagues has happened about every four years. But drought will be overcome by scientific irrigation, and the locusts will disappear when the plains are plowed. The locust nests are made in the hard, untilled land, and plowing destroys them. It is prophesied that there will be a plague of locusts in the United States, but we can confidently assert that this prognostication is on a par with the prophecy that there will be death and disaster this year. There will be death and disaster every year till the end of time, but locusts and drought are in the class of preventable catastrophies.

Argentina is thoroughly modern in the predominance of business over all other interests. There are two gods in the republic, the god of pleasure and the god of commerce. There is one great handicap in the business of the republic, namely, that it is too largely in the hands of foreigners. But the foreigners, too, have suffered at the hands of the Argentines,

for I am told that when the Baring Brothers of London failed for three billion francs, most of their losses were through Argentine investments. In Argentina as nowhere else in South America we see the twentieth century symbolized. Through her territory runs most of the Transandine Railway. At the Andean end the city of Mendoza is the wine growing country of South America. Here a hundred thousand people are growing rich on the fine vineyards. Along the railway great cities are rising like San Luis. In fact, we find the big towns now nearly all touched by some railway. There are two great trunk lines besides the Transandino. The southern one from Buenos Aires touches at La Plata, Azu, Bahia Blanca, and terminates at Neuquen in Patagonia. The northern trunk line goes to Rosario and on to Santiago del Estero, to Tucuman and Jujuy, and terminates in Bolivia at La-chiaca. Only fifty miles remains of this railway to be finished, and then there will be a second transcontinental railway in South America from Buenos Aires to Mollendo in Peru.

Thus Argentina is a nation in the making. The Argentines have ceased to be Europeans and have not yet a distinctive nationality. But they are very proud of their great city, Buenos Aires, and of their boundless plains. Patriotism is a mania among the Argentines. The magnitude of their interests secures against the recurrence of civil war. The optimism of the people ensures all kinds of progress in the future. The wealth and bounty of the land will make a great nation like France or Germany, perhaps with the artistic and literary genius of Italy and Spain transplanted to the New World. The outlook for the future in this great republic south of the equator may well make one believe that in a century at least the Argentine Republic will be to the Latin peoples what the United States will be to the Anglo-Teutonic race.



The Unruly Member by Horace Hazeltine

Author of "His Sentimental Highness," "Baby Boy," etc.

WHEN, despite the owner's efforts at secrecy, it leaked into general knowledge that an attempt had been made to burn down the new and imposing Ramsay mansion, all Firsville accepted it at once as an explanation of the mystery which for upwards of a week had agitated the village. There were very few indeed who did not connect the hitherto perplexing disappearance of young Joe Dawson with this now revealed incendiarism. For in season and out of season Dawson had had his bitter say concerning what he chose to denominate as the "invasion of that bandit, Ramsay." And because he possessed an education above the average villager, and held a clerkship in the Firsville Bank, his opinions were accorded more than ordinary consideration; with the result that Ramsay, very shortly after his advent, became not only generally hated, but an object of almost universal denunciation and frequently of vituperation.

No more beautifully sylvan village than Firsville adorned the state. Every street was an arboreal bower, and every garden a flamboyant riot of color; but, lying in a broad, fertile, verdurous valley, ten miles removed from the nearest railway, it dozed in its primitive rusticity, without a single ambition. When, therefore, Doctor Ramsay, astray one day in his motor car, stumbled upon it by the merest chance, he was first

interested, then fascinated, and eventually enraptured by its idyllic charm. He made some desultory inquiry that afternoon about land values, and the next week despatched an agent to the place to ascertain just what properties could be purchased to advantage. The prices first asked were ridiculously low, but before negotiations were concluded they practically doubled. It became noised that a millionaire was the prospective buyer, and the owners were quick to pile on fictitious values. Nevertheless Ramsay regarded his purchases as bargains.

Almost immediately he began turning three adjoining farms on the border of the village into what Dawson sarcastically described as a "gentleman's estate." For this he would gladly have employed local labor, but the rates demanded were prohibitive. Consequently he imported a horde of Italians, and so made more enemies in the neighborhood than he could well count. When it came to building, the story was repeated. Firsville artisans put in preposterous estimates and were underbid by more efficient masons, carpenters, plumbers, painters and others from a distance. At which the ill-feeling increased. And in both instances Dawson, with waspish tongue, assisted in spreading the general disaffection.

It was a year, almost to a day, after Doctor Ramsay's discovery of Firsville

that the young agitator was suddenly and inexplicably missing. Embezzlement was the first suspicion, though hitherto the absolute honesty of Dawson had never been questioned. But his accounts at the bank were perfect. A week went by without a single clue. It seemed a riddle without any possible solution. And then Enoch Jones, who drove Hilles, the grocer's, delivery wagon, discovered a charred bit of lattice work under a side porch up at the Ramsay place; made a

things about Doctor Ramsay, and the way he came into Firsville with his millions, and made poor people discontented by showing them a style of luxury in living they never dreamed of before; but Joe respected the law for all that. He really wouldn't hurt a worm, and you can never make me believe he would set fire to a house with people living in it, no matter how much he hated the people. Besides, there were babies in that house, and the poor, innocent little things couldn't be held responsible for what their father did."

She said this on the morning of the discovery of the attempt at arson, and that evening she disappeared, too, and Firsville had another mystery. Someone declared that an automobile had stopped at the Emmons house, just at dusk, and that Gertie had gone away in it. But Mrs. Emmons, who was a religious woman and hated a lie, would neither confirm nor deny this story. "Gertie bade me good-bye," she said when questioned, "and I know where she's gone. But it ain't nobody else's business, and I don't have to tell."

"I'll bet she's gone to join Joe Dawson," Enoch Jones ventured. And then he asked, "You won't say that ain't so, neither, will you, Mis' Emmons?"

"Mebbe 'tis and mebbe 'tain't," was Mrs. Emmons' cryptic response. "I know she's safe and ther' ain't no need for anybody to worry about her. Now that's all you'll get out of me; so ther's no need to throw out any more hooks." And she quietly closed the door in Enoch's face.

"What beats me," muttered the discoverer of the crime as he shuffled away, "is that Ramsay's not made any complaint. Neither the sheriff nor the justice of the peace has heard a word. Anybody'd think he'd a' suspected Joe at once, and set all the officers of the law in the county scurryin' after him. But he's never let out a peep."

And all this time, while the village



Then Enoch Jones discovered a charred bit of lattice work under a side porch up at the Ramsay place

little further investigation and found unmistakable evidence that a fire had been started there, with the obvious intention of burning the house down. Whereupon the secret of young Dawson's flight appeared to be a secret no longer. Even the bank clerk's best friends had to admit the reasonableness of the connection—his best friends, that is to say, with one single and noteworthy exception. Gertrude Emmons resented the imputation with persistency and emphasis.

Dawson had boarded with the Emmonses, and he and the fair-haired, blue-eyed daughter of the house were engaged to marry. "I know that Joe talked a lot," she defended, "and said some pretty awful

wondered, the object of its conjecture lay in a snowy bed in a big airy room, his head and face hidden, save for a small opening for mouth and nostrils, by soft, white bandages. His hands, which stretched straight down over the spotless counterpane, were bandaged, too, and altogether he resembled more a mummy than a human being. For the first few days his consciousness had been dulled by opiates, so that he scarcely realized what had happened to him, or remembered what had led up to the plight into which he had fallen. But with the amelioration of his condition came a reduction of these palliative measures, and on the morning of the very day that Enoch Jones discovered the charred lattice, Dawson awoke to both recognition and remembrance.

His first poignant consciousness was that he was blind. He could hear someone moving softly about the room, but not the faintest ray of light penetrated to the eyes which he had opened with painful effort. Gradually, however, he came to a realization of the bandages, and a faint hope was born. He supposed that he was in a hospital. He had no doubt that he was under arrest for arson, but he had been too badly burned to be sent to a cell in the jail. He supposed that the gasoline must have exploded. His last recollection was of a synchronous detonation and blinding glare, and it had caught him crouching and unable to turn. He wondered whether the house had been totally destroyed. He wondered and dreaded whether there had been loss of life. A score of questions began to trouble him. It was the nurse, he supposed, whom he heard moving so softly. He would ask her. And then he thought that perhaps his very questions might be used as evidence against him. He felt that he must be cautious. But at least he could find out where he was. He opened his lips to speak, but they seemed dry and hard and the effort pained him.

"Water," was all he said. How thick and clumsy his tongue was!

Soon he heard her near him. A spoonful of cool water trickled gratefully between his dry lips upon his parched tongue.

"You're better, this morning." What a sweet, gentle voice it was! He had never heard one so musically soothing.

"You know best," he said. He could speak now with less discomfort. "I—I don't remember much. How long have I been here?"

"Ten days," was the answer, and it sounded to Dawson like two faint notes from the strings of a harp.

"And—where am I?" he asked.

"With friends." He wished very much to know more. The response really only whetted his curiosity, but he felt, somehow, that he would be rude in requiring anything further.

She gave him another spoonful of water; told him that above all things he was not to worry, and that the doctor would be in to see him in a little while.

When the doctor came Dawson was on the point of asking him whether he should ever be able to see again, and then checked himself. He was afraid of what the answer might be. Uncertainty was hard enough, but to know that he must be sightless for life would be too much to bear in his weakened condition. As it was, the physician seemed delighted with his progress.

"I'm going to send a friend to talk with you this afternoon," he said. "I want you to use your tongue and lips now. It won't hurt you."

The nurse with the melodic voice brought his visitor to his bedside. "This is the friend the doctor spoke of," was the way she introduced him. Then Joe felt a hand laid warmly upon his shoulder, and a masculine voice that he did not recognize, a sonorous, kindly voice, said:

"I'm delighted that you are doing so nicely, Mr. Dawson. For a while we feared you wouldn't pull through. But now it's all right. Barring a few slight scars, you'll be as good as ever, in a short time."

"I—I shan't be blind?" he was encouraged to ask at last.

"Blind! Not a bit of it," was the hearty answer. "There never was much danger of that. Your eyes responded to light from the very first." And Joe felt that never before in all his life had he heard such glad words. Back of his bandages the tears started to his darkened eyes, and one of his muffled hands moved instinctively, in a groping effort to find this friend's hand and press it in gratitude.

And then, suddenly, perplexity seized him. Why should these people be so kind to him—first the nurse, then the doctor, and now this "friend" whom he could not place, and who seemingly did not think it worth while to reveal himself. Certainly it was odd, unheard-of treatment for a man under arrest, as he knew he must be, since he had assuredly been taken, red-handed, in the act of arson.

After a little he said as much, and the "friend" sitting at his bedside replied:

"There has been no charge made against you."

"They don't think, then, that I fired the Ramsay place?" Joe asked, in astonishment.

"Did you?" asked the other quietly.

There was a moment of silence, during which the young man's mind was busy. "Yes," he said at length, "I guess I'm the only one to blame for it."

"I'm wondering why you had it in for Ramsay," murmured the visitor. "He never injured you in any way, did he?"

"I don't like his type," was the somewhat warm rejoinder. "Nothing in this village was good enough for him. There wasn't a house big enough; there wasn't a road smooth enough. There wasn't a workman sufficiently skilled to get a dollar of his money in wages. And every cent he's got he made out of the poor, and the deluded poor at that. He made it without working, too. All he did was to write out a prescription, such as any medical student might write. Then he had it compounded by the barrel full and put up in bottles at a cost of a few cents each. And these he sold for a dollar apiece. A pain-killer, he called it; a healer; warranted to cure all the ills the flesh is heir to. And it wouldn't heal a pin scratch. Besides he made the people here discontented. We were all happy enough until he came along with his three big automobiles, his thoroughbred saddle horses, his Russian wolf hounds. He's made everybody feel little and mean by contrast, and now he threatens to bring more people of his own kind. In the end he'll drive us all away. He'll make Firsville too expensive for poor people to live in."

Joe heard his visitor clear his throat, and then, in a low, serious tone came the reply, "That's a pretty serious arraign-

ment, Dawson. If it be all true, I don't wonder at your antipathy to Ramsay. I even can't blame you much for wanting to burn down his new house and put him out of the way with it. Though that would have been pretty tough on Ramsay's innocent wife and little children. Don't you think so?"

The patient said he didn't mean to harm anyone. Everybody in the village thought the house was empty.

"You didn't know, then, that Ramsay had brought his family down that very afternoon?"

"No, I didn't. He must have sneaked in without coming through the village."

"I suppose so," was the tolerant reply. "Then there are one or two other things that you evidently didn't know either. In the first place you weren't aware that since Ramsay came here a year ago the value of real estate in Firsville has practically doubled. And that from the way things look now, it is likely to double again in the next six months. So you see every property owner here has really made a peck of money without turning his hand—made it easier even than Ramsay did his by writing that prescription you spoke of. If you don't believe that, ask the president of your bank. And that reminds me: Have you ever tried this Ramsay pain-killer that won't heal a pin-prick?"

Joe said that he hadn't, but that he knew what patent medicines amounted to in general. They were all gold bricks. His visitor did not press this point, but he went into some of the other charges pretty fully—the cases of the laborers who asked two dollars and a half a day, for instance, and of the carpenters and others who tried to double the usual union rates on him.

"Now I know a lot about Ramsay," he concluded, "and while he has his faults like all of us, he's really not a bad fellow, and he's about as democratic as any man you ever met. I'm a friend of yours, Dawson, and you will excuse me if I say that your chief trouble is that you jump to conclusions without adequate knowledge of facts and speak before you think twice. How would you like to have Ramsay come in tomorrow, and talk a while with you? You might get to learn something of the man as he really is in that way."

But Joe objected. "No," he said, "I couldn't. Maybe I've been wrong. I must have time to think about it."

"Isn't there anyone you would like to have brought here, then? How about Miss Emmons?"

"Yes," he said, "I'd like you to fetch Gertie."

Gertie announced her advent that evening by ill-suppressed sobbing. The nurse

really didn't do it. But it was my talk that set those to it that did. I'm that much to blame. I suspected them from what they said to me, and I followed them. But I was too late. Then I tried to beat the fire out and—"

"I know," she interrupted. "I know. I just heard. The watchman saw the others run and he saw you, too. It was he and Doctor Ramsay that dragged you out of



"Isn't there anyone you would like to have brought here, then? How about Miss Emmons?" "Yes," he said, "I'd like you to fetch Gertie"

spoke soothingly to her and then Joe heard the room door close, and knew that the girl and he had been left together. "There, there, Gertie," he said reassuringly. "Don't you cry. It's all right. I'm not as bad as I must look."

He heard her the next moment standing at his side and then he felt the bed shake. For she had dropped on her knees beside it, with her arms spread out toward him across the coverlet.

"O Joe!" her voice came at length. "O Joe!" Her emotion seemed incapable of more definite expression.

"Listen!" he urged, thinking that she was in part, at least, overcome by the horror of his crime. "Listen, dear. I—I

harm's way. You would have been burned to death."

"And the house wasn't destroyed?" he pressed.

She lifted her head from the bed clothes in sudden surprise. "Of course not," she cried. "Aren't you in it? Aren't we both in it now?"

"This?" Joe questioned. "Why I thought it was—"

"And you didn't know that Mrs. Ramsay has been nursing you with her own hands? That they sent to town for their own doctor? That they haven't let a soul in the village, but mother and me, know anything about it?"

"And Ramsay's friend who talked to

me this afternoon? Such a fine fellow! Who was he? Do you know who he was?" He had begun to suspect, and when she told him that it was Doctor Ramsay himself, he was in a way prepared for the news. But the tears rushed to his eyes again, and when he spoke his voice had a sob in it that he couldn't control.

"God forgive me," he murmured, "O God forgive me!"

For a little while silence fell upon them, silence, save for Gertie's sobbing and Joe's occasional deep-drawn sighs. The bitter-sweet of shame and happiness was in the

heart of each, and their tongues were dumb in the grip of strong feeling.

After a while Joe felt Gertie's hand touch the bandaged, inert thing that was his own right hand. His impulse was to draw it away, in fear lest the touch should give him pain. But he resisted it and found that there was no hurt.

"Squeeze it, Gertie," he said at last. "Test it. I so want it well. For a long time, I fear, I shall not be able to look the best of men in the face, but I feel I can't rest until I've taken his hand in mine and pressed it."

A PLEA FOR REMEMBRANCE

By FRANK W. GUNSAULUS

REMEMBER me, not when Life's tide is gone,
And winds are sighs of worn-out land breaths borne
To sea by languid air aweary of itself;
Then aimless wavelets steal among brown rocks
That in their dull, cold hearts thirst for the tide;
Then e'en the sunset lies less joyously
Afloat than in the waveless West above;
And night with leaden tyrant-feet walks slow
Across the level gloom of ocean waste.

Remember me, when, throbbing leagues afar,
From out abysmal mysteries unseen,
Exultant purposes awake to wage
Their war; when winds in unbound space are born,
And, all accordant with the hidden moon,
Sweep westward singing as they haste, arouse
A thousand white-maned monsters from their sleep,
Drive them in chariot-march whose wheels of gold
Aflame with speed, roll sparkling in the sea.
Then, leagues before, the sapphire crashes white,
And, leagues behind, fathomless emerald
Is piled to heights of throne-like fields of snow;
Then every stone's tuned heart is warm with joy
And echoes shouts of ocean-cavalry.
Then swift the sunset, with fantastic touch,
Transforms these bannered steeds to crimson flames
Fleeing away. The countless shining hoofs,
The golden bits they champed, fade in that dream
Melodious. The sunset tide comes in.
Remember me at this—all other hours forget.

OPENING A NEW WORLD

by

Robert J. Thompson

American Consul at Sheffield, England

REALIZING that little more than a year intervened before the opening of the great Panama-Pacific Exposition of 1915, I eagerly embraced the opportunity offered me by the chairman and members of the Sheffield Chamber of Commerce to address them recently at a very fully attended meeting held November 25, 1913. It is perhaps not so generally known as it should be that the great English leaders in business, manufactures, etc., had almost determined not to attempt a general national exhibit at the San Francisco Exposition, largely because, as they allege, expositions are being overdone, and that in this case owing to the distance and cost of transportation, participation must be far more difficult and expensive for the European exhibitor; reasons whose cogency I did not try for a moment to dispute. But as I pointed out, these reasons should be carefully weighed against the real significance and advantages of this, the first "World's Fair," held on the shores of the Pacific Ocean since the beginning of the world.

I said that the practical man must consider it as a matter of business; not only of expense, but of eventual dividends and business expansion, and as I felt bound to say, even as a matter of defending the

The American consul abroad is a factor whose importance can scarcely be over-estimated. His duties and activities encompass phases which the people at home, immersed in business cares, little realize or appreciate. A representative who represents—a press agent who sees that his "show" gets the proper publicity—that is the American consul. Sometimes he is the "advance man," going ahead of his attraction, as in this article by Hon. Robert J. Thompson, who, in press agent parlance, would be called one of the liest members of the American consular service. The Panama Canal and the Panama-Pacific Exposition were the features he offered, with Uncle Sam as producing manager

business already established. I tried to point out that he must, remembering that San Francisco is the great capital and metropolis of the Pacific, ask himself, "Are Sheffield and England to be represented there?" I at least thought so, for their goods will be required in any event, and this demand would be only a taste, a forecast of what will be written on steel goods and great foundry products all along the almost endless Pacific-American shoreline, and the rapidly developing hinterland of the Latin-American republics. Engineers are still looking, and will look

for the "Sheffield cutting edge." Many will come to Sheffield, but many more will look for it at San Francisco.

I argued that such expositions as had as their chief object the opening and broadening of trade areas could never be overdone, as is demonstrated by the success and frequency of great commercial exhibitions of motors, automobiles, electric goods, sanitary appliances, sporting goods and other modern economic products. That no distance could be too great or expenditure unreasonable where the exploitation of a world-wide trade is at stake.

I called attention to the fact that England's trade with the western coast of the United States already exceeded twelve

millions of pounds Sterling (say \$60,000,000), per annum, not the least proportion of which is supplied by the manufacturers of Sheffield.

PPROMISING that later I had to suggest a plan for a joint exhibit of Sheffield specialties by their manufacturers acting together and sharing the expenses and profit or loss of the undertaking—which should appeal to civic pride as well as to the business acumen and foresight of men dealing with its world-wide interests—I appealed to them generally as follows:

"And what of this trade child of tomorrow on the Pacific? Let me give you an idea—a brief forecast. On account of, and in preparation for, the changed geography of the world incident to the opening of the Panama Canal, money has been raised—advanced by financiers, furnished by private corporations, municipalities, the Canadian and the United States governments—to the extent of one hundred million pounds sterling for the improvement of harbor facilities, railroad connections into the interior, dredging and canalizing of rivers at seven ports, only, from San Diego, California, to Prince Rupert in northern British Columbia—a sum greater even than the entire cost of the Panama Canal.

"There is being spent in your own British city of Vancouver six million pounds sterling, where twenty great docks a thousand feet in length are being constructed. The new Grand Trunk terminal town of Prince Rupert is spending six hundred thousand pounds for dock facilities, and the government is building a floating dock to cost four hundred thousand pounds. In seven ports alone and hinterland railroad connections, one hundred million pounds! I cannot tell you what is being done to the south from below San Diego to the coast cities of Chili, but you may be sure they are preparing, too, as well as in New Zealand, Australia and Japan.

"Through your Cutlers Company you have very properly organized a fund for the defence of the Sheffield trade name. But success, my friends, does not alone depend upon defence—it demands likewise aggression and exploitation. The

name of Toledo is still famous, and is as well-known today as that of Sheffield, but its famous steel is a legend and poetic reminiscence. Now what have you ahead of you in this latest and greatest project of your brothers and cousins across the sea? Let us look. The waters of the Pacific ocean wash the shores of lands which form the homes of a thousand millions of human beings—two-thirds of the population of the world. The future looms big, enormous and prophetic over this vast sea. The west coast of America has been the farthest away from European interest and exploitation. There's where the sun has set. There the newest, youngest nation of the earth looks over thousands of miles of water to the oldest and most ancient peoples.

"But when God fashioned the oceans of the earth He placed between the great western and eastern seas the Pacific and the Atlantic, a barrier in the shape of the American continent, stretching from the frozen channels of the north for twelve thousand miles south to the storm-swept waters of the Antarctic, and since this continent has been known to history it has been the dream of man to break that barrier. From Balboa, the discoverer of the Pacific, up to Roosevelt, Goethals and Wilson, four centuries pass, and today the dream is a reality.

"Grouped and scattered in great states and colonies over the surface of the earth there are today some one hundred and sixty millions of English-speaking people, forming one great though politically-divided family. The American people, constituting practically two-thirds of this great branch of the human race, have gone to work, in response to the economic ideals of the age, and connected the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, thus cutting into halves the western continent.

"You have heard how they conquered the awful death-breathing yellow fever—the greatest obstacle of all in this great undertaking—simply by eliminating the germ-carrying mosquito. You have been told how they converted the Chagres River, a violent, mountain flood during part of the year, into a quiet sunny lake of nearly two hundred square miles area. You have heard much, too, of the Culebra

Cut and all that, how man has taken titanic steam shovels, thousands of electric drills (most likely from Sheffield) and carved a notch in the lumbar vertebra of the western continent—a gash in the earth three hundred to a thousand feet wide, many hundred feet in depth, from the hilltops, and nine miles long.

"Cheops, the Egyptian Pharaoh, took twenty years to construct the greatest of the pyramids, and he requisitioned into service one hundred thousand men. This work stands today, sixty centuries after its completion, practically perfect, and an example and monument to the possibilities of engineering. That pyramid contains three million cubic yards of stone. There will be nearly three times that amount of concrete and cement used in the locks of the Panama Canal alone, and in the big dam holding back the waters of the lake referred to, seven times the amount of material used by our friend Cheops in his great pyramid.

"A description of this work may well invite us to hyperbole and grandiloquence. The story may be better told in a hundred or two hundred years. The American people will be paying for it then, as well as they are today. It is said—I guess sometimes here in England, too—that we Americans use as our chief standard of value in the measurement of men and things the golden rule, that is to say more clearly pounds, shillings and pence—dollars and cents—or in good old Yorkshire—"just brass." That is quite right, but let us see how we really figure the cost of the Panama Canal.

"The carefully estimated wealth of the United States is twenty-six thousand million pounds; this amounts to two hundred and sixty pounds per head of population, on a basis of one hundred million. The Panama Canal will cost the people of the United States the full share of three hundred thousand of its inhabitants to this wealth. Or, viewing it from a still more interesting standpoint, if we estimate the economic value of an average healthy, intelligent man, at his prime to be six thousand pounds—that is, if he is figured as a force capable of earning four per cent on that amount, which would be two hundred and forty pounds per annum

—it will require the complete service of seventeen thousand men, always at their prime, forever to keep up the interest alone on the sum expended on the Panama Canal—the interest alone on eighty million pounds—seventeen thousand men. And that is America's contribution to the world in this great enterprise—the brains, muscle and potential life in every respect, of seventeen thousand of its men today, tomorrow and for all time. A fair contribution to the economic and industrial uplift of the world.

"IF we never sent a ship through that Canal, we would, nevertheless, be rewarded in the more or less Utopian demonstration we have experienced in its construction, and the example we have been able to set for the whole world. The annual death-rate in the Canal Zone under the old regime was over two hundred and forty per thousand. Today it is but sixteen—less than most of the best situated centers of population in the world. The government of the United States has baked and supplied to its thirty or forty thousand workers there the best bread in the world at half price, and no loss to itself. It has washed their linen, made their ice, sold them food, furnished them with healthful diversion at a cost lower than anywhere else in the world, and finally it has out-Germanized Germany in its administration of the public affairs of that district.

"The effect of this demonstration upon the ethical life of America will be direct and immeasurable, and is not unlikely to make Colonel Goethals, the chief engineer and governor of the Canal Zone, a future President of the Republic—a way we have sometimes of rewarding or punishing (as Mr. Taft might remark) our most worthy servants. Is it not fitting when a great and arduous task is done for the workers to rejoice, to join in festival, and crown their work with emblems of peace, prosperity and the products of the more refined industries? It certainly is. Great and successful endeavor loses half its force, if not properly emphasized and recorded.

"So we come to the inspiration of this greatest of all events of its kind in the world's history, the dedication of the Panama Canal and the celebration of its

completion in the World's Fair to be held at San Francisco in 1915. Without this celebration and its attendant expression of satisfaction over a task well done, the canal would hardly be complete. It is the crown of glory set upon Energy, the Lord of the Isthmian Way, and without the canal there would be no call for the Panama Pacific Exposition. They are complementary to one another.

"This exposition, like the Panama Canal, will be vastly superior in character and in importance to anything of a like nature that the world has heretofore known. Now there are two outstanding reasons why the Panama-Pacific Exposition of 1915 should be of unusual interest and extraordinary inducement to the manufacturers of Sheffield.

"One is the far-reaching educational value arising from the unprecedented activities which have been evidenced during the last decade in every branch of education, science, industry and art throughout the world.

"The other, the completion of the Panama Canal with its accompanying development of old, and the inauguration of entirely new routes and zones of commerce, which will mark its opening. This must give to the event a degree of world-wide

importance far exceeding that connected with any similar achievement in history.

"The discovery of America, of the trade routes around the Horn and the Cape of Good Hope, and later the construction of the Suez Canal each mark the commencement of an era momentous in importance in the development of the world's commerce. But all of them, even the last, occurred at a time when there was a wider scope for the development of new territories, when competition for new markets had not reached the present tension which must of necessity even be increased by the opening of the Panama Canal, marking it as one of the most important events, if not the most important in the commercial history of the world—and by the exposition, too, which will worthily celebrate that event so productive of universal benefit; for it will be held under conditions in relation to new activities of commerce such as have never before presented themselves, and as in all probability will never occur again.

"And I submit once more the suggestion that you reflect upon the tangible example and figures I have given with respect to the projected expenditures on the Pacific Coast of the United States and Canada and what this preparation signifies."

THE CAUSES OF SUFFERING

Evil in this world does not arise from evil in men, but is a constant element in life, flowing not out of men's souls but through them. If we examine the causes of suffering at any given moment, we shall find that almost all is caused without evil intention, that it is the result of conditions over which no single person has any control or of individual action prompted by motives of quite average innocence; that there are in fact no villains, or if there are, the amount of happiness they cause is so small that it may be neglected in a general estimate.—George Calderon.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GOVERNMENT JOB

by R. M. Gates

Sometimes a lay sermon is included in the Congressional Record, as in the case of this sketch by R. M. Gates, a newspaper correspondent on the Memphis "Commercial Appeal." The whole situation is here so succinctly and graphically set forth that we are reproducing the entire paper for readers of the NATIONAL, with consent of the author

MUCH of the official correspondence of Senators and Congressmen relates to the applications of men and women for government jobs in Washington.

This is particularly the case at this time because of the recent change of administration. Fifty succeed where five hundred get nothing more for their seeking than letters politely informing them of the futility of their quest. Nine Congressmen out of ten will tell you that the five hundred men and women that fail "to land" government positions in Washington are more to be congratulated than their fifty successful unidentified competitors.

To have and to hold a Federal position in Washington is, in most instances, to mortgage one's better prospects and potentialities in the boundless world of independent endeavor for the temporary possession of a place easy to fill and the rewards of which allure because they are never disappointing in their regularity.

The too popular impression, especially among younger men and women, that the great desideratum is to attach one's self to the governmental pay roll in Washington may be described as a national allurements to certain disappointment and possible disaster. That the twenty-nine departments of the government in Washington are as huge vaults wherein repose the blighted hopes and defeated ambitions of thousands of men and women who once saw in imagination opportunity for high achievement in the beautiful capital of the nation is not overshadowing the picture.

Working for Uncle Sam, which at first is a vocation, oftentimes becomes a disease. and an incurable one. The saddest plaint one ever hears in Washington—sadder than the wail of the rejected office seeker—is that of the helpless and hopeless government clerk lamenting his unhappy lot. He realizes that he is "in bad," and yearns for one more chance to right himself. He is in the net and cannot escape. He would like to extricate himself, but that is impossible. Perhaps his head has whitened and his hands have palsied in the service, and his years of steady employment are unrepresented by a dollar saved. His fate is sealed. Gloomily he trods his weary way. Perhaps he is a man yet capable of throwing off his government harness and hitching himself to something better outside the cramping, grinding world of clerical slavery under official tyranny, but he has a family and cannot afford to take a chance. He has certain fixed expenses, and his income must be uninterrupted. He has not saved a penny, because his salary, which looked quite sufficient when he was a single man, now is woefully inadequate under the added strain of the obligations of a family. He could fill satisfactorily most any position requiring clerical ability and experience, but he cannot let go his government job to find something even equally as remunerative. He is afraid to take the chance. Years ago he might have quit the service to his advantage, but he held on, hoping that some day he would be advanced to the head of a division or to a chief clerk.

ship, but he has dreamed dreams that never came true. There never was a chance for him to advance higher than \$1,200 a year. There were hundreds of others struggling along with him and against him, so he has done well to keep his head above the water. Besides, he is not in sympathy with the party in power,

with professional men who are afraid to cut loose from a sure thing with the government, be it ever so humble, to try earning a livelihood at the thing for which they are better adapted or for which they have qualified after years of preparation; but they have shrunk into moral and intellectual cowardice. Conscious of strength

The saddest plaint one ever hears in Washington—sadder than the wail of the rejected office seeker—is that of the helpless and hopeless government clerk lamenting his unhappy lot. He realizes that he is "in bad," and yearns for one more chance to right himself. He is in the net and cannot escape. He would like to extricate himself, but that is impossible. Perhaps his head has whitened and his hands have palsied in the service, and his years of steady employment are unrepresented by a dollar saved. His fate is sealed.

and if he was he has been trudging an obscure path so long that he is lost to helping congressional influence. He has been away from his state, his district, his home so long that he has lost his identity, and his congressman feels only a reminiscent interest in him. So into the sear and yellow leaf of routine service he is doomed to pass, a grouchy, disappointed, and oftentimes a remorseful old man, who might have plowed a wider and deeper furrow if he had stayed off the government reservation.

Perhaps he is a poor young man and unmarried. He became a government clerk primarily because he was ambitious to acquire a profession and could devote his time out of office to attending lectures at one of the colleges or universities. Perhaps he has fitted himself in the law and presumably is ready to give up his position with the government. It pays \$1,200 a year; his money comes with delightful regularity and the work is light. He likes the job and he has not given up his government position because he now is a graduate in law. He keeps on and on, sinking deeper the while into the quagmire of clerical routine, losing at the same time confidence in himself, faith in the honors and rewards of his newly acquired profession, until he becomes, like Prometheus, chained to the rock.

The departments of Washington teem

for higher altitudes, they strain and fret in the denser atmosphere of the monotonous plains of government life in Washington. It is pathetic to behold them—a struggling, heartless, hopeless mass.

Of those government clerks in Washington who have not "gone to seed" in the service and whose spirit of ambition has not been wooed into somnolence through habitual indolence, forty per cent feel that they might have done better, that their years of "easy money" getting might have been employed in the production of fruits much more palatable and wholesome. The average clerk of this class—not the chair dragger—is a dissatisfied, disappointed individual. He either feels that his work is not appreciated by his immediate superiors in the division or that his Senator or Congressman has been remiss in his political obligations. He feels that he is overworked and underpaid, the victim of a conspiracy of circumstances, and if he had a chance to "jump the game" he would do it tomorrow.

Then there is the reconciled class of government clerks, made up of those who are content to drift with the current of clerical routine. They are pursuing the lines of least resistance. The government gait is easy-going—no hurrying, no rushing, very humane hours, thirty days' vacation, thirty days' sick leave, two pay days in each month. "Oh, what's the use of

kicking? Pretty soft, this, after all. Guess I will stick it out." So, in course of time, the reconciled clerk is lost in the great aggregate.

Certainly there are hundreds in the government service in Washington that make good, just as there are hundreds who could not earn as much compensation for their labor in any other field. But there is a lamentable disproportion between those who raise themselves above the level of mediocrity and those who never detach themselves from the undistinguished mass. When one clerk climbs to the loftiest peaks

a comfortable berth in Washington for some solicitous constituent, when, as a matter of fact, the failure of the Senator or Congressman to do so was as a blessing in the proverbial disguise. Hundreds of gifted and capable young men have whittled away their time in the pursuit of profitless government jobs in Washington who might have impressed themselves upon world affairs in a field of high endeavor, where the environment is conducive to the development of initiative, independence and individuality.

The percentage of young men who have

Many a Senator and Congressman has been criticized for not exerting his influence to get a comfortable berth in Washington for some solicitous constituent, when, as a matter of fact, the failure of the Senator or Congressman to do so was as a blessing in the proverbial disguise. Hundreds of gifted and capable young men have whittled away their time in the pursuit of profitless government jobs in Washington who might have impressed themselves upon world affairs in a field of high endeavor.

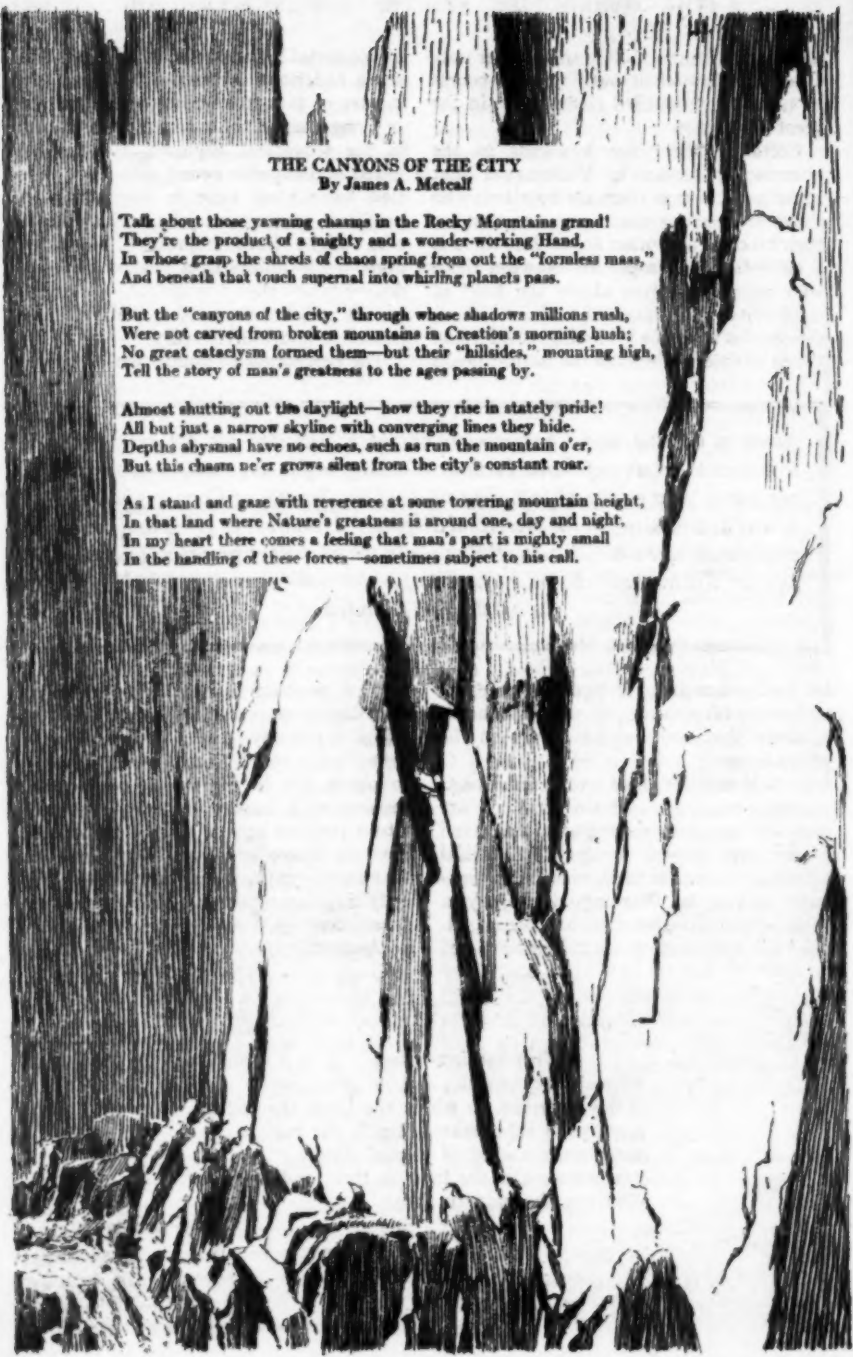
in the mountainous range of successful endeavor, fifty never see over the heads of those that make up the army on the plains below.

So it is that for these and other reasons so many Senators and Congressmen are disposed to discourage young men and women who appeal to them for official influence to connect them with the government service in Washington. Many a Senator and Congressman has been criticized for not exerting his influence to get

used a position in the departments of Washington as a stepping stone to higher things is pitifully small. Of course, some have "graduated" from the departments to places out in the world, where their departmental experience was converted into a positive help, but the number who have so succeeded forms a sad and disheartening contrast with the overwhelmingly larger number that have entered the departments in Washington only to remain in obscurity.

With her iron hand
Necessity commands; and its grave beck
Is law supreme, to which the Gods themselves
Must yield submission; silently she rules
Sister uncounselled of eternal Fate;
Bear whatsoe'er she lays on thee, and do
Whate'er she biddeth thee.

—Goethe.



THE CANYONS OF THE CITY

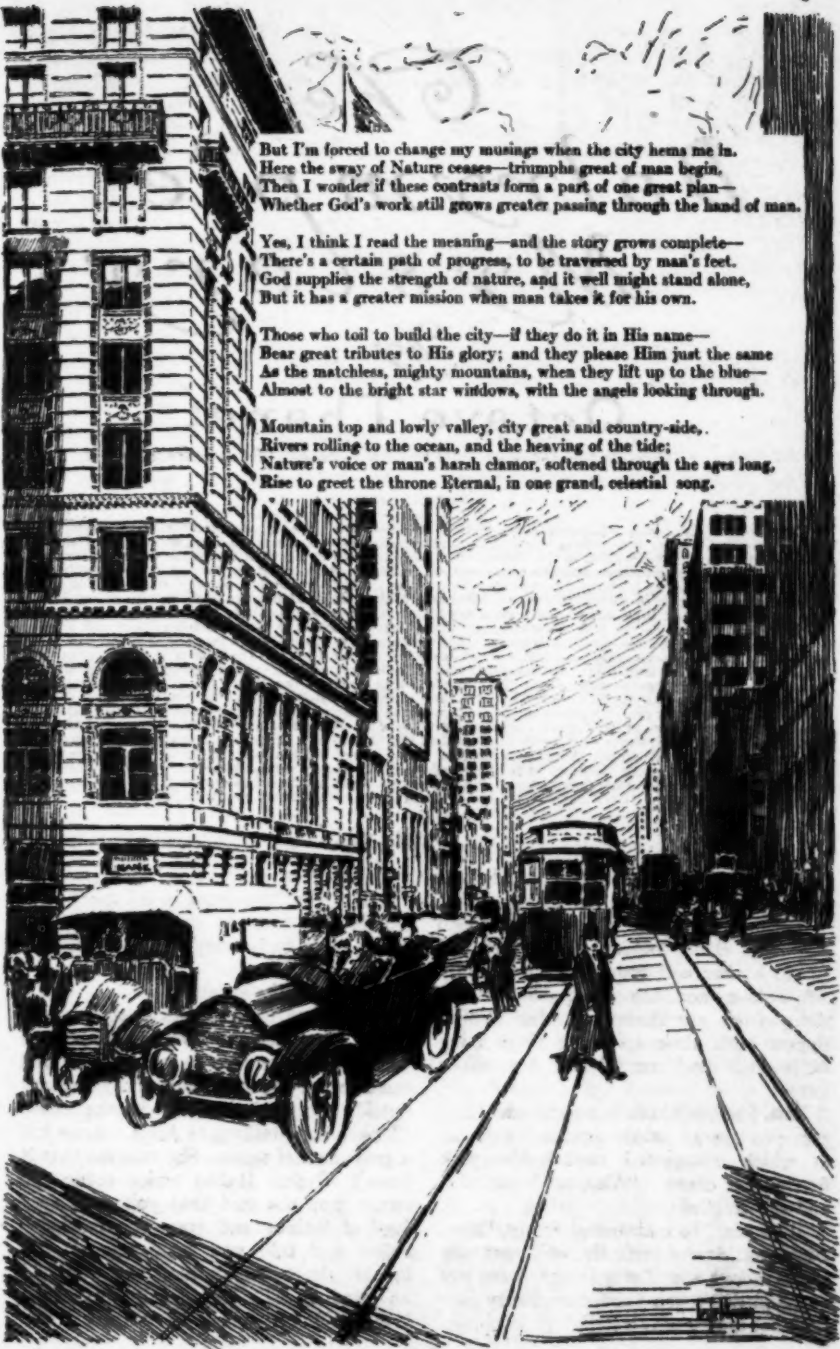
By James A. Metcalf

Talk about those yawning chasms in the Rocky Mountains grand!
They're the product of a mighty and a wonder-working Hand,
In whose grasp the shreds of chaos spring from out the "formless mass,"
And beneath that touch supernal into whirling planets pass.

But the "canyons of the city," through whose shadows millions rush,
Were not carved from broken mountains in Creation's morning hush;
No great cataclysm formed them—but their "hillaides," mounting high,
Tell the story of man's greatness to the ages passing by.

Almost shutting out the daylight—how they rise in stately pride!
All but just a narrow skyline with converging lines they hide.
Depths abyssal have no echoes, such as run the mountain o'er,
But this chasma ne'er grows silent from the city's constant roar.

As I stand and gaze with reverence at some towering mountain height,
In that land where Nature's greatness is around one, day and night,
In my heart there comes a feeling that man's part is mighty small
In the handling of these forces—sometimes subject to his call.



But I'm forced to change my musings when the city hems me in.
Here the sway of Nature ceases—triumphs great of man begin.
Then I wonder if these contrasts form a part of one great plan—
Whether God's work still grows greater passing through the hand of man.

Yes, I think I read the meaning—and the story grows complete—
There's a certain path of progress, to be traversed by man's feet.
God supplies the strength of nature, and it well might stand alone,
But it has a greater mission when man takes it for his own.

Those who toil to build the city—if they do it in His name—
Bear great tributes to His glory; and they please Him just the same
As the matchless, mighty mountains, when they lift up to the blue—
Almost to the bright star windows, with the angels looking through.

Mountain top and lowly valley, city great and country-side,
Rivers rolling to the ocean, and the heaving of the tide;
Nature's voice or man's harsh clamor, softened through the ages long,
Rise to greet the throne Eternal, in one grand, celestial song.

The Dalrymple Mystery

by
Octave Thanet

Author of "The Man of the Hour," "The Lion's Share," "By Independence," etc.

(CONTINUED)

[Synopsis: The dignified Dalrymple household is awakened one morning, shortly after daybreak, by heart-rending screams. There is a rushing below stairs and a medley of voices, while a maid informs the Dalrymple sisters that a man has been killed in the library. The body is found in a pool of blood, the doctor is summoned for a post-mortem examination, and the police notified. Ghastly evidences of the murder found outside draw the party from the room a few moments, and upon their return the body is missing. Exhaustive researching reveals evidence of several pair of snowy footprints. Meantime Master Roger Dalrymple appears, also young Patrick Cathcart, a nephew of the surgeon, and several newspaper reporters, among them Miss Betty Gray, who wins Cathcart's admiration by her keen observations. The Dalrymple sisters, accompanied by Roger and a school friend, take a trip to Chicago to rest their nerves. The return train is wrecked and a man found dead. The porter informs the ladies, however, that his death was not caused by the accident, and the signs of the mysterious "Red Hand" are found on his shirt-front. At home they find the newspapers mildly excited by a letter signed "Unterrified Citizen," and bearing the marks of the "Red Hand," which threatens the "Black Hand" men who have made the city unsafe. The Dalrymples have Dr. Remsen, Pat Cathcart and Betty Gray at the house to discuss the turn of affairs, and the doctor reveals a puzzling familiarity with the murdered man. As time goes on Betty finds herself wondering more and more at Dr. Remsen's intimate knowledge of the Dalrymple murder, and although she attempts to dismiss the suspicion, she is startled by the fact that the "Unterrified Citizen's" letters were written on Dr. Remsen's typewriter, now in the Dalrymples' library. Betty cannot believe that the doctor is a murderer, but she attempts through young Cathcart to learn something of his uncle's mental history. The Red Hand next intervenes in a strike among the plumbers, and Betty again discovers that the official letters of threat were written on the typewriter owned by Dr. Remsen. The doctor finally begins to talk things over with Miss Elinor.

CHAPTER XI

FIRST of all do sit down," said Miss Elinor, amazed at her sudden lightening of mood. She sank back into the wing chair, looking very sweet and placid in her soft gray gown and filmy white lace, and the amethysts flashing richly from her throat, and her slender fingers with their sparkling rings lying quite still and restful on her silken knee.

Basil Remsen's keen face softened. "Elinor, you are an astute woman," said he, at which unexpected remark the pink flooded her cheek. "Alas, no!" said she, and she laughed.

"You are," he maintained firmly, "now, don't you know perfectly well that my Pat is in love with Betty Gray? I see you do; and don't you think that Betty is—well, not indifferent to Pat?"

"That may be," said Elinor, smiling, "is that what you came to tell me?"

"No, I'll come to that later. Elinor, I am going to be very lonesome without Pat."

"I'm sorry," she faltered.

He jumped up and walked to the window. "It must be twenty-seven years since I asked you to marry me," he said more to the sweep of lawn and shrubbery outside than to the lady in the chair. "I have been talking to Anne. Anne has a great deal of sense. She told me that it wasn't all that Italian which made you refuse me; she said that you were very fond of Selina; and you—you fancied—Selina had told you some things; you fancied she cared for me; and you had no mind to take your friend's property. You don't need to tell me whether that's

true; I know it is. But I want to tell you now, you weren't taking her property; she was rather, if anything, taking yours. I loved you better than anybody in the world ever since my mother died—when we were at High School together. I thought of telling you when I was in college, but I didn't know how. Then, afterwards, you went abroad to that French school and then when you came back and I spoke I thought I found I was too late. Do you see those woods?" He waved his hand at the darkling landscape over the way. "I walked around in those woods all that night, and I banged my head against some of those trees—"

"Oh, Basil!" She looked pityingly at his head, as if she might see bumps on it now.

"I was as big a fool as ever any lover was. Never mind, I'm only telling you to show you that when Anne told you the other day that I am not cool or dispassionate by nature, she was right. I'm impulsive. I married on an impulse. If I had not been so block-head certain that you would never look at me, I shouldn't have sought comfort from another. Selina was a good wife to me; I mourned her sincerely; she was a good woman. She—she made me happy."

The doctor gulped a little over his chivalrous lie; Selina had really been responsible for that certainty of which he spoke; and little as she suspected it, he had never completely forgiven her; indeed, comfortable had been the truer word, for Selina, with many virtues, was a shallow sort, a lover of ease and soft ways and selfish in a gentle, unsuspected, pretty fashion.

"But—but since her death I know I never loved anyone as I loved, and—" he faced about, he came up to her chair—"as I love you, Elinor. Elinor, will you marry me?"

Miss Elinor shrank away from him into the depths of the old-fashioned chair. "O Basil," she murmured (almost unconsciously they had both gone back to the Christian names of their youth after all the formal years between), "O Basil, how—but Anne? I couldn't leave Anne alone!"

"I've talked to Anne. She has been a happy wife; she wants you to be happy. Anne is a woman, a lady, of the most remarkable penetration; it's in the family,

Elinor. We've even planned a pergola, Anne and I—between the two houses. I'm sure there being Roger and the Dalrymple name and all that, you'd want Anne to keep this house—"

"Oh, yes, yes, indeed!"

"I knew it. Besides, you remember Anne's old plan of taking Roger to Europe for a year before he went to Harvard?"

"I know she talked about it a little before—before our trouble." Mrs. Cary wanted to take Sam."

"Well, we could join them later."

Miss Elinor's face was crimson, and then as suddenly grew ashen pale; her hand went to her heart.

"Don't you be frightened, dear," said the doctor very gently, and instead of moving nearer to her, he stepped a little to one side, before the fire, where he stood looking at the firelight, not at her. "I think you can trust me not to hurry you—ever, in any way. You shall have all the time you want to think it over. Only give me now the right to take care of you and help you a little!"

"You are so good," cried Elinor. "I think you are the best man in the world. But don't you see? Yes, I'm frightened, but it's not the change in everything, not altogether, not most of all. There's something else which will prevent me even considering—"

THE doctor interrupted her; he who never interrupted a woman, even a patient; "Elinor, you don't mean that Italian—"

"I found out about Gabriel long, long ago; he loved someone else more than he did me, I am sure," said Elinor simply, "she is dead now, too, poor woman, and there is no rank or wealth or poverty in Heaven. You mustn't think Gabriel wasn't fond of me; he was; but it was not the same thing. I didn't think I needed to say this; do you think it was deceit, my being silent?"

"I think you're an angel, Elinor; but if not Gabriel, what is the matter?"

Elinor stood up, erect. She was all the *grande dame*, as she faced her lover, her jewels glowing in the soft lights of the flames; the delicate hues of her dress, the exquisite texture of her laces seeming to

be a symbol of that pride of lineage and of race which was carved indelibly in her mouth and upon her brows.

"Basil, you know I can't think of anything else until this shadow is lifted from us." She spoke in even crisp accents, and for the first time he perceived her resemblance to her sister Anne, the hidden, persistent likeness of the same blood. "No, Basil," she continued, "don't speak, yet; I shall not let you be chivalrous to save us—inconvenience. Listen first to what I have to tell you."

"About the Red Hand?"

"Yes."

"Very well, let us both tell all we know; but I've a guess coming that I can tell you more than you can tell me. Understand, however, that I consider myself engaged to you, whether or not you consider yourself engaged to me. Now, let's thrash this whole thing out. But, first, I must tell you that the genuine and only Red Hand disclaims utterly having had anything to do with this last outrage and offers to put the police on the track of the real miscreants, just to punish them for using their name and mark."

ELINOR drew a deep breath; one might have thought her almost relieved. She sank back into her seat wearily, and he drew his chair nearer.

"What do you think about it yourself?" said she.

"I? 'I think the voice is the voice of Jacob, although the hands are the hands of Esau!'"

"Who is Jacob?"

"Well, we've only had twenty-four hours to work in or very little more; the Red Hand letter was sent with a special delivery stamp and got to police headquarters last evening about eight o'clock. That same evening, our ingenious young friends, Sam and Roger, were over to see me; and—I think it was Sam who confessed modestly that he had been, as he expressed it, 'sleuthing a bit,' who suggested that we try to run the typewriter of the letters down. He fished out a copy of the old *Blade* about three weeks back with that facsimile letter of Unterrified Citizen in it—do you remember?"

"Yes, I remember," said Elinor.

"At first glance it looked very like. Same make of typewriter, same little correspondence type. Like mine, you know." Miss Elinor nodded. Her hands were on the arms of her chair. The chair was covered with chintz whereon fluttered the same gay parrots which blinked from their brown branches and green foliage, on window curtains and lounge; the doctor's surgeon's glance informed him that the parrots' heads crumpled under tense and nervous fingers.

"But Betty Gray, who was at the council of war and had done stunts in type-writing exams. before, pointed out that there were half a dozen minute differences, so minute one must be something of an expert to detect them; but when once shown it is easy to see. For instance, in this new letter there were two letters a little above the line; and there were other differences. And Sam told us that there was a little type machine at Buckingham's, that same Buckingham we saved from the Red Hand, as you remember. He promised to write Betty; but we never got a word or a sign from him; yet McCabe is pretty certain he was seen in Georgia; and seen with our former town-terror, Tony Graff. You know the police have a certain system of their own in keeping tab of criminals; I take back some of my criticisms (not all) since I've worked with them. It would be quite in keeping with Tony's character if he, as he would put it, 'got back on the Red Hand' and pulled off a big loot at the same time. He's a reckless pirate. McCabe thinks he and Buckingham are the Red Hand; and Buckingham only pretended to be afraid and very nicely gammoned Miss Betty and me; but she is sure that the man wasn't acting; that he was really in terror of his life. But she is a discreet young lady and she didn't contradict. However, McCabe managed to track down Buckingham's typewriter and the girl who did his work; and this much is sure, that machine has every idiosyncrasy of the machine that wrote the blackmailing letters."

"Oh, I'm glad." The words came as if involuntarily, but Miss Elinor did not withdraw them.

"That isn't all; we got this without



What she had to tell, or what Dr. Remsen had to tell on his own part was so engrossing that Anne Dalrymple found them still talking when she returned

awakening the girl's suspicions through our latest distinguished Boy Sleuth, Sam Cary, who found both in a second hand shop of decenter reputation than Farrell's."

"Have you arrested the girl?"

"Arrest our gold mine? No, indeed. But we have her shadowed; and we think that we know Tony, himself, is back here again. We've cooked up a trap for him, too. That will appear for itself later. Even as it is, don't you think I'm justified in thinking the hands are the hands of Esau, but the voice is the voice of Jacob?"

"I'm sure you are right," Miss Elnor agreed. "And now, please let me tell you what is on my mind."

What she had to tell, or what Dr. Remsen had to tell on his own part was so engrossing that Anne Dalrymple found them still talking, when she returned.

She heard the murmur of voices, but she did not go upstairs. Instead she walked into the library and sat before the dying embers of a fire, thinking of the long years of sisterly comradeship; of innumerable little joys and perplexities and ludicrous happenings which brought the smile which they would bring to Anne so long as she had memory to summon them; of their work together, of their mutual tender care of Roger since Anne had laid him a little fatherless babe in Elnor's arms; of the peaceful, happy days, of unselfish hopes and dreams, of sacred sorrows. Anne's lips quivered, she brushed away a tear. "All the same I'm glad, he's a good man, he will make her dear, soft, faithful heart happy, bless her!"

Thus the sister sat, living over the years, tasting the bitter and the sweet of life, smiling and sighing by turns, yet smiling oftener than sighing, wistful and pensive rather than sad, until the low murmur from above ceased, and a moment later she heard Basil Remsen's light step on the stair.

She went to the library door. It was dark in the library; as she stood she was invisible, but the man was in the full brilliance of the lighted hall. His face was turned to her of whose presence he did not guess. And she recoiled; for it was not the face of a happy lover but of a darkly meditating, sorely bewildered man.

CHAPTER XII

THE DICTOGRAPH

"Oh! the little birds sang east and the little birds sang west;
And I smiled to think God's greatness
Flows around our incompleteness;
Round our restlessness His rest."

BETTY GRAY sang in her sweet, untrained voice, her dark eyes liquid as she watched the chickadees fluttering and chirping over the crumbs which she had scattered.

Betty's head was bare, but she had thrown an old Paisley shawl, a family relic, about her shoulders; for even late March has a bite to her winds. She made a pretty splash of color in the picture which had a pale blue sky and olive green sod on the lawns. But the sunshine was golden bright; and there was the smell of spring from freshly made garden beds.

And spring was in Pat Cathcart's heart as he stood unobserved, watching the girl's upturned profile, and listening to her tender song. It was not the brilliant, keenly observant newspaper woman, wise too early in a hundred ways, who was singing, but Judge Gray's little girl who "always tried to be good."

The young man's heart swelled with a flood of emotions; he forgot his errand. She turned so quickly that she caught the worshipful look in his eyes; but they were turned on the birds; she blushed at her own flash of interpretation.

"What's the news?" she asked, after greeting him with more conventional coldness than he would have found save for that blush, "anything doing?"

"Lots. I'm come to tell you. May I come in to a safe place?"

When he was seated in the far corner of the old Judge's little study where his picture by Healy hung above the mantel, and his worn, leather-bound law books filled all the cases, Pat unpacked his bud get. Everything was going on swimmingly. The police were keeping the letter from the Red Hand, disavowing the bomb very secret. It had not been published; no one except the few originally aware of it had been allowed to know anything of its contents. The general impression that a single lawless force was responsible for

all the terrible happenings of the month past continued without molestation from the authorities. "The fact is, Shertain and McCabe," said Pat, "are sure that Tony is at the bottom of the whole business."

"Do they think Tony and Buckingham killed Wiggers and Vinol just to make a splash?" jeered Betty.

"Well," Pat gave back thoughtfully, "I'm not dead to rights sure there wasn't a frame up in that Dalrymple murder; and that Wiggers isn't hiding instead of floating down the Mississippi in bits to New Orleans. The police always were a mite shaky, you know. Everything we found *might* be a fake. What?"

"And Vinol? Did they fake him, too?"

"Vinol is puzzling, I admit. But Vinol had plenty of sure-enough enemies of his own. One of them might have killed him. And given the Red Hand the credit."

"But the letter which was found on him? The one in which he said he was running from the Red Hand—that was no confederate's letter."

"It did sound scared and honest; but there's just a chance it was nothing of the sort; and that the letter was written to be read. He may have planned to lose it; and then, he was killed before he had time, what?"

"I can't get my own consent to that theory," Betty shook her head, "besides, there are other reasons I have."

"Which you are going to tell me, just now?"

"Well, I hadn't really intended so doing," replied Betty drily.

"Don't let's get in each other's way," said Pat gravely, "things are narrowing down to a pretty close passage. You are probably suspecting someone on evidence of your own. It's odds you're suspecting the wrong party and—I'll chance a long shot—you're shielding him. Now, your evidence may be tremendously important; we need it, we may be able with it to get the right man; but *you're* hiding it to save the wrong one! No fair!"

"Occasionally, Mr. Cathcart, you are very clever," said Betty placidly, "I'm going to agree with you, and tell every littlest thing I know, to—"

"Me? Good child!"

"Not at all. To my employer."

"The—*Blade*!" gasped Pat.

"Certainly not; my detective work employer, your uncle."

"Why do you perversely try to scare me stiff? I breathe again. Of course I may come to the seance?"

"After he has heard; this isn't a party!"

"He won't mind; I haven't the least doubt he'll give me a private box in the next room where I can hear unseen."

"He may if he wishes. That is his right, but not mine."

PAT'S eyes dwelt on her fondly; did she really care a rap for him beyond honest boyish friendship? Would he spoil everything if he were to speak? What a pal she was! True as steel. Talk about women not understanding honor! And—she did blush at his look, a little while back. His heart gave a leap. Should he? Then he remembered something. Not 'til tomorrow. It would take all his wits away whichever way she answered! And he was going to need every last wit. So he merely shrugged his shoulders and smiled, saying, "Right you are, lady, I'm not kicking. Don't get up, I've more information."

"Excuse me, but it is time to go to the office."

"And I haven't a car here, but mayn't I walk along with you? Only don't go; this is no talk on the street I want to give you, it's about the dictograph. That was a great idea of yours; and your friendly-visited old seamstress is a big find! Been there a year, born in the town and all her past life open to anyone. Who'd suspect *her* at her age of turning sleuth?"

"The droll part is she takes to it, that mild, pious, worked-to-the bone old creature, like a duck to water. We've raised her wages twice, we couldn't help it she was so good! At first I had the notion that her not understanding shorthand would cramp us; but she says you and she have cooked up a kind of shorthand of your own and with that and memory she does the best ever. She's funny about it. My uncle complimented her on her memory. She said this was easy work for 'a body 'd had to remember such a raft of things folks always wanted done to their clothes.'"

"What has she heard?"

"Well, enough so we're sure the girl's in it, too; and that Buck's back to town, living retired as an elderly farmer raising chickens; and she's seen Tony."

"How? through that rat hole Mrs. Gates had patched with tin? I suppose she unpatched it."

"Precisely. And she notices so well every unimportant item, never skips however useless it looks, makes a clean job always. However did you guess she would be so talented?"

"Why"—Betty laughed gleefully—"she was such a particularly conscientious seamstress, mortal slow but never slighting anything. And her sole recreation was reading detective novels. She is a great protegee of Radcliffe's. I imagine that was how it began. Mrs. Radcliffe lends her books. So, really in an academic way, she is educated for sleuthing. That's interesting about Tony. You know Mrs. Wendell was positive she saw him, although he wore a beard and pretended to be lame. She knew those lowering black eyes of his too well. He was their coachman fifteen years ago. They discharged him for stealing from them, commission and all sorts of tricks. What else did she hear?"

"Enough to make a very, very pretty story for you tomorrow. Several valuable details of their trap."

"Are they going to spring the trap?"

"They are. I'll have your story for you tomorrow morning."

"It's tonight, then?" He nodded.

"They—they wouldn't let me go along?"

"They would *not*. And it will be no use making the high sign to them, Miss Betty; for it will not avail. I know you yearn for gore and gunpowder, but this time you will have to cut it out. Cheer up, there probably will not be any!"

"And you? Will they let you go?"

He was not to be caught; he sighed prodigiously. "No such luck," he cried dismally. And she didn't believe a word that he said. As for him, he switched the conversation on to a new wire, beginning to praise Wendell; "Talk of nerve, that polite gentle-mannered chap could stock a regiment and have plenty left to run his own business! We wanted one of the imported detectives who looks a lot like

him and made up is a very twin, to take the job off his hands; but he wouldn't stand for it. The other fellows have been directed to carry their little free-will offerings to Wendell and they are jolly well pleased to obey. It lets them out of all further responsibility, you see. At the worst they only lose their money, and maybe they'll save it. The average citizen isn't brave to rashness!"

"What is Wendell to do?"

"I'm afraid I can't tell you that."

SHE laughed unmirthfully. "You don't need. I know. I know all you've told me—and more. He has been ordered to go in his electric brougham (I suppose they chose that because it is slow) and coast up and down Billings Avenue in the last ten blocks, where the pavement is good, but it is thinly settled and you can look all over creation. He is to coast up and down, up and down until someone passes him and says, 'Glass will cut tires; yours is cut!' He is to answer, 'You cut it, Red Hand!' and be answered, 'You'll never find out!' Then he is to be given his orders and to follow them to the letter."

She laughed again at Pat's dismay. "Don't be afraid, it will not get into the *Blade*. Have you forgotten that my dictograph artist was instructed to bring her reports with the sewing she does for me. You didn't want her being seen at the police headquarters. Well, she supposed I was trusted—as I ought to be; and she told me some interesting things in order to get instructions. I've told McCabe. He wasn't so stiff. He told me a bit, also. And, now, Mr. Cathcart, I shall have to be going, truly."

On the way to the office they said little. Betty was rather absent-minded, to the young man's thinking. She would ask questions twice, forgetting a perfectly lucid answer. She veered from one topic to another in an abrupt fashion not like her. What was the matter? he wondered, never guessing that the girl was scared sick over his peril.

She did not glance at him, yet she knew how lightly, how erectly he was holding himself. He was so gay and so brave and so kind! What comrades they had been! And tonight, perhaps—

What was he saying? He had a ripple in his voice like the laughter of a dancing brook; it was like the ripple in his eyes. She wouldn't think of tomorrow, she wouldn't remember that lad who had been shot in Tony Graff's saloon; she *wouldn't*! His hair was the same color and the blood dripped down from it on to his white collar. His head was twisted to one side, and he was smiling—such a frightful smile.

"Yes, indeed, the dictograph is a wonder," she said hurriedly, "how did they get it in without being suspected?"

He had told her before what she knew from the seamstress; but he repeated politely the story of the false plumbers who repaired the damage which the seamstress above had contrived to start. "Yes, of course, and the false fire alarm of their own district got the girl or whoever was in the room out long enough to affix the instrument. McCabe sometimes is clever."

"Very," he agreed; and he stared at her; for she had said almost that selfsame thing to his first narration.

She stopped still. She made herself smile at him. "Here we are. Thank you very much."

"For what?"

"Walking down here with me."

"The pleasure was mine." They both laughed; on both sides it was rather forced laughter; then, "May I come for you and take you up to the Dalrymples for a cup of tea this afternoon? I was told to ask you if you could squeeze out an hour."

To his relief she didn't seem to have a trace of that ridiculous scrupulosity which had pestered him of late whenever he had wanted to come for her at the office.

"Surely," she replied eagerly, "the dear things! I do love them!" And nodding brightly she passed through the door which he held and round the hall through another door.

Pat drew a deep intake of breath, softly muttering to himself, "And now for the lawyer and my will!"

CHAPTER XIII

"WHAT PROFIT HATH HE THAT LABORETH FOR THE WIND?"

UPON my word, my dear young lady, I don't see how you ever acquitted me," the doctor observed when Betty

finished that promised house-cleaning of her conscience in regard to the Red Hand.

He had listened with reticent and almost humorous composure to the tale. It was a longish story; Betty didn't slight a detail. Once only he made a comment. This was regarding her aligning the typewriters; he said, flicking the ash of the cigar which she had besought him to smoke. "Good thing you acted first and thought afterwards, very good thing! That Secretary person was writing letters to Mrs. Shertain that very evening."

Having said, he relapsed into silent attention again. Nor did he speak until the narration was finished. Betty answered soberly. "I don't think I seriously suspected, you, Doctor; although there was some circumstantial evidence, you didn't fit the character. I couldn't make you go with the plot."

"Yet there were my own phrases—"

"Kuno might have used them. And while the phrases were like yours, the whole letters were *not*!"

"That's rather a pretty bit of discrimination. Well, I admit I didn't write them. Truly I'm not guilty—except of talking too violently and too carelessly. That's more guilt than I'm pleased with, however. But, to return to the letters, you mention Kuno; do you see any Jap in those letters?"

"Frankly, I don't, sir."

"Neither do I. I crossed Kuno out a while ago. In fact, I've only two suspects left on my list, which once was rather sizable. But before you cross me out for good, there are a few more little misprints on the trail. Didn't it strike you as very queer (as you said) that I was at the accident without the Dalrymples ever seeing me or my speaking to them?"

"I rather wondered how you got there."

"I got there easily enough. In an automobile. The accident happened only three miles from a little station where they always take on water. I was waiting there to get on the train. I heard of the accident by telephone within ten or fifteen minutes; I was there inside ten minutes more. But there was something wheezing in my former friend's machine. So we stopped behind a clump of elms to mend it. Probably that is why we escaped

mention in the newspapers. As to my not displaying myself, the ladies did not see me because I carefully kept out of their sight. I didn't get busy until they were gone away on the rescue train. I suppose you wonder why."

"I confess I do, Doctor."

The doctor laid his cigarette on the edge of his ashtray with his usual meticulous care; he looked thoughtfully about the room. A casual visitor would not have taken it for a medical man's room—unless he took to reading the titles of the books in the glass cases which lined the walls; the leather armchairs were of the most comfortable type; there were flowers in a Venetian vase arranged after the latest artistic fancy; no grisly token of surgical tools or practice was visible; they may have been at hand behind the closed door, but in the room was no hint of their proximity; and above the fireplace, set in as if a window, one could look over a windswept moor bathed in sunshine from one of Anton Mauve's wonderful skies full of cloud wraiths scurrying before the breeze.

The doctor's eyes lingered on the picture. There was a peasant girl in the picture, a lonely figure buffeted by the wind. Betty wondered if the doctor had ever seen in that slim, timid but indomitable shape a queer, vague, but haunting likeness to Miss Elinor Dalrymple.

"Well," said the doctor, "I'm going to tell you. Since you know so much, you would better help turn on all the light. But first—" He stepped alertly to the door and flung it wide open, saying, "Come in, Sam. I told you you would hear something interesting, now it is time for you to tell us something more interesting still."

Sam turned his diffident smile from one to the other as he greeted them. His freckles were in higher relief than ever, for he was a thought pale, but he was otherwise unmoved.

"I was just going to tell Miss Gray why I didn't go up to you people at the accident," the doctor continued. "Take a seat, Sam."

Sam took a seat. Modestly he chose a seat in the shadow.

"It was like this—" Although the doctor addressed Betty, he kept his eyes on Sam.

"Ford, the chauffeur, was under the machine, his back to the landscape. I stood near, but facing the other way. The two people who stole up to a little open place in the ice of the brook didn't see me. They were in a hurry. I noticed them because they were two boys whom I knew, Sam Cary and Roger Dalrymple. They dropped something into the brook and then made off. Going as coming, I observed they stepped on bare logs and bare places on the ground, never in the snow. This prevented their leaving footprints. Perhaps that is why I had the curiosity later, after I got Ford out of the way, to fish in that same open place which happened to be shallow, so I readily recovered what they had hidden. Do you recognize it, Sam?"

Without warning he had flashed something from his coat pocket on to the table. It was an automatic revolver.

"There is one chamber empty," said the doctor.

"I suppose so," said Sam. He had not so much as winked his eyes faster.

"Sam"—unconsciously the doctor's tone was a replica of those gentle, emotionless accents which he used to very sick patients—"Sam, I'm told you are a perfectly truthful boy. But there's a long, long way between telling nothing but the truth and telling all the truth; I want for your own sakes, so your friends can save you from the consequences of your rashness, that you shall make a clean breast of it, will you?"

"I'd like to talk a bit with Roger," was all Sam's reply.

The doctor threw open the opposite door, and Roger Dalrymple bounded into the room with such an impetus that it was sufficiently plain where his position as to the door had been.

"Roger, like yourself, has been having an interesting quarter of an hour listening to Miss Gray," observed the doctor blandly. "Miss Betty, allow me to present to you THE RED HAND."

He rose as he spoke, slightly motioning with his hand toward the two lads. Roger was crimson to his ears; but Sam did not change a hair's breadth in his expression or a tint in his pallor. He bowed soberly and Roger defiantly.

(To be concluded in the March National)

Dyking the Father of Waters

by Hon. James Kennedy

I HAVE long felt that the national government should adopt a different system of river improvement in attempting to deepen the Mississippi and to prevent the enormous floods that every year devastate its borders. It seems to me to be perfectly feasible, by a system of levees or dykes, not only to control the Mississippi, but to make it a great ship canal connecting the Gulf of Mexico with the Great Lakes, and at some hazard of being laughed at as a dreamer, I have laid before the Mississippi River Commission my plan for its construction.

If the Mississippi River is to be canalized, the floods must first be controlled. This could be done by constructing a number of dykes or levees right across the Mississippi valley at points to be selected by the Commission, whose president has already pointed out Cairo, where the river is about three hundred and thirty feet above the level of the waters of the gulf, as the best place where a great reservoir could be constructed.

Now, why is it not feasible to terrace this Mississippi valley from Cairo to the gulf, building levees across the valley? If the alluvial lands from Cairo to the gulf were separated into five steps or terraces by such levees, each forming a large reservoir beside that constructed at Cairo, this would eliminate wash and erosion, as the waters in flood time would pass off over a concrete spillway in each one of these dams into the still waters of the next reservoir below.

The descent from Cairo to the Gulf, aggregating three hundred and thirty feet, would then be divided among five such artificial lakes or reservoirs, each extending from the bottom of the lock and spillway, which carries the overflow from the terrace above into the still water of the lake collected in the terrace immediately below. In that way the destructive character of the floods would be eliminated,

and the currents would no longer wash and tear the banks and destroy the levees. This construction should be carried right down to the Gulf. In this way it seems to me that the Mississippi could be controlled and the work once done would never need be done again. Of course, such a work would have to be taken care of by the national government.

TAKING the first data available, I find that the largest volume of water ever discharged by the Mississippi even in its highest floods was 2,300,000 feet per second, and it would be impracticable to build reservoirs for the purpose of holding back or storing up or retaining this tremendous volume of water. It would not be impracticable, however, to construct a number of artificial lakes whose still waters could discharge their excess from one reservoir to the next below, and be of sufficient area to take from even this great volume of water its destructive volume in flood time and allow it to pass down through a chain of lakes until it reached the Gulf, without washing or destroying any levees or dykes.

I gather from the opinions expressed at the National Drainage Congress at St. Louis, Missouri, that one may with perfect safety anticipate the volume of water to be handled in future floods and that in each concrete dam at Cairo, 12,000 feet from end to end, even with a flood supplying 3,000,000 cubic feet of water per second, the water in the reservoir would not rise more than twenty-five or thirty feet. The character of the soil in the Mississippi Valley is such that it is hard to keep it in place, and readily washes away where attacked by swift currents.

If this plan is practicable, the United States Government ought not to hesitate to enter upon it at once. It is no objection that the resulting expenditure of money would bring great advantage to individ-

uals, to cities and to states. Carrying out this project would redeem many millions of acres of waste lands which were ceded by the national government to the several states. Electric power plants should be established by the government to operate electric dredges and electric shovels. If intelligently directed, the mighty river will form its own canal, and keep it in repair for all time, and if an adequate fleet of suction dredges are furnished, it will build and keep in repair all its levees and at an amazingly low cost. If power plants are established at all these artificial water falls, an enormous value of electrical power can be produced—sufficient to light the cities of the entire valley, furnish them the best fire protection and light, propel their street cars, operate their factories and cotton gins, plow the land and harvest the crops. On several terraces thus to be constructed a system of water could be cheaply cut through the farms and kept in constant repair, affording the most convenient transportation in the world at much less cost than we pay for improving a road in Ohio.

If this plan can control and render subservient and obedient the great river, how tremendous the advantage to the public. The river being once brought under control in this manner, its infinite power rendered available, it should be compelled to dig for us and construct a canal running in a direct line from Cairo to the Gulf, taking all the curves and bends out of this great line of transportation so located and constructed with reference to the reservoirs in these several terraces as to be kept constantly supplied with water for its operation and entirely free from strong currents. I do not know how much this would shorten up the line of communication, but it would reduce the distance from Cairo to New Orleans some hundreds of miles. By the same methods of flood control a canal could be readily constructed from Cairo through Indiana and Ohio, entering the great lakes at Toledo.

All the commerce of the lakes, with no destructive or adverse currents, could move in great ships directly to the sea.

The Mississippi River annually, I am told, is carrying many millions of tons of

the very richest of our soil and depositing it in the Gulf. This is a species of waste that the plan which I have tried to set forth and make plain would largely eliminate. This same system of river control should be carried away to the west along the valleys of the Missouri and the Platte to the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. This would be conservation worth while. I believe also in connection with this plan of river control that the national government ought to pass a bill appropriating money to build reservoirs at the head waters of rivers tributary to the Mississippi, that should be located and erected at points chosen by the government engineers. If the law creating such an appropriation provided that where cities, counties and states would consent to pay one half of the cost, such reservoirs would first be constructed in their vicinity, it would bring great and prompt help to the Treasury Department in carrying the burden of this enterprise.

THE government could do this, it coming within the power conferred upon Congress to control and regulate interstate commerce. It would benefit the whole country and establish a widespread system of lakes affording areas of evaporation widely distributed all over the country. It would compensate in a measure our thoughtlessness in cutting off the forests, and such artificial lakes would hold back the flood waters and permit them to flow off slowly in place of going down the river in great destructive floods, and also would maintain the streams at an even stage throughout the dry season.

If the rivers can be controlled at all, it seems to me that it must be done in some such manner as I have described. The present method of trying to confine the floods by levees built parallel to the current is tremendously wasteful, and the job will never be completed. What we appropriate annually in that way serves its purpose only until the next flood comes.

On the other hand, the project just suggested could be carried to completion so cheaply that it would be the marvel of our age. The annual loss by reason of the floods in the Mississippi Valley I believe would pay the interest on the whole debt.

Standardizing Type for the Blind

by L. Pearl Howard

HOW many readers appreciate the special privilege that they enjoy in being able intelligently to read this page as well as everything printed in English. Reading by the sense of touch is, of necessity, much slower than reading by sight, since the area that can be covered with the finger is so much smaller than that taken in by the eye. Still our sightless friends, in order to read all the literature that is printed in the English language, must learn three distinct types. There is, therefore, among the blind and their friends, a great movement on foot to settle upon some one type to be used to the exclusion of all others—in this way greatly reducing both the labor of reading and the expense of producing literature for the blind.

As I have traveled about the country, covering twenty-four of the United States, Canada, England and Scotland, investigating this great question, and talking the situation over with hundreds of intelligent blind people and their friends, I have become more and more thoroughly convinced that this great question should be settled, and I believe that it will be settled speedily and amicably.

The first practical types for the blind were invented in France, about 1784, by Valentine Haüy, who discovered that the ordinary Roman alphabet could be so embossed on paper as to be legible to a large proportion of sightless readers. For nearly a century Haüy's type, with some modifications, was the predominating tactile system (method of reading by touch) used throughout the world. During the nineteenth century many tangible (read by touch) alphabets and phonetic systems were devised. Each had its ardent supporters. Unfortunately, however, each system was developed with little knowledge of what had been done before, and with slight reference to what others were doing. The principal test of any system seems to

have been the demonstration that it could be read by a more or less number of sightless persons. For one reason or another only four of these types are now in general use.

The four existing types are three punctographic (punched or embossed letter) systems and one system composed of curved and angular lines bearing a traceable resemblance to the Roman Letters. This last, known as Moon Type, is especially adapted to the use of slow-reading adults.

The oldest of the three punctographic systems is known as French or British Braille. It was devised about 1829 by a Frenchman, Louis Braille. This system was developed to meet the needs of the blind for a tangible type which can be used for manuscript purposes. This alphabet is composed of groups of one or more dots, all falling within the Braille cell, two dots wide and three dots high. The Louis Braille system had little vogue outside of France for more than thirty years; but it seems to have been used by individuals in the American Institutions very soon after their establishment, in the early thirties.

The number of possible characters which can be made within the definite Braille cell is limited to sixty-three. For this reason, in order to meet all the requirements of literary and musical notation, it is necessary to assign several values to the same character.

In the late sixties, there was perfected at the New York City Institution for the Blind, by Principal W. B. Wait, a second punctographic system based upon a somewhat different principle. This system was composed of groups of dots not more than two points high, and one or more points long. The advantage of the variable base, or horizontal extension, lies in the unlimited possibility for the development of characters that may be needed to express

literary, musical or mathematical terms. In working out this system, the author acted upon the theory that characters of few dots were more easily written and read than those of many dots, and for this reason, letters and groups of letters, recurring most frequently in English, are assigned to characters of fewest dots.

About ten years later, Mr. J. W. Smith, a teacher in the Perkins Institution for the Blind, South Boston, Massachusetts, revised the old Louis Braille alphabet on this same principle, known as "the principle of frequency of recurrence." This system was known as Revised or American Braille. One or the other of the two latter systems was gradually adopted by the American Institutions for the Blind, to the exclusion of all others, until, at the present time, the number of schools for the blind in this country is almost equally divided in the use of New York Point and American Braille as the official literary notation. While, throughout the remainder of the world, with few exceptions, the British Braille is used.

Considerable libraries have grown up of books published in each of the three systems, and as only one system is taught in a school, it becomes necessary to print many of the books in two or three systems, which is obviously a great waste, since the process of embossing books is a very expensive one. While many books are duplicated, many are not, and the sightless person who reads a great deal is often obliged to learn all three systems in order to be able to read all the books of his choice. This would seem a simple thing to do, and so it would be if the systems were entirely different, but of necessity, several of the characters used in each alphabet are the same with different assignments; hence the one who knows two or three systems must be constantly on his guard to avoid confusing one with another. Even with the utmost care, hundreds of errors are constantly creeping in that can only be corrected by the sense of the text. For example, *m* in one system is identical in form with *f* in another, making it easy for the reader to mistake *mine* for *fine*. Many instances like this might be cited; often a whole word appears identical in

form with an entirely different word in another system.

The blind people of America have perhaps suffered most from this diversity of types, since there are two distinct libraries in this country, and many books in the British Braille system have been necessary to students attending our colleges and universities. Therefore, having formed themselves into an association, the first thing the blind people of America undertook to bring about was a uniform system of printing. For this purpose, a Uniform Type Committee was appointed with instructions to investigate all systems, with a view to settling upon the best.

The committee worked in a small way at first, studying ways and means of investigating the question. Mr. E. H. Fowler, Secretary of the committee, conceived the idea of comparing a reader with himself, by having him read two or more lists of words or letters prepared in such a way that they could be contrasted with each other, and all written in one system and, in this way, testing the principles on which each system is constructed.

In June, 1911, the great need for settling this important question, together with the plans for investigation as proposed by the Uniform Type Committee, were set before the American Association of Workers for the Blind, at their biennial conference held in Overbrook, Pennsylvania. Sufficient funds were raised to encourage the committee to undertake an extensive and comprehensive investigation of the subject. Mrs. E. H. Fowler of Massachusetts and the writer were selected by the committee to conduct this investigation. In conducting this investigation we visited schools and other institutions for the blind in twenty-four of the United States, Halifax, N. S., and Great Britain, traveling over twenty thousand miles, and submitting the committee's experiment sheets to twelve hundred blind readers. The results of this investigation were reported to the American Association of Workers for the Blind at their recent conference, held in Jacksonville, Illinois, June, 1913, and the following resolutions were adopted:

Inasmuch as we feel the eminent desirability of a uniform system of printing and writing for the blind, and in view of the ex-

tensive work reported by the Uniform Type Committee, which is as yet in an incomplete form, be it resolved,

1st. That we endorse the plans of work of the committee, and authorize it to proceed along the lines outlined in its report, publishing from time to time statements of its progress and looking forward to a report at our next convention embodying the definite assignments of characters in such a system.

2nd. That the Uniform Type Committee be continued with a membership of seven.

3rd. That a fund of \$10,000 be raised and placed at the disposal of the committee for use in the prosecution of its work, and that a committee of the association be appointed to raise this amount.

Resolved: That this association hereby again record its keen appreciation of the unselfish, untiring, intelligent and efficient services of its Uniform Type Committee and expresses the hope that its members may be spared to reap the reward of their labors.

By this action the convention went on record as endorsing the work of the committee in their efforts to solve the type question and expressed themselves as in favor of extending the time and providing means for further investigation. It is hoped in the two years which will elapse before the next convention that the committee will have worked out a definite system which will commend itself to all those interested in the subject.

THE DEAD MOTHER

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

IT'S meself that's left the cottage that stands beyant the hill,
 But there's longin' in me bosom that nevermore will still.
 Me feet with chains are fettered an' a burden to them clings
 An' I so light an' airy when the quick life gave me wings!

What was it made me careless of the cradle be the door?
 An' the curly heads like lambkins that frolicked on the floor?
 Oh, what was it lured me from him—the good man left afar?
 Himself as the sun was steady an' cheery as the star!

The cherubim an' the angels—the seraphs all so fine
 Oh, I see them dressed in glory, but never child of mine!
 An' me two wide arms are empty, ah, who bereft as I—
 Sad mother of the winds alone, the winds that sob an' sigh!

O you mother Mary harken, your Child sits on the throne—
 You whose heart was pierced with sorrow, O you who wept alone:
 Have pity on me children—let me guard them from above,
 For through the courts of heaven, aye, I drag the chains of love!

PEARLS

IN HISTORY AND TRADITION

by
Frank Shelley

NO record exists, or even tradition, as to the discovery of the first pearl.

The mystery of its origin has doubtless contributed in no small degree to render it the prime favorite that it has ever been in the eyes of the Orientals. From time immemorial, the nations of antiquity have used the pearl to decorate their persons, and adorn their temples, and we find many curious beliefs existing as to its origin. The one most prevalent in Pliny's time was that pearls were formed from the dews of heaven, falling into the open shells at breeding time, and it was in allusion to this pretty conceit that a noble Venetian lady named Corraro had a gold medal struck (bearing the date 1620) on the reverse of which is an open shell receiving the drops of dew from heaven which form into pearls as they fall. The motto was "Rore divino" (by the divine dew). In these more practical, but less poetical days the generally accepted theory is that some foreign substance, possibly even a grain of sand, having by accident entered the shell of the oyster, a certain amount of irritation is induced which causes the exudation of a pearly secretion (known as Nacre) and this effectually covers up the intruder; and also, that with the growth of the oyster, the pearl increases in size.

The pearl, unlike all other gems, requires no assistance from man to enhance its value, or from art to add one iota to its perfect loveliness.

In old Testament history we find many allusions to the beauty and value of pearls,

and contemporary nations, such as the Medes, Persians, Egyptians, etc., were passionately attached to this gem. A curious custom of the Persian nobility was to wear a single large pearl pendant in their right ear, and centuries later, we read of the luxurious youth of Athens following a similar custom, the favorite form of setting being a "bell" of which the pearl formed the clapper. The tinkling of these little bells must have terribly scandalized the wise old pundits of the city of Minerva. Two little bells with lovely pearls for clappers were found in the ruins of Pompeii.

The price of pearls depends greatly upon their size, beauty, and rarity, and their matching well with others of a similar quality. A single pearl brings a much lower price in proportion to a well-matched pair.

The famous necklaces of Europe have taken years to collect, and are worth immense sums. The necklace presented by the Crown Prince of Prussia to the Princess Royal of England, consisting of thirty-two well-matched pearls, valued at the time at one hundred thousand dollars, would, if placed on the market today, fetch an immense sum.

Pearls are found of various colors. The lustrous white, with an almost indescribable tinge of blue, is the pearl "par excellence" both in Europe and America.

Fine, well-matched, black pearls are very valuable, as witness, the price fetched at the sale of the famous necklace of black pearls belonging to the Empress Eugenie, which was sold for fifty thousand dollars.

We read in the Talmud that Abraham on approaching Egypt, fearing that the loveliness of his wife (Sarah) might lead to her being taken forcibly from him, locked her in a chest, that none might behold her beauty. On arriving at the place for paying custom, he was asked for the dues which he said he was willing to pay, providing that the collectors did not open the box, but steadfastly refused to tell them what was in it. The collectors, finding they could name nothing of value upon which the Patriarch was not willing to pay custom fees, at last in desperation said ironically, "Surely it must be pearls that thou takest with thee," and Abraham answered, "I will pay for pearls." Their curiosity at this became ungovernable and they insisted upon the box being opened and were rewarded by a sight of Sarah's unrivalled beauty.

For restoring Oriental pearls to their original lustre which they are apt to lose in course of time, the following process is resorted to in Ceylon. The pearls are allowed to be swallowed by chickens which are then killed and within one hour the pearls are discovered to be as white and lustrous as if just taken from their native shell. Lustre is to the pearl what brilliancy is to the diamond, as without it, the pearl of the finest form and color is comparatively worthless.

In the time of those indefatigable traders, the Phoenicians, the great centres of the pearl fisheries were in the Persian Gulf, the Indian Ocean, the Coromandel and Ceylon. Pearls are now found in numerous other places, both in salt water and fresh.

* * *

Pearls and tears have for ages been associated, as they are the emblems of widowhood. It is related that Queen Margaret Tudor, Consort of James the Fourth of Scotland, just previous to the battle of Flodden Field, had strong presentiments of the disastrous issue of that conflict, owing to a dream she had had

three nights in succession that her diamonds and jewels were suddenly turned into pearls; and by a curious coincidence, another Queen, the wife of Henry the Fourth of France, had a similar experience, which was quickly followed by the news of the king's assassination by Ravaillac.

But pearls are not by any means only associated with tears, they are more often likened to the sparkling teeth of their flattering admirers, thus Herrick writes:

Some ask how pearls did growe and where?

Then spake I to my girle,
To part her lips and show me there,
The quaralets of pearl.

There appears to be a foundation for the well-worn tale of Cleopatra's wager with Mark Antony, that at a single meal she would swallow the value of a province, the tale is too well known to need recapitulation here, but the historian Pliny distinctly states that the practice of dissolving pearls, which imparted a delicious flavor to the wine, was known and practised by the wealthy long before the time of Cleopatra.

There is, however, a perfectly well-authenticated tale to match that of Cleopatra, related of Sir Thomas Gresham, the millionaire merchant of Queen Elizabeth's day, who, in order to shame the Spanish Ambassador, who was extolling the riches of his master before Elizabeth, remarked "that the Queen had subjects who at one meal would expend a sum equal to the daily revenue of the King of Spain and all his Grandees put together." Soon after this, the Spanish Ambassador was invited to dine with the English Knight, when the latter drew from his pocket a pearl for which he had shortly before refused seventy-five thousand dollars, ground it to powder, and drank it to the health of his mistress the Queen.

Who comes in summer to this earth,
And owes to June her date of birth,
With ring of pearl upon her hand,
Can health and wealth and life command



The Telegram

by Walter Guy Doty

OVER the plains I fly,
Over the mountains high,
Over broad rivers that gleam in the light;
Flashing from sea to sea,
Dashing relentlessly,
Swift as a bullet, as sure in my flight.

Voiceless yet eloquent,
Speeding where'er I'm sent—
North to the snow line or south to the palm;
Freighted with weal or woe,
To wound or heal I go;
Bearing a dagger or carrying balm.

Piercing the mother's breast,
Blighting scenes happiest;
Ay, or uplifting the heart that is sad.
Projects sublime I wreck;
Evil and crime I check;
Mighty my power for good or for bad.

Maine calls to Oregon,
Georgia to Washington;
City to vast, surging city replies.
So I fleet, caring not,
Pitying, sparing not;
Binding a nation with numberless ties.

Great, busy presses grind,
Broadcasting to the wind,
Tidings I've brought them from far and from near.
Sorrow and mirth I bring;
Round the wide earth I fling
News of the moment while people give ear.

AN AMERICAN OBSERVER IN ASIA

by

MITCHELL MANNERING

Sometimes a private citizen goes abroad, neither in an official capacity for information nor as a journalist for "copy," and sees many things that may escape the notice of both official and journalist. Mr. George W. Brown went to the Orient as an American business man seeking relaxation; he arrived at a psychological period of unrest and development, and saw conditions at first hand with the keen observing powers of a business man. He had a glimpse of the home life in China and Japan, took part in native pleasures and diversions, and noted progress in artistic pursuits.

Mr. Mannering reports here the sidelights of Mr. Brown's journey. In the March NATIONAL Mr. Brown himself will contribute an article on "Music in the Orient," with an entertaining comparison between the musical standards of the east and west.

ON all the high seas of the world everywhere myriads of Americans are traveling with wide-open eyes and ears, gathering impressions and experiences which only travel can afford. The tremendous and subtle force of what is called

American initiative is the result. Seeing things and collecting information to secure that thorough knowledge of conditions has always been indispensable in the practical development of commerce. Facing conditions never paralleled in the history of the republic, the United States of America is at last confronted with the necessity of developing a larger foreign trade for its manufactured products because of the increased invasion of foreign products to this country. For years the ability and ambition to meet this emergency has been increasing, owing largely to the observations of American tourists traveling not only to other countries, and peoples, but to greater purpose than to gratify an enlightened curiosity. Even when taking pleasure tours, the true American observes with the eye of one accustomed to absorbing ideas and utilizing them to advantage in reducing cost and developing that Yankee spirit of trading, reviving the days when American sailing ships were known in the seaports the world over.

Mr. George W. Brown, vice-president of the United Shoe Machinery Company, and one of the best known business men of the country, has for many years been an incessant traveler. In his office and rooms in Boston are scattered mementoes of

these years of travel, suggesting many interesting incidents of his world-wide wanderings. Here an ancient curio from China and India, dates back many centuries to the time of Confucius; and there a bit of artistic bronze recalls the dainty, artistic life of the French designer. Many climes are collected within the walls of a single room, where the atmosphere of all ages, ancient and modern, seems to have contributed priceless treasures to this unique collection. Over fifty countries are represented, but the Orient seems to focus the greatest interest after twenty years of world tours.

Mr. Brown made his journey to the Orient after an active career in large business affairs, and after he had visited in most countries of Europe. He returned from his last European trip imbued with the belief that a journey to the Orient should certainly be made by an American who wished to comprehend clearly the tendency of the civilization and business of today. Last May he set forth on the voyage, and was afforded a remarkable

opportunity to observe Eastern conditions at the psychological moment, for the California legislature had just passed the anti-alien land bill, and the traveler was enabled to see for himself the attitude of the Japanese toward the United States.

There was no disguising the fact that the Japanese sense of dignity and honor was deeply wounded by this act, for they could not understand why they should not

to our one, and were preparing for all diplomatic and military emergencies, emphasized the fact that America was dealing with a strong and "preparing," yet friendly power.

The traditional courtesy of the Japanese people, insists Mr. Brown, makes one feel entirely and everywhere at home. Officials and leading business men vie with each other in displaying that unfailing courtesy



Photographed by an American observer

THREE PRETTY JAPANESE GIRLS

be entitled to treatment as a "most favored nation." Popular resentment was freely voiced by men who harangued out-of-door mass-meetings; but the government and better class of Japanese were emphatic in their declaration that every effort would be made to avert any controversy that might result in unfriendly relations. The Japanese were sincere in the feeling that they had been discriminated against. The fact disclosed at that time that they were building three battleships

imbibed with the earliest home teaching and continued through every stage of training and instruction.

Knowing he was an American, there was never a word or suggestion to Mr. Brown that did not show tactfully, in spite of the feverish condition of public sentiment at that time, the highest consideration for his nationality. In private conversation the subject of the California controversy was not mentioned, and it was only by talking with people of other nations that the real

depth of the strained situation was disclosed and considered.

Impressed by the substantial industrial progress of Japan, Mr. Brown observed that the low wages paid seemed almost unbelievable. In one institution where more than a thousand people—largely skilled labor—were employed, he found that the salaries were only about ten to fifteen per cent of what similar workers in Massachusetts would receive. In the factories, practically all of the superintendents and foremen are natives; foreign engineers are employed in an advisory capacity, however. Bright Japanese students are sent to the United States, England and Germany, to study engineering, and on their return are prepared for positions of authority. The Japanese foremen could do more with native help than with foreigners, and the efficiency of the native is marked. Foreign labor is not tolerated in Japan, and any attempt to bring in outside labor would, it is felt, result in a revolution. A very important man in the industrial life of Japan claimed that the world-wide problem of the high cost of living exists in Japan, as it does in the rest of the world, and the only solution he could see in the country's industrial life depends on the introduction of more labor-saving machinery.

Public utilities are managed and owned by Japanese in conjunction with foreigners, but the wage-earners are entirely Japanese. While the Japanese welcome foreign capital, they are willing to help finance the risks, if they feel that there is an opportunity for the advancement of Japanese industries on a broad scale.

Already we have the report of one Japanese house, having a branch in San Francisco, underbidding American publishers for a lot of text-books required by the public schools. The order was sent to Japan, the books published in that country, and within the specified time delivered to the schools in San Francisco. Is not this food for thought for our free trade theorists?

The inevitable invasion of American products always impresses the traveler in foreign countries; as a striking example, Mr. Brown declared that one of the first sights that greeted him on approaching

Yokohama was the Standard Oil Company building, which he thought looked more like a Parliament House than the home of an American business organization.

AFTER a trip through China, Mr. Brown decided that the progress made in the Celestial Kingdom was not so far advanced



THE WAY JAPANESE GIRLS CARRY THEIR YOUNGER BROTHERS AND SISTERS

as that of Japan. The reason it is not progressing faster today is owing to the great awakening now going on, in which Yuan Shi Kai, the present president, is making a gallant effort to maintain a republic in China. Evidences of the change are everywhere to be seen in the larger towns and port cities, as indicated by the rapid disappearance of the queue and the

adoption of western costumes and methods. It is a general belief that a republic in China must be managed by practically the same means by which Porfirio Diaz ruled Mexico; and that force must be the final arbiter for some time yet to come. The popular faith in Yuan Shi Kai's ability to meet and solve grave conditions was strikingly impressed upon the American visitor. The Celestial parliament was found in a deadlock and facing unsettled conditions, the chief difficulty being to procure revenue for the government support.

Mr. Brown was entertained by a prominent Chinese merchant educated in Europe, who dressed in highest Parisian costume and had eliminated entirely the historic garb of his forefathers, driving Mr. Brown about in his motor car; and to the American it seemed like a figure in a dream to visit a native of the Celestial kingdom without the characteristic attire of his ancestors. The son of a viceroy sent Mr. Brown in his motor with his secretary to a Japanese factory where United Shoe Machinery was used.



TAKING ON COAL AT NAGASAKI HARBOR

The promises of the various provinces of support were only partially or not at all fulfilled. At the time of Mr. Brown's visit the expenses of the Chinese government were about twenty million dollars (Mexican) a month more than the income. The proceeds of their \$125,000,000 gold foreign loan was appropriated before the money was received. Mr. Brown heard much discussion concerning the restlessness in the army, where the pay-days were few and far between; and it was said that the ex-Emperor and his aunt, the Empress Dowager, were being supported out of the private fortune of Yuan Shi Kai.

But all China is not modern. In the hot season, the city of Canton, including the fashionable shopping street, teems with men attired in nothing but cotton trousers.

In China, Mr. Brown found lower wage conditions than in Japan. About \$7.50 per month in American money is considered first-class pay for workmen of highest efficiency, capable of running or making machinery. Women receive the same price as men and are quite as skilled. Think of a coolie working for ten or fifteen cents a day at the arduous work of carrying goods on poles—a way which is found to be the most economical and expeditious;

in fact, computation has proven that it is much cheaper to move merchandise in this way than on trucks and motors. Chinese mail-carriers work for \$1.50 per month to start with, and after five years reach \$3.00 per month, and board themselves, with a maximum load of fifty-eight pounds and run thirty miles every day. Mr. Brown met a government official in charge of the mails in a province of China who described a mail route in the furthest northwest province serving 70,000,000 people, and where there is no other method of transportation except by runners, and one route extending over 1,500 miles.

Amid the wide, clean streets, beautiful trees, lawns and public parks of Shanghai, Mr. Brown insisted that he had looked upon a model European city. In a tea garden in one of the busiest quarters he took chow and tea and transacted business in the quiet of an old house in the old Chinese city whose grounds were decorated with large stone dragons. A joss house near at hand fairly reeked with burning incense and the ceremonies of ancestral worship, and here the largest transactions of the business of the Chinese city are transacted. In other words, it is a club. The swamp on which European Shanghai has been built was reclaimed by foreigners and is a marvel of city building.

In Shanghai Americans can use U. S. A. postage stamps, and with them send letters to any part of the world, for this is the only foreign city in which Uncle Sam maintains a post-office. Other nations also preserve a portion of the city in which their government is entirely independent of the Chinese—each a foreign colony in itself; and France is entirely independent of all others, maintaining her own police force, etc.

Interest was decidedly attracted by the strange wheelbarrows used by Chinese

coolies in carrying passengers and freight. Each has a single wheel as large as a small buggy wheel, and on a frame built over it are often loaded seven or eight boxes of tea, each box weighing one hundred and thirty-three pounds. A sail is often spread when the wind is favorable. The traditional burdens of past centuries seem to hang heavily on the shoulders of these people; but they overcome the high cost of



"YOUNG CHINA"

transportation on short hauls by the use of the carrying-pole, wheelbarrow and the hardy shoulders and strong limbs of the coolies. The streets are full of people, carrying loads and singing as they trot along.

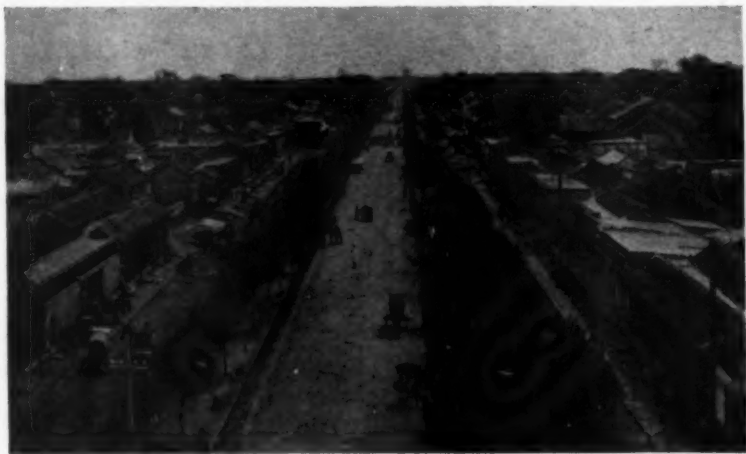
The scenes from the sleeping car windows were full of interest. Huge water buffaloes were working in muddy fields, and half naked coolies in the flooded rice grounds. Ancient walls, pagoda, tombs and bridges, boat and raft navigation of canals and rivers, sunset effects against the distant mountains, were full of interest.

A description by Mr. Brown of an interesting experience in his two and a half days' trip from Shanghai to Peking (by way of Nanking and Tientsin) through fine wheat fields—a splendid agricultural reminder of the plains of Argentina and our Western states—gave some idea of the immensity of the celestial realm.

The Chinese railroads, with a stone ballast and substantial roadbeds and solid bridges, are as safe and comfortable as any in the world. The dining cars were clean and the food wholesome. An experience

canals, great and small, reaching everywhere, largely supplying the place of roads, aid in irrigating the soil. They also supply no small quantity of fish food, and testify to the immense amount of labor expended on them for many centuries.

Mr. Brown insists that no one has seen China, who has not visited Peking, and considers it by far the most interesting city in the "Celestial Kingdom." The Wagon-lits is a fine European hotel; in every way up-to-date, including an orchestra. The ancient temple which the Emperor of



ONE OF THE MAIN STREETS AT PEKING

with a derailed train made it seem all the more homelike, until it was announced that it would take three days to clear the track—then the traveler knew that he was not in America. Going over China in a sleeper works wonderful transformations in a single night. In one district, Mexican scenes were suggested by clusters of adobe houses.

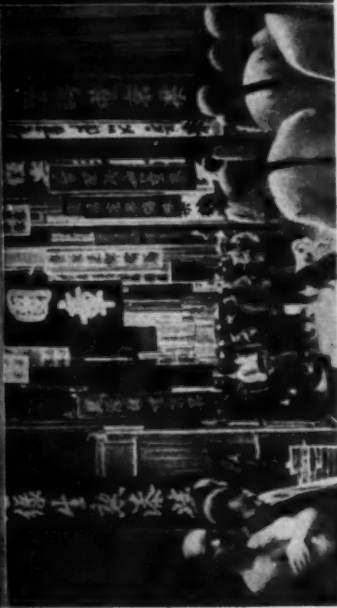
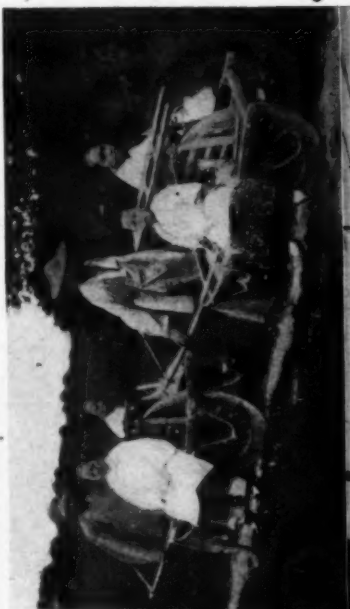
Peking is only three hundred miles from the desert. It is not an uncommon sight to see trains of camels starting out for or returning from the desert, and sand is often blown by wind storms from these deserts into the city; while far to the north the soil was very fertile. The many

China used on special occasions in making sacrifices was visited. Up many steps Mr. Brown climbed to the altar on which incense was burned, and stood in the reflection of the wonderful old lanterns used to decorate the grounds on such occasions. The "Temple of Temples" was also visited. Until the creation of the Republic no one but the Emperor was allowed to enter here. Now all is open to the public, but one temple containing "The Tablet" is withheld from public gaze. This also is forbidden to the native people; it represents an ancestral worship similar to that of the Japanese. The decorations inside have all been removed; the grounds sur-

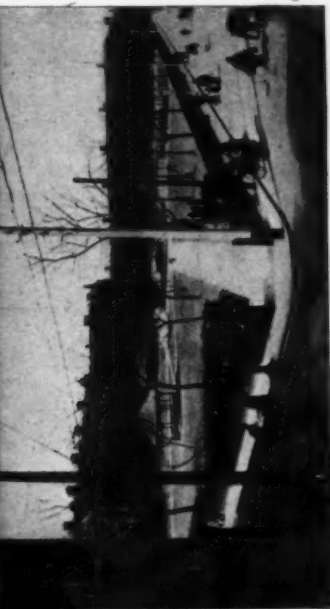
PRINCE'S IMPERIAL PALACE



CHINESE WHEELBARROW, COMMON METHOD OF TRAVEL IN CHINA



STREET IN CANTON



SHANGHAI, HONGKEW PARK

rounding these temples are now being ploughed, and one part is occupied by missionary children as a playground. For the most part, the grounds are running wild with vegetation, for the government has no money to spend on parks for improvements. After visiting the "Temple of Heaven," Mr. Brown's party had a most enjoyable time among the Chinese bazars and curio stores. The main thoroughfare of Peking is the "Chinese Street," one of the widest and finest in China.

Europe and warships of every leading nation anchored in the harbor are always ready to keep the road open to Peking, or to forward reinforcements to the guards of the legations.

The great cities and teeming millions of the interior could not be visited safely at this time, owing to the operations of bands of so-called pirates and bandits, whose hatred of the foreigner made it unsafe for even an American to visit this great and rich portion of China.

On account of the long distance and



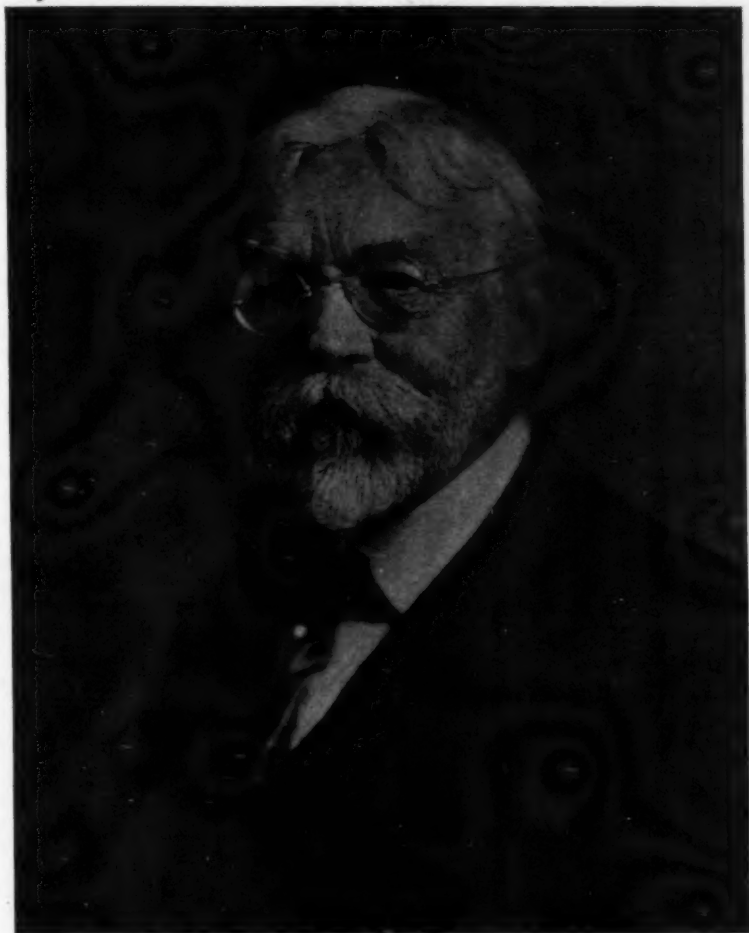
ONE OF THE TEMPLES IN "THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN," PEKING

The old summer palace of the Chinese Emperor is twelve miles out from the city, and only open to the public on three days of each month, but by the distribution of fifteen *mer*, or \$7.50, between a general of the army and the commander of the summer palace, the gates were opened to the American visitors. For many years this palace has been a summer resort for emperors and empresses. The present Emperor and Dowager Empress being prisoners in the "Forbidden City," Mr. Brown's guide gravely remarked that if they ever came out they could never return. At Tientsin a large contingent of six thousand soldiers representing all the powers of

bad train connections it was impossible for Mr. Brown to visit Korea, where a representative of the United Shoe Machinery Company was erecting a plant for making shoes for the Chinese Government.

Among the employees of the stitching-room of this factory are about twenty-five mothers, and at nine in the morning and three in the afternoon the factory stops while the older children bring the babies to their mothers to be nursed.

WITH the thoroughness characteristic of his business career, Mr. Brown gathered a large amount of special information as he traveled from place to place.



MR. GEORGE WASHINGTON BROWN

An American business man, who recently returned from a tour of the Orient, where he made many interesting observations of life in Asia

Returning home his suggestion to Americans was to see their own country first, Europe next and the Orient as the climax, and then begin over again. The future holds in store tremendous commercial developments in the far East, and it is well to know conditions in person.

A Vermonter by birth, Mr. Brown's

ancestors came from Connecticut among the early pioneers of this section to the Green Mountain state. They settled at Williamstown shortly after the War of the Revolution. One direct ancestor was killed in the Mt. Royalton massacre, and Jonathan Brown was captured by the Indians in 1782 and held captive at Montreal,

escaping after two years and returning to Saulsbury, Connecticut, where he joined his family, later returning to Vermont.

At the age of eighteen Mr. George W. Brown began working in the Central Ver-

mont Railway shops at Northfield, afterward launching into the grocery business. Later he returned to railroading and became auditor of the Central Pacific Railroad at Sacramento, California. With the adventurous spirit of the Vermont boy,

he felt that he must first see what was to be seen in his own country, but after some years in California he returned East to become New England manager of the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Company. In this position he became interested in inventions, and soon became known far and wide as an expert in selecting and improving machinery.

Mr. Brown early turned his attention to the intricacies of shoe machinery, and since 1887 has been prominently identified with the remarkable progress made in shoe manufacturing.

At the present time Mr. Brown is chairman of the Finance Committee and Vice-President of the United Shoe Machinery Company. His business life has brought him into intimate association with eminent people in all parts of the world. In connection with the Shoe Machinery Company, Mr. Brown has been enthusiastically interested in welfare work, and few men have given the subject more thorough study and met with more success and practical results. The great plant at Beverly is pronounced one of the model industrial establishments of the world. He is a generous patron of art, and an ardent lover of music. He is trustee of the New England Conservatory of Music. The splendid public library at Northfield, Vermont, erected near his birthplace, is a testimonial of his love of the old home. Many young students in music have reason to be grateful for the help and assistance freely given by Mr. George Washington Brown, who, unspoiled by fortune, maintains the virile spirit of old Vermont and that kindly, broad humanity which is the mark of men who achieve.



WHEELBARROWS WITH SAILS

Used by Chinese coolies in carrying passengers and freight

mont Railway shops at Northfield, afterward launching into the grocery business. Later he returned to railroading and became auditor of the Central Pacific Railroad at Sacramento, California. With the adventurous spirit of the Vermont boy,

THE PAUSE BETWEEN THE BEAT

HOWEVER madly man may rush along,
Throughout this life,
And hold that there is little chance for song,
Amid the strife,
The heart whose throbs sustain him in the quest
After the sweet,
Finds time, somehow, to pause awhile, and rest,
Between each beat.

—*Ralph M. Thomson.*

Distinctive American Art

by Flynn Wayne

IT happened in this way: A friend who chanced to know of my admiration for the wild free country of Arizona and the arid west, told me of an artist who was preparing a series of paintings that even outrivalled the splendid pictures of Moran, which hang in the Capitol at Washington and have made famous the wonders of the great southwest.

"Perhaps," ventured my companion, "we can catch him in now." Across Madison Square we wandered, and right under the shadow of the Metropolitan tower, in a studio far up in an old, deserted, tall building, I witnessed an art exhibition that I enjoyed more than any of the famous

galleries of Europe. Here were scenes of the sub-tropical Southwest, in vivid colors and portrayed with the true, unerring feeling of the artist. Painting after painting was brought forward in panoramic procession until I felt myself transported back under the scorching sun and the withering winds of arid Arizona. A small strip of canvas enveloped almost immeasurable distances in which a great vermilion rock towered vertically seven hundred feet sheer into the air, and the Indian bands at its base were dwarfed, mere pygmies.

The work of Frederick Melville Du Mond gives one an appreciation of the wonderful scenery and the stupendous works of na-



FREDERICK MELVILLE DU MOND

(851)

ture wrought in color by Mother Earth in the grand southwest. The awe-inspiring deserts, the titanic convulsions of mountains, the time eternal wearing away of the rocks, the gigantic struggles of wind, sand, rain, blistering sun and throes of the earth's interior have left behind them tableaux that few have been given to grasp. They have impressed their seal upon the history of the Moki and the Navajo, but the white man seems to fall short of comprehending their solemn mystery. There is here material to inspire, model and glorify the art, the music, and the literature of America, giving it a mould that will distinguish it from the arts of all other countries.

This is the firm belief of Mr. Du Mond, who, having exhausted the material of European history, the magnificent extent of the field of Roman arenic combats and finally the world-making struggles for supremacy between the greatest beasts of the animal kingdom, has turned to his home country, and to the Great Southwest, for the inspiration which his huge heart and mind verily crave.

Frederick Melville Du Mond is a big man with a big nature and a big grasp of big things. He has revelled for a quarter of a century in decorations of enormous size. Canvases of eighteen by twenty-seven feet have been his usual salon exhibit. Besides his yearly picture shown at that famous exhibition, many others have been made for prominent amateurs. The French masters long ago recognized his talent for big works by their medal and by making him "exempt" from the necessity of passing his pictures before the jury of twenty painters for entrance

to the exhibitions. His "Hagar and Ishmael," "Christopher Columbus," "Clovie receiving Queen Clotilde," "The Vikings," "The Huns," "Elephant and Tiger Combats," "Tigers and Rhinoceri," "The Throwing of the Prisoners of War to the Tigers," and other "pleasures" of pompous Roman and Mogul princes, give but a fleeting impression of the broad scale of the master mind, the ability for big decorative and dramatic effects.

The vital point in the work of this man is that he has absorbed the grand moods of nature which, passing through the fires of his genius, have emerged in sublime themes of world travail. Years, centuries, even millenniums are paltry parlance in which to convey the spirit of time which these pictures breathe. In these two score of canvases is a new world of thought in art—a departure from all that has preceded. Here we feel the big, the irresistible, the omnipresent and omnipotent forces of nature at work.

The radiation of Mr. Du Mond's work powerfully affects the beholder. He feels that he is at one with the Creator in these lone fastnesses, and that the Great Father moves across the face of the deep canyon.

The simplicity, the elemental note of nature finds its expression in the "line," the composition, in the air, the sunlight and the color of his work.

There have been schools of mud colors, schools of fine drawing, schools of rainbow rays and spectrum spots. Now it is predicted that the school of the future will be that of the spirit of the things as they are, and of this school Mr. F. Melville Du Mond will be a leading exponent.



BENJAMIN CHAPIN

and His Portrayal of LINCOLN

by Izola Forrester

SITTING opposite Benjamin Chapin in his study the other evening, I looked at him, wondering how old he was, this man who has given his generation a great living portrayal of Abraham Lincoln.

There is a boyish look to the lean, clean-shaven face. When he smiles the lines deepen around his deep-set hazel eyes and firmly chiseled mouth, just as you see them in the early smooth shaven portraits of the great Liberator, back in the old days of the Black Hawk War and courtship of sweet Ann Rutledge.

As he smiles whimsically back at you, long, slender fingertips touching, eyes half closed, knees crossed, you think he is thirty-five. Then, all at once, the face calms, settling into a curiously resigned repose, the eyes have a shadowy, faraway look, and you decide he is forty. Yet, I do not know.

For years he has given up his whole life to one ideal. It has been a life of struggle and persistence, of great sustaining faith, and patient, unwavering belief, not unlike the experiences of the wonderful man he has sought to portray to the American public. This is the story of Benjamin Chapin and his rendition of the character of Lincoln.

From the very first inception of the idea he was assured and even warned that the public would never stand for any impersonation of the most beloved figure in American history, the man who reached the hearts of the meanest of his fellow-countrymen and left a shrine there, the martyred President.

It meant years of preparation, almost of consecration to an ideal. Looking now at his face, you catch the same fleeting

impression that comes from the face and eyes of any man or woman who has followed a star through the long night. You find it in Lincoln's wonderful eyes and patient face. You can trace it in Scott's and Nansen's, the explorers. It is in Tesla's, in Marconi's faces, and in Edison's. It is the look of Nietzsche's Beyond Man, the human being who dares to shoot arrows of longing toward the ideal and who seeks to follow their flight.

"I was only a boy when the first desire came to me to place a living Lincoln before the people, who should still speak his message to them, and carry to them the vivid memory of his actual presence." Chapin paused, looking ahead of him in silence for a moment, before the deepening wrinkles at eyes and mouth gave a glint of quick humor to the rest of the speech. "You see even then I was pretty lengthy and perhaps a bit awkward, but I found I could talk, and that people would listen to me, and when they did they stopped looking at my legs."

It was the determination of ambitious, yet reverent youth, inspired by the highest ideals. It meant exacting study and research through the best part of his youth and early manhood. Back in Bristolville, Ohio, there are many people who can tell you of "Ben" Chapin's first appearance in public. It was at a school picnic. Can't you dip back into memory's grab bag and recall a school picnic when you sat up on a fence and ate June strawberry shortcake till all the world turned to peace and beauty? This was just that kind of a country school picnic, out in a grove, and before the games they had the closing school exercises of the year.

The audience, seated around under the great oaks and maples, settled themselves with the usual air of hushed expectancy as each pupil advanced to the front of the rudely built board platform. Young



MR. BENJAMIN CHAPIN
in his inimitable Lincoln impersonation

Chapin was to speak a rather lively selection on the subject of "Lightning Rods," a subject that at the time was touched with plenty of local humor.

During the rehearsals, under the careful supervision of his teacher, "Ben" had been sing-singing along with the rest; but the minute he stood on the platform, and faced a real live audience for the first time, he cut loose like a wild colt. There are some who can still tell you of the electric shock that hit the picnic when those long arms started waving, and the mobile, expressive face seemed fairly to glow with inspiration, while his voice carried them away. From that hour they talked of "Ben" as the coming orator in that country community, and his local reputation was firmly established.

He was sixteen when the first appreciation of the sinews of war came to him. He wanted to go through college, and it cost money, so he started out to get it. There was a country school just south of Bristolville, famous for the speed and ease with which it disposed of teachers. The last one had resigned with celerity and no arguments. Although a man of forty years and experienced, he had balked when the big boys of the district brought a fence rail accommodately up to the very steps of the little schoolhouse for his means of locomotion.

Chapin set his eye on that particular school and smiled beamingly over the fence rail episode. Only a few months before, the school directors had because of his youth, refused his application to teach that very school. Here was the opportunity to use nerve.

He told the school trustees that if they would give him the school he would make it as good as any in the township or they needn't pay him a cent. Possibly from a dearth of the adventurous type of older teachers, possibly from far-sighted economy, they decided to give the lean tempter of Providence a chance to save the school board money.

He got the school. It was a very patient, good-tempered, even conciliatory youth who faced the expectant

aggregation of pupils the first day, but at the first sign of mutiny under discipline, history states, he turned from the blackboard, took the desk in one flying leap, collared the two leaders, and discussed the matter personally with them out in the woodshed.

The school trustees paid his salary in full at the end of the term.

Lincoln never set his face more happily toward his law books than Chapin did toward higher education after that backwoods teaching.

"There were ten of us, I remember, who graduated the next year from the town high school," he said, swinging one foot reminiscently. "Ten, and I was valedictorian. At the New Lyme Institute, later, I was class poet, but I managed to recover from that attack. Then I went on to Boston to study, and finally came here to New York to get the right line on dramatic interpretation and playwriting. I was giving lectures and dramatic recitals to pay my way along.

"But I wanted to carry out my first ambition. I wanted to interpret Lincoln's message of peace and humanitarianism to the country he loved. I knew there was no such dramatic vehicle waiting for me. If I wanted it, I would have to write it myself. So, gradually, I began to build around that idea. For years I worked and saved with this end in view, and finally I went back to Bristolville. If I could appear before those old friends and neighbors and make them forget 'Ben' Chapin and listen to 'Abe' Lincoln, I knew I could do it with the rest of the country."

So Bristolville had one of its few real shocks after eleven years' absence, when there came back the same lean, long-limbed boy, a little older, a little easier in his manners, but still the same cheery, whimsical boy they remembered well.

Rumor spread that he had brought with him two large trunks of books, a typewriter and a real, live secretary. Civic pride was stirred to its deepest depth over Benjamin, but it certainly yearned to know his ulterior motives.

Seriously speaking, though, no man ever applied himself more assiduously to his task than Chapin did to the drama which

was to be the crowning ambition of his life. He fairly lived and breathed Lincoln until he could talk for hours at a time, quoting nothing but the marvelous words left behind to the world in Lincoln's speeches. About this time, too, he began to interest many prominent men in his work, among them the late Secretary John Hay, who had served as private secretary to Lincoln during the war.

Not the least in importance of detail of the preparations was the question of proper garb. There still lived many who could recall the famous figure in the tall hat, shawl, and long Prince Albert coat so familiar around the Capitol and along the firing line that faced the Southern troops. Mr. Chapin learned from some of these that the President's hat and clothes had been given to the National Museum at Washington, and armed with a letter from the Secretary of State to the custodian of the Museum, he went in search of these. After diligent search they found Lincoln's hat, the same, well-known old tile, down in a square wooden box in the basement, with the cover screwed tightly down. Then he found the coat, vest and trousers, the last worn by Lincoln, and they were all carefully duplicated for the man who hoped to present to the generation of today a faithful, reverent prototype of the six-foot four President. Anyone who has seen him in the character cannot fail to recall the first keen thrill of astonishment and almost awe at sight of the beloved, lanky form and first dawning smile on the homely, tender face.

Going back to Bristolville with the costume made in Washington, Chapin decided that his first appearance as the living Lincoln should be made among his home folks. And dressed in the duplicate clothing, and "made up" with the marvelous fidelity to life, he made his first call on his old home physician, Dr. Brinkerhoff and family, who had known him all his life. The doctor sat awed, pleased, surprised, happy, listening to Lincoln stories and Lincoln philosophy, all given as he felt the President would have done. Chapin's experiment was voted a success; he had not cheapened their ideal of Lincoln, but rather had made Lincoln seem real to them. It was the spirit of the work

that Chapin was from the start to have and to hold.

On the very next evening, a bolder stroke was decided upon. Most of the people of the little town had gathered into a big hall to get the first election returns, which were carried to the hall from the depot by swift messengers.

The returns were mostly in, and things had begun to lag for the crowd, when all at once, as the clock stuck eleven, the center hall door opened and down the aisle walked the very living image of Abraham Lincoln. It was as if the martyred President had stepped out of the picture frame to join the cheering crowds. The hush that came over the assemblage was tense and almost fearful, until relieved by the easy, slow, cheery voice telling them Lincoln stories and soon making them feel free and easy as the Lincoln of old would have done.

"Who is it?" asked the old timers, after the tall ungainly figure had finished speaking. That night Chapin got more cheers than the elected candidates.

This was the beginning of the realized ideal, the effort to create a dramatic vehicle in which Lincoln would be the dominant factor. Not unlike Joseph Jefferson's first efforts as "Rip Van Winkle" were these months of steady, indomitable striving and forging ahead toward the goal. Lincoln, in spite of his serious side, was always the keenest humorist, and most entertaining talker, and Chapin's subtle art in conveying this most elusive side of his nature has been frequently compared to Jefferson's art in "Rip."

Two years of devotion and sacrifice followed. Sometimes the whole fabric had to be unraveled and woven over again. He spent months visiting the haunts and homes of Lincoln, and talked with hundreds of persons who had known him intimately in his early days, or the last years at Washington.

Chapin's first real success came with a series of dramatic Lincoln monologues made up of scenes from the Lincoln dramas that he was then writing. By dint of hard work and belief in himself and his life task, Chapin completed a Lincoln drama that managers liked. In the spring of

1906 it was produced and staged by the young author-actor himself, in one of New York's best theaters. The first night was an unusual one, even for New York. Scattered throughout the audience were men who had known the great President in real life, men who possibly felt they were about to witness a play which was almost a sacrilege, seeking as it did to put on the stage the mighty, beloved figure still fresh in the memories of men.

There was a strange hush over the audience when the President came upon the stage, and then almost an unconscious sinking back into seats in relieved suspense. Here was no caricature, no crude imitation, no garish, ranting representation, but it was, indeed, as one great writer remarked, the man himself. Gentle, whimsical, humorous, yet rising in emergencies to the command over the very souls and bodies of the men who questioned his right to do the things he did, here was the veritable Lincoln whom they had known and loved.

Some of Mr. Chapin's best prized memories are from the visits made to his dressing room during the period of the play's first run, by the old timers who greeted the young actor with emotion and thanks for the gift he was making his generation.

The next season he produced two or three one-act Lincoln plays as a headline feature in the best vaudeville theaters. With one of them he made a later tour of the western cities also.

In 1909, after he had fully tested the public's appreciation of his portrayal, Chapin reproduced his four-act play revised, under the title "Lincoln at the White House," at the Garden Theater in New York, and later at the Hackett, now the Harris Theater.

For the past ten years Mr. Chapin has been in great demand at Universities, associations and lyceums to give dramatic interpretations and dramatic portrayals of Lincoln. When time would permit, he has accepted engagements of this character. Recently he gave a "Lincoln Character Portrayal" before the Michigan State Teachers Association (seven thousand teachers) meeting at Ann Arbor, Michigan; also at the University of Illinois, where he was introduced by President

James. His date book is kept filled up for months ahead.

It is a long, hard fight that he has won, this tall, patient-eyed man with the youthful face, and eyes full of age-old wisdom and knowledge of suffering. It is certain to all who have followed his career that years of dwelling on the splendid character have had their effect on his own life.

"When I face issues, big or little," he said, musingly, "I catch myself asking myself the question, 'What would Lincoln have done in a case like this?'"

So he stands out today. He has held faithfully to his ideal. He has set his course by the North Star, as they say, and has intensified the love and affection of the American people for the man who bound the Union together, and taught men to loose the bonds of fellow-men. The dignity, humor and gentle, rare humanity of his characterization are beyond description.

He tells one little story of a recent trip through Kentucky and Southern Illinois, taken in connection with a series of motion picture dramas which he is preparing, dealing with important incidents in Lincoln's life. Clad in the usual costume, his

shawl wrapped about him in the keen December air, he was walking quickly along the sidewalk in front of the old home at Springfield, when suddenly he came upon an old, bent figure, hobbling along with a cane, an old-fashioned knit woolen muffler wound many times around his neck, and his cap pulled well forward. But at sight of the figure just about to turn in at the gate, the old man stopped, leaned forward, and extended his arms with a glad cry,

"Mah Gord, Marse Lincoln!"

It took some persistent explaining to make the old dorky see his mistake. He was certain he had seen the President's wraith, for, many a time as a little boy, he had watched the same figure, apparently, swing through that gate, and go up to the house.

"Ah doan't hole ter no triffin' 'round wid de unseen, but he shore does look jes' like Marse Lincoln's own self, dat young man. Ah hope it' gwine ter bring him luck,"

It has so far, luck, and the love, too, and warm friendship of those who knew the real Lincoln, and have grown to appreciate Benjamin Chapin, the man who bears Lincoln's message to the world of today.

THE EVENING STAR

THE twilight deepens; shining from afar
Through sombre darkness lo! the evening star!
While softly falls a peace upon the earth
And naught of tumult may its beauty mar.

The tired world hath sought its quiet bed,
And over all a benediction's spread;
While resting from their cares alike they sleep
The wayworn living and the placid dead.

The evening star shines on them both, and we
Are wrapped like them in God's eternity.
What matters it that one is here called dead
And one as living? All is mystery.

O mystery of life and death, we know
Not here thy riddle; but we onward go
To greater heights where we shall find
The longed-for answer, and Life's meaning know.

—Marian Longfellow.

Wanted—A Design Registration Law

by E. W. Bradford

FOR years American manufacturers in many lines, such as silversmiths, manufacturers of art goods, lace makers, type founders, and many others, have felt the need of a law to protect them in the enjoyment and use of the original designs of their products. In all lines, the concerns who originate have suffered by having the designs or style of their goods copied and, in numerous instances, such counterfeit goods substituted in the markets for their own goods, to the injury, not only of their trade, but also of their reputations.

Original designs not only lend attractiveness to manufactured products, but popularize them and increase their salability. They also serve to identify the origin of the products, which soon become known in the trade by such designs as the products of the concern which first introduced them to the trade. Such designs are not only valuable as sale-increasing mediums, but also as trade-marks.

The right of the originator to the exclusive use of such designs should not be questioned, and should be recognized by a law that will be effective in operation and simple of administration.

It is true that we now have a statute under which patents may be issued for "inventions" in designs. This, however, has been very unsatisfactory and for a very large part of the valuable commercial designs is practically valueless. When an application for a design patent is filed in the patent office, the Examiner considers it from the same standpoint that he would an application for a patent for a mechanical invention. He seeks to discover all possible "prior art" on which to base his opinion that the design presented does not involve "invention," but is a mere adapta-

The imitation of attractive and artistic designs and styles of makeup is so generally copied, by competing manufacturers, that a law of copyright protection for the shape, style and finish of manufactured articles is necessary to protect enterprising manufacturers and encourage growth and prosperity of designers

tion, or transformation, or artistic variation, in something that has been done before, for which reasons he rejects the application as for non-patentable subject matter. If perchance a patent is obtained and the owner seeks to enforce his rights in the courts, they, too, in considering the validity of the patent, consider the

question of "invention" in the same manner, and generally hold the patent void because its subject matter required no exercise of the inventive faculty as contemplated in the Constitution. In our present law, designs are considered inventions, and designers are considered inventors. When the subject matter of the design fails to satisfy the test applied, no protection can be secured.

In my opinion, the production of designs is the work of an artist; designs are artistic creations. Designs are seldom, if ever, duplicated by designers or artists working independently. A duplication of a design is an almost certain indication that it is a copy, and that it was copied from the original. Two artists given identically the same subject and working apart and independently, will not produce duplicate results. Two photographers given the same subject and the same camera, in the same studio, but working independently, will invariably produce results that are clearly distinguishable, one from the other, and original. The work of each will be stamped and characterized with his individuality. The same thing is true in all classes of design creation. Designers, in my judgment, therefore, are not "inventors" within the meaning of the word as commonly used in considering patents and legal questions effecting patents. They are *artists* and as such are properly included with authors,

and their designs should be protected by copyright the same as other intellectual artistic creations are now protected by copyright. Designs could be registered or copyrighted under such a law for fees which would bring the benefits of the law within the enjoyment of all classes of manufacturing enterprises where its benefits are needed.

I have heard it sometimes said that American manufacturing concerns in many lines must copy their designs from the French, the Swiss, the Austrian, the German, and other foreign manufactured products. I believe, however, that if American manufacturers once organized their business upon lines that respect the design creations of others, that they would be much better satisfied than by seeking to live by imitation and by pirating foreign creations. It is sometimes said that American designers are not capable of competing with those of foreign countries. I think, however, that if designs were protected in this country, we would soon have the best designers in the world, obtaining those we need from Europe and developing artists of our own. This has been the history of our country in invention and it will be the history of our country in designing, if designers are given the protection which our patent laws extend to our inventors.

The United States is the only country of all the countries that have laws providing for the protection of industrial property that issue *patents* for designs that regards designs as *intentions*. Many foreign countries have laws for the protection of commercial designs, framed substantially in accordance with the copyright laws and recognizing rights to designs as copyrights. In this particular, the United States, which is so far ahead of other countries in the protection its laws extend to the inventors of new things in the mechanical arts, is far behind its foreign neighbors.

It seems to me that the industrial interests of the country demand the enactment of a law recognizing designs as the property of their originators and providing protection which will give an exclusive right to the proprietor to use such designs for a limited time.

Many concerns which now copy their competitors' designs excuse themselves by saying "everybody does it," and that they must do likewise to preserve their existence. The practice of copying the designs of others has thus become so common that it is now considered almost legitimate, and, by some concerns, quite the proper thing to copy the attractive and popular designs of competitors. I believe, however, that there are but few concerns that would not prefer to be honest in this, as in other directions, provided their competitors "do likewise." Now seems to be the opportunity to make a determined effort to push this movement to a successful conclusion. Such a law will certainly be in the interest of fair trade, in the interest of honesty, and in entire harmony with popular present-day professions. It will promote independence in methods, individualize business, stimulate originality, and encourage true competition, the competition that brings into activity the wisest brains, the keenest business ability and most creative minds, seeking to discover all honorable advantage in attractiveness of product and popularity of methods. It will require "every tub to stand on its own bottom" and each business to depend upon its own merits for existence and prosperity as no other law that can be proposed.

Such a law has been framed and introduced in Congress (Oldfield Design Registration Bill, H. R. 11,321). Now is the time for us to get together, show the courage of our convictions and push the movement to success.



One of Morgan's Men

by Eleanor Duncan Wood

GIRL of the yellow roses,
In the glow of a bygone day,
Dark were your eyes with dreaming,
Wistful your smile away.
And I your gay young lover
Had small chance of wooing you then;
For you were a girl of Kentucky,
And I, one of Morgan's Men.

I can see you yet as you waited
'Neath the elm by the old yard gate,
And your heart beat fast as my horse's hoofs,
For Young Love had found his mate.
High were my hopes and my heart, dear,
I laughed at your bodings then.
And I left you My Lady of Roses,
To ride with Morgan's Men.

Scurry of hoofs on the moonlit road,
Flashing of swords in flight.
Daredevil song 'midst the roar of guns,
Daredevil charge through the night.
Here with the twilight shadows
There, when day broke again;
Like the bolt of the fierce white lightning
Was the rush of Morgan's Men.

But the War was not for our winning,
Girl of the days of yore!
Outworn we were and outnumbered,
Beaten and bruised and sore.
Yet from Defeat you called me
Back to your heart again,
And lifted your loyal lips to my kiss.
Alas for Morgan's Men!

Love, the breath of your roses
Was never half so sweet,
As your smile when into the Way of Peace
You guided my weary feet.
And that smile is still my sunshine,
And the dreams you were dreaming then
Have all come true for a fellow,
Who was one of Morgan's Men.



YOUNG people seldom realize that the hard work they are doing day by day, which seems in no way to be adequately rewarded, is often what is counting most effectively for their future success. Years ago a young stenographer at Washington was taking a stenographic report at the trial of Guiteau, the half-crazy, half-demented assassin of President Garfield. All the jibberings and inanities, entreaties and reproaches that poured from his diseased brain at the trial were recorded by this slender young man, then pushing a pen at the reporters' desk. It was one of the most lengthy trials ever reported by a single stenographer. The young man, Mr. E. D. Easton, is now president of the Columbia Graphophone Company. With the same exactness and thoroughness with which he reported the trial of Guiteau, he organized a business that has become world-wide in its operations, and today, amid all his arduous duties, he can almost mentally retain a stenographic report of a conversation.

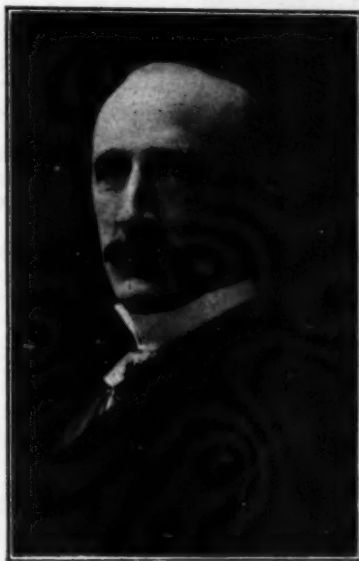
His wonderful grasp of system has

always been a marvel to his friends, and it all dates back to the time when he proved equal to the emergency of reporting one of the longest and most tedious trials in American history. Mr. Eastman's early associations with public life at Washington are reflected in the broad and aggressive policy of a successful business which girdles the globe. There are few cities, towns or hamlets in any part of the world that do not hear the echoes of the Columbia graphophone, in hall and home, and in

many offices the Dictaphone has become an indispensable aid to many business and professional men.

* * *

IN the mellow light of a crisp winter day we gathered to pay our last tribute of love and respect to our old comrade, Freeman W. Smith. For many years we had been associated, and he had long been known and loved as the veteran of the plant. No composing room in any newspaper or magazine office has ever had a more loyal or capable foreman, and at his passing we felt that he had left with us the rich heritage of a



MR. E. D. EASTON

The president of the Columbia Graphophone Company, who began his career as a stenographer and reported the famous trial of Guiteau

loyal, honest and noble soul—a master printer, and greater than that, a true and loyal man. The last time I saw him he whispered words that will never pass from my mind—"The proofs are O. K., boys," he said, "it is all right." Soon after he passed on, but his parting message that "the proofs were O.K." gave us comfort and hope for the life beyond.

Back in the old home state of Wisconsin forty-eight years ago a blue-eyed boy blessed a happy household. He played in

him to those with whom he was associated. He asked us to sing at his funeral, as he wished that there might be no sadness on his account. He knew that he was going into the life beyond, but to the very last he kept the truth from his family, because he could not bear to give them pain. As warm and ruddy as the favorite roses placed upon his bier was his heart's devotion to friends.

In the pressing activities of life we do not think of it as often as we should, but when the hush comes we realize that the best of life is in what has been done for others. Undying will be the memory of "Smithy's" face at the desk with his cheery "Good morning" or "Good-night." The echoes of kind words can never fade away in Time's flight.

So we bade "Smithy" good-bye, and the dear old boy's answer came back as if he were off for a holiday. We are all going that way, and even in life's sad parting comes the thrill of heaven's greeting—"The proofs are O.K."—the forms are on the press, and life's impression has been made upon the scroll of Eternity.



HON. JOE KIRBY

A leading Dakotan, who reports his various travels in a fascinating manner

the shadows of the old elms and went to the village school. Starting out on his career full of life and vigor, he learned the printer's trade from beginning to end, and if ever there was a journeyman loyal and devoted to his craft it was Freeman Smith. He joined the Chapple boys on the *Ashland (Wisconsin) Press* twenty-seven years ago, and for eight years has been associated with them in Boston on the *NATIONAL MAGAZINE*.

Though for several years in ill-health, he had been at the plant every day, rain or shine—always cheerful, always thoughtful of others, and giving the best that was

EVERYBODY in Dakota knows Joe Kirby. Everybody who knows Joe Kirby knows that he comes from Dakota. He has traveled far and wide, but he never misses a chance to say a good word for his native state. I was with him at Panama and know the extent of his observations, but there was something very suggestive to the editorial mind when an article entitled "Joe Kirby at Wind Cave" was found in the *Sioux Falls Journal*. In his letter Joe insisted that of all wonders, from the antiquities of Egypt to the bird-men of modern times, nothing could excel the phenomena located in South Dakota. His description of the interior of this cave, as a palace of fairies and one of the wonders of land or sea, is a bit of literature lawyers do not often indulge in. The Wind Cave is now the property of the national government and therefore is theoretically free to the public. Mr. Kirby found, however, that fees were collected by guides, and that other "petty graft" was practiced by the warden's family.

From Wind Cave, Joe went to "Sylvan

Lake," where he was deeply impressed by Harney's Peak, and where high above the valley he found, cut in stone, a giant chair fit for a Broddingnagian Buddha. The curious formations of stone seemed to the visitor like elephants, rhinoceroses, and other models of living things, carved on a colossal scale. In Mr. Kirby's descriptions there is a naivete that fascinates the reader, and makes "See America First" an inviting slogan rather than a duty.

CORN clubs among the boys and girls of the country districts furnish much entertainment and friendly rivalry for young agriculturists. More than ninety thousand boys planted each his acre of corn last spring, and over thirty-three thousand girls became members of the canning clubs. The expense of the delegates chosen to go to Washington each year is borne by the several states, counties or commercial organizations. Over two hundred bushels of corn per acre have been produced by individual members of the Corn Clubs, and notwithstanding the drought, it is felt that the record will be better than ever and possibly break the record of Jerry Moore, who raised two hundred and twenty-eight and three-fourths bushels from one acre of South Carolina soil. A great many of the members will secure yields above the hundred bushel mark. The work of the Corn Club boys has also stimulated interest in the production of legume and winter cover crops, such as cowpeas and soy beans.

The American farmer boy of today, who wears linen collars and neckties and well-fitting suits, presents a sharp contrast to the farmer boy of a century ago, who wore cowhide boots or shoes, jeans and gingham shirts. The boys of today are obtaining their knowledge from the demonstration agents of the Agricultural Department, thorough instructions that enable them to make one acre of land produce as much as five to ten acres as ordinarily cultivated. They are also learning the fundamental principles of crop rotation, and new recruits from the clubs will this year enjoy their annual sightseeing trips about Washington city. It is always a merry throng that gathers at the Agricultural Depart-

ment at these functions. The dream of the old-time farmer boy, of some day seeing Washington and incidentally becoming President, is made more and more possible as the years pass; for the farmer boy class has in the past produced many important Americans, and the future looks bright.

OKLAHOMA—that new state wherein aboriginal simplicity and archaic passions meet with their very extremes in rapid and intense civilization and develop-



JOHN BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS
An American author whose latest book "Lahoma"
is laid in the state of Oklahoma

ment, while wealthy tribesmen of the ancient grantees of the Indian territory, amnestied outlaws of the Pan Handle, cattlemen whose brands were established by the revolver rather than the courts, "annuitant younger sons" of English magnates, "boomer" real estate men, projectors and half breeds of all kinds and conditions fill in the wide gulf between—seems coming to the front as a source of inspiration to fiction weavers. "Lahoma," John Breckenridge Ellis' latest offering to an omnivorous reading public introduces a girl, who with her stepfather, Henry Gledware, escaped the "Indian"

slayers of all their companions, but unhappily came upon them again, when throwing their disguises aside, they stood confessed the murderous white outlaws of the "Kimball Gang."

The little five-year-old girl is fast asleep, and Gledware, her stepfather, pleads for her life but in vain. The Kimballs take

and his child on a fleet pony in one direction, and choosing the fleetest himself, leads his pursuers into the desert, until they give up the chase.

How Brick Willock found the Gledware wagon when nearly dead from thirst, established a hermit's cavern, and an outlaw's dugout in a recess of the mountains, and later received from Red Feather, an Indian chief, the girl Gledware had taken away and now called "Lahoma," piles up incident on incident until the story culminates in a happy marriage.

Mr. Ellis also wrote "Fran," one of the best sellers of the past season. His new book is published by The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, and the volume sells at \$1.25 net.



MISS L. PEARL HOWARD

A brilliant young woman who has been sightless since her childhood. In recent years she has devoted her time to standardizing type for blind readers

ON another page there appears an article by Miss L. Pearl Howard on the work which she, with Mrs. E. H. Fowler, under the direction of the Uniform Type Committee of the American Association of Workers for the Blind, has been doing to standardize types used by the blind. As Miss Howard points out, the use of various types in printing books for the blind has led to endless confusion and has deprived many sightless persons of a desired course in reading.

Miss Howard is an Iowa girl who when a little child was deprived of sight through scarlet fever. She developed a remarkable talent for music, and made wonderful progress while attending the Iowa College for the Blind, from which she was graduated. Her love of literature made her an assiduous reader, and she early mastered the various types used in printing books and other literature for the blind, in this way unconsciously fitting herself for a part in the great work of settling upon one standard type for those who must read by the sense of touch.

the man into the moonlight while "Brick" Willock, an uncouth, red-haired giant, brings out the girl whose little arms, clinging about his neck, plead effectively for mercy. "Red" Kimball, the leader, suddenly decides to have Willock kill the child first, which he refuses to do, and seeing that his own death is intended, smashes Kimball's wrist with a shot, slays "Kansas" Kimball with a second, stuns "Red" with the butt of his pistol, sends off Gledware

Miss Howard and Mrs. Fowler recently completed a trip through the eastern half of the United States and Canada, and through England and Scotland, visiting institutions and schools for the blind, conducting scientific investigations as to the relative merits of the various systems in use, and spreading the gospel of uniformity among the blind of the English speaking world.

The ladies were most cordially received throughout their entire trip, every attention being shown them wherever they stopped, both in this country and abroad. The report of this investigation which was submitted at a recent convention of the American Association of Workers for the Blind is the most convincing argument ever advanced for the standardization of types for the blind.

* * *

NEWSPAPER friends have always had a kindly feeling toward the book *HEART THROBS*, and many editors declare that the volume has a place on the crowded editorial desk beside the dictionary and the Bible. When the publication of Volume II of *HEART THROBS* was contemplated, some editorial friends wrote their objections to the publishers. "I am a busy man," declared a Southern newspaper writer, "and I now spend too much time altogether reading your book *HEART THROBS* which is on my desk. If you publish another volume, it is sure to get to my desk, also, and will seriously interfere with my work."

A poet friend wrote: "I object to another volume of *HEART THROBS*. It makes me uncomfortable enough to read the first volume, and realize how poor my little rhymes are in comparison; but I cannot stand any more humiliation. Please don't publish Volume II." These objections having been carefully weighed, the volume was put on the press. Here is what some of the newspapers thought of the first *HEART THROB*'s successor:—

"The second volume of the 'Heart Throbs,' prose and verse, sent to Joe Mitchell Chapple's *NATIONAL MAGAZINE* by its readers is said to be of higher literary order than its predecessor, but the selections in the main bear the same stamp of warm humanity and true sentiment. The list of contents, naturally, is very varied, so many kinds and phases of taste being represented, but the general tone is refreshingly pure and high."—*The Record-Herald*, Chicago.

"A glance through the book will show many old-time favorites, and if one spends more than a glance or two, he is apt to spend the whole evening reading the book and recalling old times when he first became acquainted with the best writings of authors and poets."—*The Brooklyn Citizen*, New York.

"All that need be said of it is that it is a

delight to ramble through it. It is like getting back to the old home place and finding there dear, familiar faces and voices."—*The Minneapolis Journal*, Minneapolis.

"'Heart Throbs' defines the contents exactly. The book is beautifully illustrated."—*The Bulletin*, San Francisco.

"This supplement to the original \$10,000 prize book of the same name, bids fair to rival its predecessor in popularity and in usefulness, as it does in merit."—Rowena Hewitt Landon, in the *Saturday Book Review*.

"The growth and tolerance of opinion, religious, racial and political, was never more fully emphasized than in this volume. All barriers are broken down in the sweet fellowship of the songs and sketches comprising the book."—*Press*, Pittsburgh, Pa.

"Many worthy literary productions that appeared in ephemeral form are given life in this volume, while a lot of old and tried favorites are reproduced."—*The Sunday Call*, Newark, N. J.

"It will no doubt prove as astonishing as its predecessor."—*Cincinnati Times-Star*.

* * *

IN these days of vocational training there are special schools for almost every trade and profession. These institutions devote their time wholly to one subject and allied studies, and the faculty is made up of men who are not only learned, but practical experts in the art that is taught. A recent visit to one of these vocational colleges, the Boston School of Telegraphy, furnished many interesting sidelights on the work being done in this branch of special endeavor.

The equipment is one of the important features. In the School of Telegraphy all the latest devices for telegraph work are to be found. The instructors are men who have been expert telegraphers, and their duty is to make their students proficient in the art within the shortest possible time. One could scarcely believe that with from four to six months' study many pupils are fitted to take their places in the business world as full-fledged operators, whether at "wireless" or "wire" service. The school is divided into classes for the study of all kinds of telegraphy, wireless, railroad, commercial and brokerage. Located in the heart of Boston, the ideal educational center of America, within easy access of railroads and street cars, the Boston School of Telegraphy has solved the problem of "What profession

shall I enter?" for many a young man and woman. To watch the students as they go about their work, learning the mystery of the dots and dashes, every day becoming more proficient under the watchful eye of the instructors, is an inspiration to all who visit the school. The optimistic spirit of the faculty, the individual care and instruction given to every student, the provision made for all who graduate, make the Boston School of Telegraphy an institution of growing fame. Passing through the class rooms, one finds himself wondering how many of these busy students will in days to come attain to positions of importance such as have in the past been gained by W. C. Brown, president of the New York Central lines, and Theodore N. Vail, president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company—two old-time telegraphers who began their careers puzzling out the dots and dashes at a telegraph operator's desk in little railroad stations in the West.

* * *

UNLUCKY and penniless, "grub-staked" by an Italian wine-grower, Adrian Scroop,* who gives the title to R. A. Wood-Seys' recent book, is introduced to the reader starving, out of ammunition and with nothing to show for his labors. Soon after he discovers high-grade silver ore, and within a decade he and his partner divide sixty millions of dollars. Scroop becomes a great iron magnate, marries, and is left a widower with one daughter, little Josephine, who is one of the sweetest and dearest little girls in modern fiction.

Scroop's whole heart is bound up in her, and when she is thirteen he takes her to England to complete her education and—to choose her a husband, being incited to the latter proposition by reading this bit of journalistic gossip:

"Among the peers who have inherited . . . titles is the young Earl of Chetel, who, at the age of fifteen, has succeeded to an earldom, two viscounties, and two baronies, without so much as a single acre of ground to maintain his dignities."

In England Scroop promptly buys up the exclusive preceptress of a private school

for his daughter, and then goes off on a still-hunt for the penniless Earl of Chetel.

He finds Philip Bevor, ninth earl of Chetel, a dependent relative in the family of the Herr Edmund Bevor, his uncle, and in case of his death, heir to the hereditary peerage and sub-titles. Edmund Bevor was rich, ambitious and planned to marry his daughter to her titled cousin. Mrs. Bevor was handsome, also ambitious, and unscrupulous; if Philip would marry Maud, well and good; if not, at his death her husband would be an Earl and she would share in the honors of her husband.

Scroop, taking the name of Hadrian, becomes the groom of the Bevors, studying Philip's character, but his uncle suddenly takes the boy into another country, and puts him to work in a rolling mill, hoping to disgust him with hardships, and dispose him to marry his daughter. Scroop finds him, and induces him to live with him in a cottage, while being educated by a noted scholar. In due season Philip becomes acquainted with Josephine and her teacher, Miss Barbara. Of course he falls in love with Josephine and finally makes a confidant of Scroop, who tells him that if he wins her he will settle a good income upon her.

Of course in the end Philip weds Josephine Scroop and is married in the ancestral chapel, and the bridal party are to be greeted by the tenants as Lord and Lady Chetel, with Scroop prepared to make over all the demesnes of Bevor to the newly-married Earl, and a check for five million dollars to the sweet little bride, reserving for himself the possession of Miss Barbara, whose marriage to the American millionaire follows.

The story is full of plots, beneficent and otherwise, of charming description, and interesting conversations and interviews, of American decision and English refinement, and social conventions and loyalty to time-honored customs and dignities, but on the whole, unusually clean, sweet, virile, womanly, and characteristic in its deputation of its dainty plot and its achievement.

*"Adrian Scroop." By Roland A. Wood-Seys (Paul Cushing). New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Price, \$1.25 net.

THERE is a man living in Chicago who has set all the world a-chewing.

"How the world do move," said Uncle Anson one day, scratching his head. He is an old-time farmer, now living with his married daughter in Boston town. He now tends the furnace in winter, mows the lawn in summer, sweeps up leaves in the autumn and fixes things up generally around the house in the spring-time. A happy soul and reminiscent of bygone days, he never questions the "modern notions" of his daughter, who has a strong personality and is a natural leader in social and club affairs. But though Uncle Anson remained silent while his daughter's friends declaimed on women's rights and the superiority of their sex, there was one thing that called forth his exclamation and made him say aloud, "How the world do move!"

One thing forbidden in the old New England days, from the descendants of the "embattled farmers" to the aristocracy under the sacred codfish, was the chewing of gum. Gum was a sweet morsel chewed in private—but it was not proper to be caught moving the jaws in public unless one talked or sang.

The manufacture of chewing gum was introduced by a shrewd Maine Yankee, who prepared in little sticks the gum of the spruce tree, long used by Northern settlers, appreciating the innate love of American boys and girls for something on which to center their nervous energy while compelled to sit quietly in school. The schoolmaster of the old days was obdurate, and furtively the forbidden dainty was plastered under the edge of the desk until the master's eye was focussed in another direction.

But now, as Uncle Anson said, "How the world do move!" Imagine a "chewing gum party" in staid Boston, among ladies of approved social standing. Sixteen ladies sat about the room and sixteen tongues discussed the latest news of woman's world. Sixteen little pink packages were meantime passed to sixteen guests, and in a few moments sixteen sticks of Wrigley's gum disappeared between sixteen pairs of dainty lips. Then followed pleasant serenity and comparative silence. When Uncle Anson unwittingly stumbled into the room, supposing it deserted, one can

scarcely imagine his awe. So his grammar should be overlooked. "How the world do move!"

That evening when the ladies had departed for a lecture and the house was still, Uncle Anson talked things over with his son-in-law. "I tell you," he exclaimed, "don't you think the fellow that invented that chewing gum was sure a wonder?"



WILLIAM WRIGLEY, JR.

The man who made Spearmint gum famous

That Wrigley gum jest makes you think of the clear, cold brooks and the mint beds down in the medder at home. Wrigley, Jr., cert'nly must 'a' understood human nater, for he knows how to make gum thet not only tastes right, but chews right in the bargain. Take an old feller like me, Henry, without his teeth, and you can see that it is gum against gum with

me. This Wrigley gum is jest stiff enough to keep my jaws goin' and jest wriggly enough to wriggle—as this man Wrigley I s'pose intended it should."

Now this may all seem apocryphal, but today at hotels, clubs, restaurants and even at social dinners and banquets it is considered quite as proper to offer chewing gum to a guest as confectionery or cigars. Even the doctors prescribe gum as soothing the nervous energy of the American people. Many a business man knows that he has drawn lighter on his cigar case or smoking tobacco because of that handy little piece of chewing gum.

And now that the ladies have decided it to be "the thing" to pass Wrigley's

in a practical way that does not consider the poetic side of the old oaken bucket.

"The getting of the water from the source of supply to the point of application requires more manual labor than any other item of housekeeping. The water for the kitchen has to be lifted from the well, carried to the kitchen, poured into a kettle, poured out of the kettle into the dishpan, and from the dishpan out of doors. This makes six times the water is handled; and a bucket of water containing two gallons, with the containing vessel, will weigh twenty pounds. When this is handled six times, the total lift is one hundred and twenty pounds. The cooking of three meals a day on a meagre



WHERE "SPEARMINT" IS MADE

The factories of the William Wrigley, Jr., Company, Chicago.

with the bonbons, after refreshments, people everywhere "buy it by the box" and keep it in the house as one of the standard household commissary supplies.

* * *

THE first step in the education of country girls should begin at home with the elimination of needless farm drudgery, insists President Joe Cook, of the Mississippi Normal School. No matter how good the rural school may be, it cannot help permanently in making life in the country attractive unless there goes with it the movement to lighten the labor of women on the farm. Attention is called to the fact that nine-tenths of their drudgery is due to antiquated methods of handling the water supply. He continues

allowance of water will necessitate ten buckets, which will make for cooking alone twelve hundred pounds of lifting per day. When to this is added the water necessary for bathing, scrubbing and the weekly wash, it will easily bring the lift per day up to a ton; and the lifting of a ton a day will take the elasticity out of a woman's step, the bloom out of her cheek and the enjoyment from her soul."

To eliminate this item of drudgery is easy, according to this authority. The farm is heir to modern invention: "An isolated farm can be supplied with a system of waterworks for an outlay of about \$500. These figures are for first-class porcelain-lined fixtures. Such a system, if intelligently planned, will eliminate much of the drudgery of the farm.

The Transition of an Indian Village

The Story of the City of Milwaukee

by W. C. Jenkins

AMONG metropolitan American municipalities there is none more interesting than Milwaukee, the metropolis of Wisconsin, a city that is always in the limelight for one reason or another, and a brief glance at its peculiarities and advantages cannot fail to be of more than passing interest.

One of the very first problems that baffled the early settlers was the orthography of the city's name, a question upon which much argument and research were expended. It was contended by many that "kie" was the French manner of writing the terminal syllable, and as stoutly claimed by others that "kee" was the original Indian word that should be adhered to. For many years one side of the town spelled it "kee" and the other side "kie." There is no means of settling this question, though common usage has made "kee" the fashion. The culmination of the early contention came when the office of an obstinate newspaper was broken into and the obnoxious "i" in the terminal feloniously abstracted from the heading of the paper, after which the sheet was compelled to appear with an extra "e."

Milwaukee's growth and the development of its industries afford the striking picture of the metamorphosis, within a period of seventy-five years, of an Indian village, with all its primitive trappings, into an important metropolitan city. It is safe to assume that natural advantages must have been improved with human energy and ingenuity of the highest type, and that man has grappled with the resources of nature, subjected them to his will and again demonstrated that mind has triumphed over matter.

The story of Milwaukee presents a few peculiarities in its transition from village to city. Time and the march of civilization show that climatic and physical conditions determine the abode of man. The

Indians located a village where Milwaukee now stands because the rolling lands, fertile valleys and three rivers emptying into Lake Michigan made an attractive as well as comfortable site. The rolling lands protected the village against the fierce blasts from the north, the forest provided game and fuel and the lake great supplies of fish and wild rice.

After the Indian had covered his body and furnished his wigwam, he had no use for the surplus animal skins; but one day Solomon Juneau, a Canadian Frenchman, came to buy furs, and this visit marks the beginning of commerce in Milwaukee. But Juneau remained, induced other white men to locate there, and became the leader of the village, its first chairman, and when the place assumed the attributes of a city, was chosen its first mayor. The French had designated the spot where the white man should thrive; later the Yankee came to give it commercial momentum; the Germans in the forties and fifties supplied the great bulk of population, and eventually the Irish arrived to give color and zest to its political activities. Now the great family of four hundred thousand souls harbored within the limits of the city represent every European race.

The predominance of the German element, together with the peculiarly liberal spirit of the entire population have produced conditions which must be interesting to the student in civics and in social problems. The city, for instance, maintains over two thousand saloons that are under no enforced restrictions to close for one single hour in the year. And yet the statistics show a minimum of drunkenness, vice and crime. A public sense of decency, and not ordinances or laws, closes them at a reasonable hour. A drunken man on the streets in Milwaukee is a rare sight. The chances are that the derelict is not a native, but a stranger who has come in

for a good time and has thus abused the liberal standards of the people.

The city administration was for many years of an intensely partisan character, alternating between Democratic and Republican control, until two years ago, when the non-partisan idea was adopted in order to defeat the Socialists who had held it for one term. Albeit the Socialistic sentiment strongly pervades Milwaukee, the city has been remarkably free from labor troubles.

An erroneous opinion has gone forth regarding the political complexion of Milwaukee. While the Socialists carried the municipal election in 1910 it was with the aid of Democrats and Republicans who were dissatisfied with the existing order of things, but who have since gone back to their respective political affiliations.

THE average workingman in Milwaukee owns his own home, is conservative in character and not fond of strikes. He wants steady employment and good government, and cares less for labor "hurrahs" and party success than he does for order and stability in the life of the community.

It is interesting to look at the map and study the cities and villages located on the east and west shores of Lake Michigan. The cities located on the Wisconsin side are uniformly much larger in population and commercial importance than are those on the Michigan side, and when it is also remembered that Milwaukee has grown up within the shadow of a world city like Chicago, has held its prestige and identity and enlarged itself steadily each year, there must be special reasons for the result. There were many natural advantages, it is true: a fine harbor at its door and a fertile agricultural land to the west. But there was more; there were men of provision and imagination, constructive ability and energy, who saw opportunities and utilized them. They toiled intelligently as well as with vigor and thrift. It is doubtful if any city can show so large an amount of home-created wealth; of fortunes made in the city by native sons who started with nothing.

Milwaukee is a huge factory town and as such has chiefly gained its growth. Its population is industrial rather than com-

mercial. It has manifested a genius for invention and the mechanic arts, and its products are noted for diversity as well as volume.

Every Milwaukeean takes pride in the quality of the city's hop and malt product, but he would inform you that the brewing of beer is not the leading industry in his home town. While beer holds an important place in the list of products, it is, nevertheless, fourth in value of annual output. The four leading industries range as follows:

Iron, steel and heavy machinery	\$37,783,943
Packed meats	27,350,000
Leather	26,185,228
Beer and malt tonics	22,885,681

There are 3,068 manufacturing plants in Milwaukee, and 120,000 employees, with an annual payroll of \$80,000,000. The capital employed amounts to \$260,566,996, and the total value of the products is \$388,219,278. These figures cover the year 1912 and will exceed this in 1913.

Among the causes that gave impetus and momentum to the industrial development of Milwaukee, much is due to the temper and fiber of the founders of the leading manufacturing plants: men of character, who breathed their honor and integrity into their goods and stood for quality first and made price a secondary consideration.

They thus created a prestige and reputation which inured to the benefit of their successors and to the general manufacturing interests of the city. The example they set has become an asset. Coupled with this fact it should be stated that the population of Milwaukee was well adapted to industrial pursuits. It enabled the manufacturer to draw his help from a sober, industrious and skilled labor constituency.

Although Milwaukee gains its economic vitality chiefly from its factories, its general commerce and shipping interests have developed to a degree that commands attention. The jobbing and wholesale interests have grown steadily from year to year, notwithstanding the strong competition of Chicago and other trade centers of the Middle and North West. The total wholesale and jobbing trade for 1912 reached the sum of \$447,150,000. The cereals received were valued at \$37,-

000,000, and the produce sales aggregated \$12,000,000. The territory covered by the jobbing trade has been materially extended, and while this is mainly in the Northwest, some lines are shipped as far west as the Pacific Coast and as far south as Louisiana, while a good trade is enjoyed even in the east.

The fact that Milwaukee has an outlet to the west via two great transcontinental railway lines and to the east by means of the Great Lakes places it in a commanding position from a transportation point of view. Again, as to rates from the east, the city is practically on a par with Chicago. Her shipping facilities give Milwaukee cheap transportation of heavy raw materials in the way of iron, lumber, fuel, etc., all of which come mainly via the water routes. Her Lake Michigan car ferry service is a valuable factor in connecting the eastern railways with those running west from the Wisconsin shore, enabling the roads to transport freight from the East to northwestern and Canadian points without going through the congested and complicated railroad systems centering at Chicago, besides materially shortening the mileage between the East and West.

Milwaukee's advantageous location on the Great Lakes has materially increased land and water route traffic. The tonnage of freight transferred from land to water routes and vice versa has grown fully fifty per cent in ten years and will this year exceed nine millions of tons.

As a coal-receiving port it is the largest on the Great Lakes. In 1912 the coal receipts were five million tons. This year the tonnage is increased by one million. While large quantities are consumed for manufacturing purposes, a large proportion of the coal received is distributed throughout the west and northwest.

The population of Milwaukee has for many years steadily increased about ten thousand each year, and with the stability and momentum of its industrial, commercial and shipping interests is bound to increase at a larger rate in the future. The natural topography of the city has been wisely utilized, the valleys being given over to commerce and industry and the elevated

areas used as residential districts. The lake frontage opening on a bay which is said to be as beautiful as that of Naples, is reserved for the people.

The city maintains a good public school system, has a large number of well-conducted private and parochial schools, supports a university and other institutions of higher learning. Its government is progressive, maintaining the best police, fire and sanitary protection, providing natatoriums, bathing beaches, playgrounds, parks and park concerts; in brief, looking after the safety, comfort and pleasure of its whole people. The city is destined to grow numerically, commercially, industrially, educationally and morally. It will advance in physical beauty, in prosperity and contentment and continue to occupy a high place in the list of progressive American cities.

Milwaukee's public utility affairs are of peculiar interest in that they have passed through every phase of that uncertainty and difficulty which characterize the history of the most successful American corporations. It has not been a continuous day of sunshine for the men who boldly invested money in public utility enterprises in Milwaukee; nor have they experienced the failures and losses which form a part of the history of similar enterprises in many cities. From the very beginning the Milwaukee companies have been guided by men of exceptional ability and clear foresight; and while it cannot be said that there exists a public utility Utopia in that city, conditions are far better than in the average American municipality.

A study of street railway and lighting conditions in Milwaukee is to a great extent a study of conditions which prevail throughout this country. The Milwaukee conditions are selected for analysis because of the willingness of the management of the railway and lighting company to furnish without hesitancy all information pertaining to the system in that city. But the records show the same promotion methods, the same kind of organization, the same periods of experiment and uncertainty and the same contention with politicians that have existed in practically every American city of importance. That these questions have been and are being

solved better in Milwaukee than in most cities is due, as before stated, to the character of the men at the head of the corporations.

It is not possible to give details of the early history of the first consolidations of street railways, rich as they are in the interest of progress, momentous as were their results for the future. The first event of particular importance was consummated by Henry Villard, who took a strong interest in electric lighting and was one of the first stockholders and a director of the original Edison Light Company which had acquired the patents for the incandescent lamp. His faith in the incalculable value of the invention was so great that he did not dispose of his holdings even when his shares (par value \$100, only thirty per cent paid in) rose to \$4,000.

Mr. Villard was a firm believer from the outset in the availability of electricity as a motive power for transportation. Just as he was the first to introduce an electric light plant on an ocean steamer, so it was under his presidency of the Edison Company that electric and other railroads obtained considerable development. He was also convinced that the certain progress in the art of using the electric current for power and traction purposes would sooner or later lead to its substitution for steam, even in factories and on railroads; and as early as January, 1892, he convened a conference of electrical and railroad experts in New York to consider the problem of operating terminal lines of steam railroads by electricity.

The practicability of the plan was at that time not generally recognized, but the growth of electric traction has confirmed his theories. During his presidency of the Edison General Electric Company it acquired all the street railway lines in Milwaukee and immediately changed them from animal to electric power. He also consolidated them with the local electric lighting interests into one corporation, resulting for the first time in the United States in the distribution of electrical energy for light, power and traction purposes from one central station. This combination has since grown into one of the largest and most successful in this country.

The advantages to the public of such a unified system of public utilities under one management have been demonstrated in Milwaukee and may be briefly mentioned as follows:

The ability of such a company to command capital, not only for the original investment in property of the best type and of adequate capacity for the needs of the community, but also for all necessary additions and betterments, and the extension of facilities. Superiority of the service furnished; the maintenance of the property in the best possible physical condition; the economy and efficiency of operation possible; the development and extension of the business, to keep pace with the industrial, commercial, civic and social needs of the community. This is a duty every public utility company assumes and must discharge to the satisfaction of the community it serves, to the end that the advantages of the service may be placed within the reach of the greatest number.

It is difficult to measure or express in dollars and cents the savings which The Milwaukee Electric Railway and Light Company may effect, because of the unified ownership and operation of the public utilities under one management, nor the extent to which the public of Milwaukee and its surrounding territory benefits thereby.

PRIOR to the consolidation of the various railway lines in the city of Milwaukee under one ownership and management, the longest ride possible in the city for one fare, five cents, was approximately four miles, one and a quarter cents per mile. The longest ride possible in 1913 for one fare, four cents, is over twenty-two miles, less than two-tenths of one cent per mile.

The saving of one cent on each ride in the year 1912, on the basis of a four-cent fare, as compared with a five-cent fare, prior to the unified ownership and operation of the public utilities under the management of The Milwaukee Electric Railway and Light Company, would be equivalent, for the year 1912, for the entire population served, to \$966,074, or about \$2.50 per capita.

The extension of the company's railway

lines in the opening up of new territory in different portions of the city, as well as the outlying districts for factories and homes, thereby improving the working and living conditions of the people, reduces the congestion in the downtown factory and tenement districts and adds enormously to the taxable value of property and the taxes paid thereon. This is a particularly important point in view of the agitation for better working and housing conditions for the laboring classes. The company has always made extensions in advance of the people. The people have followed the extensions—the extensions have not followed the people.

With the enormous electric power-generating facilities and an adequate and reliable distribution system, which a company operating a unified system of public utilities under one management possesses, it is able, because of the economies possible in the generation and distribution of electrical energy, for its railway system and its electric light and power system to furnish electric power for all purposes more economically than it can be produced by individual private plants, thereby saving the investment of large sums of money, relieving manufacturers of the waste and worries incident to the operation of independent plants, and insuring practically an unlimited supply of cheap power for industrial purposes. This is an important factor and of vital consequence to the industrial and commercial interests of any community in these days of keen competition, which necessitates low production and distribution costs. The same holds true with respect to a municipality owning and operating an electric light plant for the purpose of lighting the streets of a city. This was demonstrated quite recently in Milwaukee, when the Common Council of the city of Milwaukee asked the Railroad Commission of Wisconsin to make an investigation and report on what it would cost the city of Milwaukee to light the streets by making a contract for the service with The Milwaukee Electric Railway and Light Company, as compared with what the cost would be if the city did its own street lighting.

After an exhaustive study of the situation, the Railroad Commission of Wisconsin

found that the city could purchase service from The Milwaukee Electric Railway and Light Company for nearly four thousand lamps of the most modern type at a cost equivalent to \$62.25 per lamp per annum, as compared with a cost of \$75.11 per lamp per annum if the city did its own street lighting. This difference of \$12.86 per lamp per annum would not only cost the taxpayers of the city of Milwaukee \$46,873 per annum, but would require a bond issue of approximately \$1,500,000 in order to provide for the construction of an electric light plant and the necessary distribution system and equipment.

MILWAUKEE, like most other cities in this country, finds pressing need for many municipal improvements which can only be furnished by the city itself. Therefore, it would be poor business policy for the city to invest \$1,500,000 in an electric light plant at the present time, even if it were estimated that it could furnish the service at less than it could be purchased. But since it would cost \$46,873 more per year, and when it is understood that the city is about to undertake the installation of a sewerage system, estimated to cost \$15,000,000, the absurdity of a municipal lighting undertaking under present conditions becomes doubly manifest.

One-half of the population of this country live in cities of over 8,000 inhabitants and in every one of these cities public utility service is a vital necessity. In effect, every lighting, railway and telephone company partakes of the nature of a monopoly, and obnoxious as the word may appear, this condition cannot be successfully eliminated. In hundreds of places competition has been tried and combination, either approved or tacit, has always been the result. It is now quite generally recognized that the best results for the public come from a clear recognition of these monopolistic conditions, safeguarded by proper and fair regulation by utility commissions.

Despite the evident advantages of centralized control and management there are disadvantages in a consolidation of public utility companies, and these have been felt in Milwaukee. When at times

a disagreement arose over traction affairs the feeling against the Company was reflected to some extent in its lighting affairs. In other words, development of the electric lighting branch has always been easier when there was no contention over traction matters.

In the early stages of public utility operation, the companies were continually confronted with new problems that required not only large capital but men of broad perspective in their resolution. In the case of electric lighting a new agency was bidding for recognition. It was utterly unknown as a commercial quantity; it required new machinery of many degrees of imperfection and uncertainty; the cost of operation, depreciation and the risks were unsettled and the engineering requirements were very indefinite. Then again public opinion was not sufficiently crystalized through adequate discussion and experience to properly encourage those who boldly invested their money in such a hazardous undertaking.

It is stated that over eighty per cent of the fares collected on the Milwaukee street cars is paid in commutation tickets; less than one person in five pays a five-cent fare. Such general use of commutation tickets has reduced the average cash fare received by the company to four and one-quarter cents. The use of transfers reduces the revenue per passenger carried to approximately three and one-fifth cents.

It has been conclusively demonstrated that the effect of the introduction of commutation tickets does not necessarily increase the riding habit of the public using street railway transportation in the city of Milwaukee. The increase has resulted from other conditions, which have a marked effect on street railway traffic, principally industrial conditions, growth of the city, changes in social conditions and increased street railway facilities.

With the introduction of commutation tickets, in 1900, when the company sold six tickets for twenty-five cents, and twenty-five tickets for one dollar, good only between the hours of 5:30 and 8:00 A. M., and 5:00 and 7:00 P. M., as compared with the straight five-cent cash fare, prior to 1900, the average rides per capita per annum increased from 120 in 1899 to only

134 in 1900, an increase of fourteen, as compared with an increase of ten in 1899 over 1898, with a five-cent cash fare. It is also shown that the average rides per capita per annum in the year 1905, with the commutation tickets good during the entire twenty-four hours of the day, was 179, an increase over 1904 of nineteen, increasing to 195 in 1906, an increase of sixteen over 1905.

The men who are now operating electric street railway systems have learned all they know about the business within thirty years. Previous to the early eighties electric railway traction was unknown. To street railway men the past thirty years have been a period of experiments and difficulties. Many fortunes have been lost and even now the business is more or less uncertain. If the general public could better understand the difficulties encountered there would be less demand for regulation and reduction in fares.

TIME and again the management of the Milwaukee Company has endeavored to show the people of that city that the company's interests and those of the city are identical—that each should desire the street railway service to be the best that is practicable. The Company's attitude seems to show that all it desires in every contention is a thorough study of the situation in a spirit of fairness and mutual confidence; then it will cheerfully abide by the result.

Street railway traffic differs from other forms of the utility business, such as electric lighting, or gas, in that it does not respond to reduction in rates, because street railway riding arises largely from a necessity for transportation, whereas a reduction in electric lighting or gas rates opens up a wider field for the use of those utilities. Street railway traffic is more like the water business.

The Glasgow Corporation Tramways, a street railway system, is often referred to by advocates of municipal ownership when low fares are under discussion. There are elements in the Glasgow situation, however, that are either not understood or purposely avoided by municipal ownership enthusiasts. For instance, while the average revenue per passenger

carried in Glasgow is approximately two cents, the price of the rides is about one cent a mile, or about seventy-two per cent of the average rate in Milwaukee. The rate of wages paid by the Glasgow Company is about one-half of that paid to the conductors and motormen in Milwaukee, and the standards of wages of other labor are in similar proportions. The Glasgow Company serving three times the population served by the Milwaukee Electric Railway and Light Company has only about forty per cent more trackage than the Milwaukee Company and operates less than twice the number of cars. The type of cars operated in the city of Glasgow would not be looked on with favor on the streets of Milwaukee.

IN an excellent paper read before the American Electric Railway Association at Atlantic City, the author said: "Writing at the beginning of our electric traction industry, Edward E. Higgins, one of the pioneers of this Association, gave the assurance in his book on 'Street Railway Investments' that 'the municipal transportation industry in the United States is intrinsically profitable.' One of the noteworthy reasons assigned for this statement was the following commentary upon the American public:

"The average American is careless of small economies. He has not time to 'split the nickel,' he despises a penny and in some parts of the country will throw it away; he will willingly pay five cents to save three minutes in a half mile ride, and he will doubtless be the same man fifty years hence.

"Both of these predictions have not been realized. The citizens of many of our municipalities, whatever their extravagances along other lines, have not hesitated to attempt small economies in car fare and have demanded an addition to length of ride which is no longer measured by the half mile. This, with the rising cost of labor, material, injuries and damages, and the increase in taxes and municipal burdens, has led to the general conclusion by many investors that the traction business is intrinsically unprofitable."

The Milwaukee Electric Railway and Light Company handles daily a total num-

ber of passengers almost equal to the entire population of the city, an immense task, particularly when at least forty per cent of the day's business must be done in the "rush hour" periods of the morning and evening. In other words, two-fifths of the passengers carried in the twenty-four hours must be handled in about three hours.

"In the good old times," when a light, animal-drawn vehicle was operated on a strap rail, the five-cent piece was adopted as a reasonable compensation for a ride. When this standard of rate was fixed, the horse car lines consisted of two, three, and in no known instance in excess of four, miles. In those days the people believed they were getting great value for their nickel. Under the changing conditions the five-cent piece, in the hands of a patron of the street railway company, has constantly experienced a greater purchasing power, while in the hands of the company, its value has continually grown less, in consequence of the greatly increased cost of labor, material and supplies and capital and the higher standards of service and equipment demanded by the public.

That street railway fares in many American cities must be increased or some limit placed on the service furnished for a given fare, is the unanimous judgment of street railway men who have given the subject serious consideration, as many have been compelled to do on account of inadequacy of receipts to meet expenses. The deficiency in net earnings cannot be made up by any further reduction in operating costs. Every economy that practical skill and experience can devise has been applied, and much saving has resulted; but the amount saved has been more than offset by the higher cost of labor, material and capital. It would not be popular or expedient to reduce wages, and the only alternative seems to be to increase the price of the service rendered. While it has been suggested that the transfer system might be abolished, or the European zone system of fares adopted, or a reduction in taxes granted, ability to make both ends meet and yet provide extension of facilities as they are from time to time required must come through a proper system of fares.

There are few, if any, street railway systems of any importance in this country that have been so free from consolidations, reorganizations and changes in ownership as The Milwaukee System. Hence there has been a minimum of over-capitalization, watered stock and costly legal entanglements. Since the early consolidation of the horse car lines in Milwaukee the railway properties have been operated by the same corporate ownership. The owners have always had faith in the city and in the railway and electric lighting properties, and no better evidence of their sincerity can be shown than the fact that since January 1st, 1910, the company has spent about \$6,500,000 in new cars, new tracks, power stations, car stations and feeders.

Every progressive street railway utility builds ahead of the growth of population. In order to do so, the company must have confidence in the growth of the municipality and also in the people. This faith cannot be promoted if legislation or regulation impose upon the company conditions that are both impracticable and burdensome. Without new money no street railway company can make extensions that are necessary in growing cities; and new money cannot be obtained if there is a spirit of hostility and animosity on the part of the people.

It is somewhat remarkable that great public utility corporations can at certain periods command admiration and respect, and at another period be the objects of severe criticism and abuse. Is it the fault of the corporation or the people? Students of public utility affairs cannot fail to observe that much of the ill feeling towards a corporation is the result of arrogance and indifference at the helm. Oftentimes it is difficult to get any consideration whatever, the management asserting that the company understands its business; and when trouble occurs the corporation undertakes to shield itself behind what it terms vested rights. There are, however, public utility men who have won a wonderful success in their field, but their success was founded on qualities and methods above and outside of their professional skill and abilities. Their success is notable, but the way in which they achieved it

reveals the traits which have compelled the admiration and won the confidence of those who in days gone by seemed to be confirmed in their hostility to public service corporations and all concerned in them. The Milwaukee Electric Railway and Light Company is today run by the most singularly frank, fair-minded business men—men who cherish at all times those high ideals of public service which, according to general belief, are rarely found in business and most rarely in a servant of a public service corporation. These men invite just criticism; they seek out the weak spots, meet the people who have complaints eagerly, cordially, honestly, rectify errors with the utmost alacrity, remove defects the instant they are pointed out and declare by word and act that they recognize to the full not merely their duty to their corporation, but their obligation to the public which they are trying with all their ability to serve.

THE present policy of the management of The Milwaukee Electric Railway and Light Company is the policy that public utility men must adopt whether they want to or not. The whole nation is now demanding that the corporations and public utilities shall adopt a higher and better standard of service to the public and in the methods of fulfilling the trust due to investors. In a sense the owners and managers of the Milwaukee property are pioneers. They have adopted this simple plan by intuition and because they can do no other way; and not the least impressive of their work is the spectacle of an army of employees declaring with solemn earnestness that they do not consider their work a "mere job," but they will perform their duties to the public in the spirit that animates their management. Human beings are not mere machines, but living creatures who must feel the touch and power of a personality; and when a personality lives and practices high ideals in public service functions, it blesses those with whom it comes in contact like a benediction after prayer.

The Milwaukee citizens who best appreciate the street railway service of that city are those who travel. It is doubtful if there is a traction company in the United

States whose cars present a cleaner and better appearance than do the Milwaukee cars. A single truck passenger car is never seen in the business district, and a shabby, dilapidated car is never brought into service. It is no wonder that hostility towards traction companies exists in many cities. The people are often compelled to lower their heads in humiliation when primitive and obsolete street cars roll through the business districts, and it is not strange that feelings of anger are engendered. But this is not the case in Milwaukee, as one of the greatest tributes to the enterprise and prosperity of that city is the excellence of its street car service.

Physically, as in all other respects, the street railway system of Milwaukee is in excellent condition and is today regarded as an ideal American public utility. Great improvements have been made during the last few years and the management asserts that the work will go merrily on. There is no light, inadequate rail in Milwaukee. Whatever existed in the early days of street railway travel, has been discarded and material of the most modern design substituted.

There has been a marked improvement in the character of the Milwaukee motormen and conductors during the past few years. This has been freely commented upon by the people and has had considerable influence in creating a better sentiment toward the company. Courtesy and civility on the part of the motormen and conductors are prime factors that influence success in traction matters, and in this respect the citizens of Milwaukee are certainly entitled to congratulations.

The excellence of the car routing system of Milwaukee, recently greatly improved through the construction of tracks under new franchises, is an object of considerable interest to operators of street railroads. In many cities practically every line is the outgrowth of political influences, reorganizations and consolidations and oftentimes they possess conditions not common with those of other lines so that satisfactory routing is impossible. Milwaukee has been free from these perplexing conditions.

Any street railway system is one of the greatest and most important institutions

of its city and as much a part of the municipality as are the streets and buildings. It is less than half a century ago that the people were compelled to rely upon slow-going omnibuses, stage-coaches, cabs, or their own private conveyances to go from one place to another. Milwaukee can proudly boast that its traction problem has been solved in a most satisfactory manner. It certainly reflects great credit upon the members of the city government who have contributed to the solution.

How much lighter would be the burden of a street railway utility if the business men and property owners would sit down calmly and do a little figuring. Let the merchants in the retail districts figure the benefits resulting from the easy method by which the residents of remote parts of the city can be brought to their stores; let the manufacturers stop for a moment and reflect that for an insignificant amount their employees can be carried to houses far from the congestion and discomforts of the factory district; and let the real estate owners contemplate the thousands of dollars which have flown in their direction through channels dug by the street railway company. It often happens that a street railway system, while traveling at a rapid rate towards a receivership, is making fortunes for real estate and other business men; but such is the eternal unfitness of things.

THE operation of the whole street railway system in Milwaukee is regulated by time schedules, which often becomes difficult on account of the interruption caused by the continual opening of bridges. Few street railway systems have such bridge difficulties to contend with as are encountered by the Milwaukee Company. Then, again, many of the Milwaukee streets on which there is most travel are very narrow, and this, coupled with the fact that vehicle owners and drivers do not at all times give consideration to the traffic needs of the street cars, results in many vexatious delays.

Public utility companies allied with The Milwaukee Electric Railway and Light Company perform the electric lighting, gas and street railway business in Racine, Kenosha and Watertown, and

operate interurban lines from Milwaukee to Racine and Kenosha and from Milwaukee to East Troy and Burlington, and from Milwaukee to Waukesha, Oconomowoc and Watertown. By this arrangement the cities mentioned are receiving public utility service of the very best character at the minimum of cost, as a consequence of the local systems being a part of the comprehensive group of public service corporations with ample finances and in possession of the best engineering skill.

Electric power for the operation of the street railway, the interurban roads and the electric lighting system is generated principally at the Commerce Street Station, supplemented by smaller plants in the city of Milwaukee; also a plant at Racine and another at Kenosha, besides a supply received from the Kilbourn Hydro-Electric Plant, the latter being delivered to the transmission lines at Watertown.

The Cold Springs Shops of the Company which were completed in the fall of 1911, are modern in every respect and afford ample facilities for properly maintaining the rolling stock. Sixty new cars have been added to the system during this year. In 1911, one hundred new cars were added and in 1912 over three hundred cars were modernized.

In the latter part of the year 1910 The Milwaukee Electric Railway and Light Company installed a standard rate for electric service, thereby making the charges more equitable than would be possible under increment rate schedules. Under the standard rate, the cost of electric service to the majority of the Company's customers was less, but the increment rate schedule, providing for a rate of charge from twelve cents to four cents per kilowatt hour for lighting and from eight cents to three cents for power retained, the Company voluntarily applying to each monthly bill the rate schedule which would produce the lowest charge to the customer. The electric service rate adopted by the Company was later ordered as uniform in the City of Milwaukee and has been adopted as a pattern by many electric lighting corporations throughout the country.

The standard rate, then new, materially reduced the cost of electric service to

commercial and residence lighting customers, particularly long hour users, in some instances as much as fifty per cent. Large power users were also very much benefited. The Company secured power contracts from large manufacturing industries, department stores, hotels, mills and other power users, many of whom were operating their own plants for the generation of electric current. It is interesting to note that the cost of the electric service furnished the 22,606 customers in the year 1912, aggregating 44,937,261 kilowatt hours of electric current sold, was less than four cents per kilowatt hour, the exact figures being 3.768 cents.

Some of the distinctive features of the new standard rate were: A special rate for "limited of off-peak service," by which is meant that the service is not to be used during certain months of the year between the hours of 4:30 P. M. and 7:00 P. M.; a special rate for 10-7 service," that is, service only during the hours between 10:00 P. M. and 7:00 A. M., intended especially for charging electric vehicles with energy; the primary and secondary charge for residence lighting service, the primary charge being based on an estimated consumption for each active room and the furnishing of free lamp renewals or giving the customers the privilege of supplying their own lamps. Two voluntary reductions in its schedule of rates for electric service were made since the installation of the standard rate, September 1, 1910. These reductions were justified by the increase in the number of customers and the increased use of the service.

The result of the energetic campaign during the past three years may best be shown by the following figures:

	1913	1912	1911	1910
Miles of Wire				
Cables.....	2,216	1,908	1,453	1,034
Electric Service				
Customers....	19,657	16,352	11,611	8,233
Electric				
Meters.....	21,085	18,137	14,304	10,864
Electric Current Sold				
Kilowatt Hours	3,926,308	3,126,805	2,407,342	1,740,270

A LEADING New York banker recently stated that the capital requirements of central stations during the past five years have been \$900,000,000 or an average of \$180,000,000 a year. With a broader field opened up for electrical energy as a

result of agricultural demands, electrification of steam railway terminals and the continued growth of street railway and interurban systems, it is not difficult to see a demand for at least \$400,000,000 new capital each year for the next five years. This means that from some source \$8,000,000 new capital must be obtained each week by the electrical companies of this country. In view of this fact the efforts of certain politicians to intimidate capital by rates which if granted would ultimately end in confiscation, cannot be too strongly condemned. One of the most important questions which confronts the financiers of this country today is, "Will the state public utility commissioners pander to the politicians or will they encourage and protect these large investments?"

THE Wisconsin Public Utility Commission, which has generally been regarded as among the leading commissions of this country, was originally a steam railroad commission. Later its functions of supervision were extended to street railway, electric light, gas, telephone and water companies. It is conceded that the Wisconsin commissioners are men of marked ability whose desire is to treat all concerned fairly and many decisions have been made that have established precedents throughout the country.

Depreciation is recognized as one of the elements constituting the cost of service which must be paid for by the users thereof; it must be reckoned with and provided for the same as wages of employees. This principle is laid down not only by public utility commissions and the laws under which they act but it is also recognized by all well-managed public utility companies. The Milwaukee Electric Railway and Light Company has been a pioneer in the matter of recognizing and providing for depreciation. Since January 1, 1898, depreciation has been provided for in the accounts and finances of the company.

It is with hope rather than with confidence that many interurban railway companies expect to overcome serious financial difficulties which will shortly confront them. The business has not shown the profits which were predicted by the promoters; in fact, there has developed a

wide difference between anticipation and realization. A recent analysis of the interurban line operated by the Milwaukee Light, Heat and Traction Company brought to the surface some startling figures. After providing a fair allowance for operating expenses and depreciation, the earnings of the Milwaukee-Watertown Line are about 3.6 per cent return on the tangible property, excluding any allowance for the development of the business or accrued deficits in operation and using the value of the physical property as determined by the engineering staff of the State Public Utility Commission. Under the same conditions, the earnings of the Milwaukee-Racine-Kenosha Line have not exceeded three per cent upon construction cost. The Milwaukee-East Troy and Burlington Lines have earned little more than operating expenses and depreciation. These conditions find a counterpart in hundreds of interurban lines in this country and they do not inspire confidence among investors. With many opportunities for investment in industrial enterprises that will produce stable returns of ten per cent it is not strange that the current of capital which flows into the interurban railway business is at the present time decidedly sluggish in its nature. The day will soon come when there must be a readjustment of passenger rates so that they will bear a more just relation to the cost and value of the service rendered.

Despite the work for safety the careless auto driver is adding largely to the burdens of accident. The collisions caused by such careless drivers is adding to the expense, but the policy of the company to promptly settle all legitimate claims is recognized by the public to such an extent that in cases which reach the courts, jurors do not permit prejudice to influence their decisions and awards but act upon the evidence produced, a fact proved by the many instances where the juries have made awards no greater than the amount offered by the company in settlement.

The consideration which The Milwaukee Electric Railway and Light Company manifests towards its employees seems to show them that they are regarded as more than mere cogs in the machine. It is this spirit on the part of the public utility manage-

ment that arrests the attention of fair-minded people and it serves to encourage loyalty and enthusiasm among the men. It would be difficult to find in any American city a higher degree of intelligence among street railway employees than may be found in Milwaukee, and nowhere is more courtesy to patrons of a public utility shown, a marked improvement in which has been noticed during the last few years. Here the street railway industry has tried out the most important and comprehensive of employees' welfare of "Safety First" movements. The Mutual Benefit Association, Employees' Loan Fund without interest, Pension or Service Annuity system, Employees' sports, entertainments and dances, in full working order have proved of great interest to the social worker. There seems to be nothing which the company can do for its employees which is too much trouble. It accepted the provisions of the Wisconsin Workmen's Compensation Act as soon as the law became effective, and is now trying to develop a proper basis of profit-sharing between the employees and the corporation. It appears to be its ambition to have the best paid and most efficient body of employees in the world.

The Company occupies the handsome Public Service Building, a stone and steel structure completed in 1906, which covers an entire block of land. It is used as the interurban terminal, practically the entire first floor being used by that service, and by the general offices of the Company. In it are the club rooms used for recreation, education and welfare work of the employees. There are well-fitted bath-rooms, bowling alley, library with a branch of the public library, assembly rooms, a large auditorium where are held dramatic entertainments and concerts, and where indoor baseball is played, and the billiard room. The talent at the entertainments is furnished by the employees' dramatic club and the music by the employees' band and orchestra. There are also recreational facilities at the shops and car stations.

Despite the activities of the officers of the Company along these lines, the visitor at their offices finds them with no great rush of work on hand and with desks containing relatively few papers; and later learns that the public utility industries throughout the country before attempting to solve their individual problems desire to know how the same problem has been solved in Milwaukee.

THE LIFE OF LIFE

YOUTH is the time for visions,
 Youth is the time for love,
 Youth is the time for dreams, dear,
 And youth is the time to prove
 Issues for life availing,
 Or valueless for the strife,
 Youth has no time for wailing,
 For youth is the life of life.

Youth holds the crown and sceptre,
 Life's beaker with beady brim
 Filled with divinest nectar
 Where destiny's stars may swim
 And youth is the time of sowing
 For harvests of love or strife,
 And youth is the time for knowing
 That youth is the life of life.

—Rollin J. Wells.

How "Cold Storage" Was Begun

DURING the past few years since cold storage interests have been the objects of bitter attacks, there have come to the front a few men who understand the science of refrigeration and who have been willing to preach the gospel of cold storage whenever occasion demanded; and among these advocates of the proper conservation of foodstuffs there has been no more conspicuous figure than Theodore O. Vilter of Milwaukee.

There are men who, without any practical knowledge of modern refrigeration, have undertaken to make assertions concerning the ease of perishable foodstuffs, which Mr. Vilter has boldly challenged, and this has brought his name into prominence in various parts of the country.

It is very apparent that there are few subjects upon which more legislative ignorance has been manifested during the past few years than cold storage. It is not intended in this article to discuss the subject of refrigeration, but rather to throw some sidelights on the man who is devoting so much time and money to acquaint the people with the important factor which cold storage warehouses will necessarily prove in reducing the high cost of living if encouraged and protected by proper laws.

A government report is authority for the statement that the estimated receipts in cold storage during one year amounted, in round numbers, to 131,000,000 pounds of fresh beef, 20,000,000 pounds of fresh mutton, 176,000,000 pounds of fresh pork, 157,000,000 pounds of butter and 10,000,000 cases of eggs. It appears that three and one-tenth per cent of a year's production of fresh beef, commercial slaughter, goes into cold storage. Of the farm and factory production of butter during the year, nearly ten per cent goes into cold storage. These figures show the immense importance of the industry.

Theodore O. Vilter is president of The Vilter Manufacturing Company of Milwaukee, Wis., builders of ice-making and refrigerating machinery, and improved Corliss engines and machinery for bottlers.

It may be charged that he has a selfish interest in advancing the cause of refrigeration, which to some extent is true, but on the other hand Mr. Vilter is sincere in his opinions and also possesses expert knowledge. Then again, everybody knows that Theodore Vilter is honest. He has been successful as a manufacturer, has gained the confidence of men engaged in refrigeration, and is held in the highest esteem by his fellow-citizens.

A spirit of self-reliance, as exhibited in the energetic action of individuals, has at all times formed a marked feature of American character and furnishes the true measure of our power as a nation. A valuable example of the efficiency of self-help, when accompanied by untiring industry and integrity, is found in the life of Theodore O. Vilter. It shows that the inevitable law of destiny accords to tireless energy and industry a successful career.

* * *

The success of Mr. Vilter is of special interest in this free America of ours, which often allows a young man as opportunities nothing save his own will to aid him to win success. Many a youth from foreign shores has landed here without money or influential friends, and worked his way up to a position of prominence and wealth, and there are few more pronounced instances of this character than may be shown in the career of Theodore Vilter.

The business of which Mr. Vilter is now the head started with one lathe, one drill press and a blacksmith shop and was founded by Mr. Peter Weisel in 1867. On October 26, 1874, at a time when the entire force consisted of four men and three boys, Mr. Theodore Vilter started in the business as an apprentice. The institution was then doing repair work for the breweries of Milwaukee and building pumps and small slide valve engines. In those days it was the duty of the blacksmith not only to strike when the iron was hot, but also to fire the boiler and attend to the engine. On Sundays Mr. Vilter took the engine apart and put it together again. He took measurements and made plans

of it, and this assisted him when, after he had served one term as an apprentice he took a course in mathematics and drawing in a private school. He was not in a position to take a college course, and so he is in every respect a "self-made man."

Having completed his apprentice course, Mr. Vilter went out on the road setting up machinery, and in 1878 his father became interested in the business. The firm was then called Weisel and Vilter. Shortly after the firm was incorporated and the name changed to the Weisel & Vilter Manufacturing Company, and young Theodore received a couple of shares of stock in the concern.

The business developed rapidly until October 28, 1892, when the entire plant was burnt out in the big Milwaukee fire of that date. The location of the plant was then moved two miles further south, where five acres of ground had been purchased, to which additional property has been added, making the total acreage at present something over nine acres. Today the institution employs between eight hundred and nine hundred men, and the plant is running night and day.

The business grew slowly at the start, the output being confined to Milwaukee, but very shortly it developed into an institution doing work throughout the state of Wisconsin. In 1884 Theodore Vilter closed a good-sized contract in Baltimore. At that time this contract was considered by some business men as an unwise expansion and questionable undertaking, but now the firm is doing business in all parts of the world. In spite of the revolution in Mexico, the company installed two plants there last spring, and for the last five years it has never been without a contract from the empire of Japan. When the writer visited the company's plant, a very large contract was being prepared for shipment to Japan, and the firm was also boxing up a large shipment going to Colon, Panama, for a large ice-making and cold-storage plant.

The firm has shipped numerous plants to South America, and Mr. Vilter states that American manufacturers ought to be able to increase their market in South and Central America because, geographically speaking, they are our natural

neighbors. The American citizen does not like those foreign languages, and that is perhaps why we are not doing more business in South America and Central America, but there is another more important disadvantage which manufacturers of this country encounter, and this is exemplified in the fact that Europeans have banking connections in every city of importance in South and Central America. Americans do not have these banking facilities, but the time will surely come when our American bankers will be asked to establish branch houses in South and Central American countries, so that American institutions can handle the financial situation to better advantage, which would be to great advantage to manufacturers of this country. As it is now, the manufacturers have to rely upon their own resources and their own information as to the credit standing of the people who want to buy from them. If branches of American banks were established throughout the country, important financial information could be easily obtained and the trade would be greatly stimulated.

* * *

The Vilter Manufacturing Company in the early period of its history turned out between \$25,000 and \$35,000 worth of material each year. Now the Company is doing a business of nearly \$2,000,000 per year, but to reach this point Mr. Vilter and his associates experienced a continuation of hard knocks and many disappointments; but there was no jump from one year to the other and again fall down the next year. The records show a natural increase from year to year, and it appears that men who bought the company's product returned again when they wanted additional machinery, because they were always well satisfied.

Mr. Theodore O. Vilter was appointed a United States delegate to the Second International Congress of Refrigeration in Vienna in 1910, with credentials from the Secretary of State. He observed how things were handled by the Austrian government, and he made up his mind that the United States must do something more at the Third International Congress of Refrigeration, and accordingly at the Chicago Exposition cold storage was made

a feature of the exhibit, and the foreigners were astonished when they witnessed the ingenuity and energy of the American experts. It was voted to have the next Congress of the International Association of Refrigeration at St. Petersburg, Russia, three years hence. When St. Petersburg was elected, the Russians went to Mr. Vilter and expressed a desire to gain his assistance in holding an exhibition in St. Petersburg similar to that held in Chicago. Mr. Vilter promised his assistance, but told them that it would cost a great deal of money, but the Russian delegates believed that there would be no obstacle and earnestly requested Mr. Vilter to be present.

* * *

The Government exhibit at the Third International Congress of Refrigeration Exposition was for the purpose of education only. The people, and especially the lawmakers—including aldermen, assemblymen from various states and representatives of the United States—all need information on this subject. They want to make laws in reference to cold storage; and to acquaint these legislators with the facts was the main object of the Exhibition. The cold storage exhibit, especially of frozen poultry, refrigerated berries and refrigerated beef, was to educate the Congressmen and others, so that they would appeal to the Department of Agriculture for information as to what kind of rules and regulations should be embodied into

the law. There is no doubt that laws should be made to control the cold storage products just the same as the products of the packing houses, but such laws should be made with discrimination.

The cold storage plants of the country have all been a factor in relieving the situation of the high cost of living. In the month of May, when the hens are busy, there is a surplus of eggs, and the price is about ten cents per dozen. All the eggs that are laid at that time cannot be consumed, but in the winter when the hens are not laying the people must pay a much higher price. By shipping May eggs into cold storage, the price is equalized throughout the year.

There has been a great development of late years in the manufacture of ice. In the early days ice was cut from ponds, rivers and lakes which often contained all kinds of factory refuse. Today, even in the northern countries, ice is manufactured in artificial plants, and the product is sanitary and more healthful to the people.

Mr. Vilter believes that publicity is the best way of bringing American industries to the attention of the foreign people. He thinks that when we have a panic and hard times in the country, the stringency is not felt in other countries, and if our industries keep in touch with foreign manufacturers and merchants, their patronage will contribute to a large extent in keeping the shops running, even against business depression.

Mankind marches forward, perfecting its strength. Everything that is unattainable for us now will one day be near and clear; but we must help with all our force those who seek for truth. . . . The vast majority of educated people seek after nothing, do nothing and are as yet incapable of truth. . . . They are all serious; they all have solemn faces; they only discuss important subjects; they philosophize, but meanwhile the vast majority of us (ninety-nine per cent) live like savages. . . . I am afraid of solemn faces; I dislike them. I am afraid of solemn conversations. Let us rather hold our tongues.

—Tchekhof.

An Historic Milwaukee Store

A DOZEN years before Andrew Carnegie, the Scotch peasant boy, began his career as a manufacturer of steel; a like period before John D. Rockefeller began buying crude oil; twenty years before Alexander Bell taught his voice to ride on the electric current; six years before George Pullman enabled the railway traveler to go to bed and sleep on his journey across the world; nearly twenty years before Bessemer perfected the steel process, and long before Lincoln issued the emancipation proclamation, a little general merchandise store was started in Milwaukee, which has become one of the most interesting historic establishments of the northwest. This is the dry goods house of Kroeger Brothers Company—an institution which stands today as one of the best tributes to industry and frugality which this country possesses.

The father of Herman and Caspar Kroeger, the two brothers who won distinction for this Milwaukee mercantile establishment, emigrated with his family in 1844 from Westphalia, Prussia, and settled in Milwaukee. The elder Kroeger built the first roadway across the creek near his home on Grove Street. The bridge was built in cholera times, and as Mr. Kroeger said, "it would be a roadway for the dead." The bridge was finished in July, and in August Mr. Kroeger's body was the first to be carried over it. He had fallen a victim to the dread disease. Herman and Caspar were left to meet the stern realities of life, but the results of their battle with adversity are shining examples of what industry and integrity can accomplish.

When the Kroeger Brothers started their primitive store, Milwaukee was but little more than a good-sized village, and its people did not practice in any marked degree the beatitudes set forth in the sermon on the Mount. Most of them were honest, but there was a total lack of respect for the Sabbath Day; in fact, Sunday was the principal trading day of the week. The farmers would not

come to town on any other day, and as each store possessed an auxiliary in the form of a saloon, and whisky was sold for thirty cents a gallon, it is not difficult to imagine that the holy calm of the Sabbath day was frequently broken by discordant voices from the taverns. To the Kroeger brothers this atmosphere of conviviality and disrespect for religious observances was decidedly repugnant, and in less than two years after they began business, their saloon was discontinued and their store closed on Sunday. In the course of time other merchants adopted similar methods, and gradually the townspeople became more self-respecting and orderly.

In the early days Milwaukee was a city of bubble blowers. Fantastic estimates of real estate values and civic growth often plunged almost the entire population into the wildest speculations in real estate and other enterprises. But bubbles, however zealously inflated, must burst at last, and to the sorrow of many of the early residents, real-estate values, which for a time had soared to great heights, came down with a crash. The Kroeger brothers never participated in any of the rainbow-chasing vagaries of the "boomers." They never joined any of the promotion organizations or social clubs; they attended strictly to their little business venture and they had the satisfaction of being able to weather every financial storm that struck the city. One after another their early competitors discontinued business, either voluntarily or by the stern decree of a bankruptcy court; but Kroeger Brothers pursued the even tenor of their way and their business steadily increased with the growth of the city.

For the principle upon which the firm determined to win success or experience failure embraced the cardinal virtues of honesty, industry and integrity. They never swerved in their endeavor to carve a name for themselves by these means, and never have these golden tenets been forgotten. Customers of Kroeger Brothers always knew that every article was just as represented, and that nothing but a

legitimate profit was asked by the firm. It can be truthfully said that no mercantile establishment in America has had a longer and better record of honest merchandising than Kroeger Brothers of Milwaukee.

Herman Kroeger is now eighty-two years old, and there are few men today who are spending the evening of life in more genuine contentment and happiness. Having won business distinction and success through a policy devoid of speculation or sharp practice, he is able to look back upon a career of honor, integrity and devotion to family ties. A devout Christian, the closing days of his life are illumined by the sincere belief that on the other side of the river which he must cross so soon, the Christian's hope will be more than realized.

Mr. Kroeger's entry into mercantile life was beset with many difficulties. He was a poorly-dressed lad with but little knowledge of the English language, but a kindly physician secured a position for the boy. When the merchant saw young Kroeger, he was anything but favorably impressed with his appearance and declined to give him employment. Later it occurred to him that perhaps he might be honest, a requisite which was lacking in the young man he had discharged. After a year and a half, young Kroeger secured what he thought was a better position, through which his entry into the dry goods business took place. He received for his services the munificent salary of \$6 per month without board. At the end of six years his salary had been increased to \$275 a year.

Among his first customers was a farmer who had taken a kindly interest in the young man and who suggested the idea of starting a business of his own. Such a proposition was out of the question, because young Kroeger had no money, but to bridge over this difficulty, the farmer loaned the proposed firm, which was to consist of Herman and his brother Caspar, one hundred dollars, and this borrowed amount was, figuratively speaking, the acorn from which has grown such a splendid tree.

The first year's sales amounted to \$1,800; the second year the results aston-

ished the proprietors, as the business had amounted to \$5,700, and the Kroeger Brothers were happy. It is stated that more genuine satisfaction was experienced by the Brothers over this \$4,000 gain than any of later years, when the increase was \$100,000 a year.

The sixty-year history of the Kroeger Brothers was not devoid of difficulties. On several occasions panic and unfavorable crops brought wreck and ruin to hundreds of business men in Milwaukee, and more than once the Kroeger Brothers met with losses that seemed likely to engulf them; but from every difficulty they rose triumphantly, because the wholesale houses and banks knew that they were honest and they received credit and accommodations such as few other merchants could obtain.

The life and character of Herman Kroeger are worthy of the highest tribute which journalism can bestow. He never sought political office, although he was elected alderman in 1858. He was nominated for mayor by the People's Party in 1888, and was elected to the State Senate in the fall of the same year. His position in the Wisconsin Senate was unique in that he was the only representative of his party in that body, but his cool judgment and his unswerving integrity won him the confidence of the Democrats who had risen to power in the state, with the result that his candidacy for re-election was endorsed by the Democratic party of his senate district and he was elected by a large majority.

Mr. Kroeger has long passed the allotted "three score years and ten." For over six successive decades his honest, open face has been seen in the mercantile establishment which now stands a tribute to his name. While the business has been placed on younger shoulders, there is not a clerk in the great establishment who does not rejoice in seeing the kindly countenance of Mr. Kroeger around the store, for every employee knows that a fatherly interest is taken in his or her welfare. How many hearts this man has cheered by his kindly counsel during sixty years of merchandising will never be known; but scores of ambitious men and women have occasion to remember the fatherly

advice of Herman Kroeger as he led them to the foot of the industrial ladder and encouraged them to ascend.

The first Kroeger Brothers store consisted of a single room of twelve by sixteen feet in the family home. As the business grew, this store room was enlarged, and in 1858 a new building was erected. This was soon found to be inadequate to handle the rapidly growing business. In 1871 the firm built a brick store and this was greatly enlarged in 1883. In that year the company was incorporated, and the store became one of the largest of its class in Wisconsin. In 1885 the grocery department was sold, the firm believing that the best interests of the business would be served by devoting the energies of the management entirely to the dry goods and notion departments. The present store on National Avenue was completed in 1901. The ground dimensions of this store is 100 by 152 feet, and the building is strictly fireproof. All appliances and equipments are modern. When it was built it was considered the most convenient general merchandising store in Wisconsin. The building cost approximately \$200,000.

Recently the firm acquired a store on Fond du Lac Avenue, which is now known as Kroeger Brothers North Store, being in the heart of the business section of the North Side, while the south store is in the business part of the South Side. The North Store has a floor space of 50,000 square feet, and the South Store approximately 90,000 square feet.

The store on Fond du Lac Avenue is conducted at a minimum of expense, as both establishments, under one management, are benefitted by the same advertising and have the benefit of expert buyers and unlimited credit.

The Company issues fifty thousand copies of its own sales publication weekly, going to practically every town and hamlet in the Northwest. As a result of an energetic campaign for mail orders, much

trade comes to the firm from Wisconsin and adjoining states—it comes from people who know Kroeger Brothers' goods are honest. Recently an order came to the firm from Australia, 13,711 miles away. It was thirty-two days on its journey and traveled on the average 428 miles a day.

An unique feature of this institution is the great development of what is known as Kroeger Brothers merchandise stamps. This feature was established ten years ago. It was intended to be a form of discount which would create a closer relationship between buyer and seller. About two years ago it was decided to form a Kroeger Brothers merchandise stamp organization in Milwaukee and adjoining cities. Merchants were invited to use the Kroeger stamps and today over five hundred stores in a hundred cities and towns are using these stamps as trade builders; in fact the Kroeger system has become the standard form of discount in the Northwest. Over five million Kroeger stamps are used every month, and the users get from one to five per cent discount upon their purchases, the discount being governed by the number of stamps given on each particular day.

Kroeger Brothers have gained an enviable reputation for the fair treatment accorded their employees. Clerks in the store, in addition to their salary, get a percentage on sales above a certain amount. A prize is also given every month to the department having the best record. This prize consists of five dollars to each employee in the department.

Up to January 31st the Kroeger stores conducted a \$2,500 cash voting contest in conjunction with various sales. The plan offers a total of \$2,500 in prizes for the most popular charitable or other organization, and the most popular individuals who enter.

Caspar Kroeger died June 15, 1895. Herman Kroeger was actively engaged in the business until two years ago, when his son Henry took charge.



Lowering the Price of Gas

ILLUMINATING gas has become as necessary to modern living as bread and water, and any great diminution in supply would as surely greatly disturb our business and social relations as a lessened supply of breadstuffs, though perhaps with less serious results. Any failure to develop the industry therefore seriously decreases comfort and business and means that we must live on a lower level of material prosperity than we might otherwise attain.

As a means of illumination gas is practically indispensable. The aim of practical reform should be to lower the price of gas sufficiently to enable the poorest to use it for cooking and illumination. The use of illuminating gas has become an absolute necessity and very few people ever realize that few commodities are so certainly and adequately supplied as gas. For over twenty years there has never been a single minute when the Milwaukee Gas Company was not prepared to deliver gas through its mains. There have been occasional local disturbances in certain parts of the city, but for nearly a quarter of a century the gas works have supplied Milwaukee without any interruption whatever. Certainly a record of efficiency in management of the highest order.

During the extremely cold winter of 1910-11, when the thermometer averaged 9 degrees below zero for sixteen days in January, the organization of the gas company was put to a remarkable test. On some days a thousand service pipes were frozen, but not a day passed without every frozen pipe being cleared by the company. During those strenuous days the officials themselves led the work of relief; and it was oftentimes nearly midnight before the last frozen pipe was thawed out. The people of Milwaukee had a practical demonstration during those terrible days of the wonderful organization of their gas company.

It is stated that the pressure in the mains of the Milwaukee Gas Company is the best regulated in this country; in fact, there seems to be little room left for im-

provement in this respect. Then again the heat units of the gas delivered are considerably above the Wisconsin standard, as the company delivers gas to its customers at 640 British Thermal Units, while the state standard has been fixed at 600, giving each customer approximately seven per cent more value for his money than the company is obliged to deliver. But satisfied and appreciative customers are valuable assets to a public utility company.

Like all Milwaukee public utility companies, the gas company is compelled to bear a heavy tax burden. The state public utility commission has placed a valuation on the property for rate-making purposes at \$11,000,000, while the city of Milwaukee has fixed the valuation for assessment purposes at \$12,000,000. Figuratively speaking, the company seems to be between two fires. The taxes paid by the Milwaukee Company aggregate over \$200,000 a year.

The history of the Milwaukee Gas Company is unique among American public utility companies in that it has never experienced competition, has enjoyed a perpetual franchise and has been able to sell its securities at a lower rate of interest than the average public utility corporation.

Investors, knowing that competition has been eliminated and a perpetual exclusive franchise is held by the company, have often been glad to purchase the securities at four per cent, and this advantageous condition has enabled the company to lead the American Gas companies in lower prices. For twenty-five years the rates of gas in Milwaukee have been lower than in other cities of its class, with perhaps one exception.

For nearly a quarter of a century the Milwaukee Gas Company has been under the same management and has maintained a degree of harmony with the municipality and its citizens such as finds no counterpart on this continent. It is a record that stands out in bold relief in the history of American public utility companies.

Time and again frictions and discontent have tested the patience of men who have undertaken to pilot a Wisconsin public service corporation along its uncertain way, but in a quiet unostentatious manner the affairs of the Milwaukee Gas Company have been conducted so that every smouldering complaint was quickly subdued before it became a conflagration of animosity and prejudice. It has not been difficult for the officials to show a complaining customer that the service was of the very highest and the prices low; and when the facts were presented in a spirit of friendliness and courtesy the customer usually saw his troubles in a somewhat different light. Minor complaints have sometimes been justifiable, but when attention was called to the grievance, the cause was speedily removed.

The Company believes that a sliding price, dependent upon the amount used, is the only practical method of rate fixing. This opinion is shared by the Wisconsin Public Utility Commission, and an agreement has recently been made by which the Milwaukee price of gas will range from 45 cents to 75 cents per one thousand cubic feet. The first seven thousand cubic feet consumed each month is charged at 75 cents. There are reductions in price according to the amount consumed, the lowest figure being placed at 45 cents, which is given to customers using in excess of two million cubic feet per month. The average price received on the entire output is $72\frac{1}{2}$ cents.

It is apparent that this system of rate fixing is based upon sound principles in that it amply provides for fixed charges. At first glance it appears like discrimination to charge one customer 45 cents and another 75 cents, but when it is understood that the first seven thousand feet consumed in all cases is charged at 75 cents, no just cause can be found for complaint. The latest substantial reduction in price of gas, July 1, 1911, was a voluntary reduction on a schedule submitted by the gas company, bringing the maximum price to 75 cents and the minimum to 50 cents. The gas company's experts, in suggesting this reduction, evidently figured very close to the maximum possible point, as the commission, after a full

review of all figures on valuation of plant, have recently made a further adjustment in price amounting to about \$30,000, practically leaving the schedule, with the exception of changes in steps, very little different from the company's figures.

There are about eighty-seven thousand customers as against sixty thousand at the close of 1907. The total main mileage is five hundred miles, including the "booster mains," which carry pumped gas from a central pumping station to twenty-three governor stations located approximately one to every square mile in the city.

It is due to the development of this "booster system," originated and developed in Milwaukee, that the uniform pressures and perfect service which the company gives are possible.

Both plants are kept strictly up to date. The Third Ward Plant is held as a water gas station for handling variations in send-out and in the quantity of gas made by the Coke Oven Plant, the West Side Plant being operated continuously. There is enough reserve water gas capacity held idle to take care of any breakdown in either one of the other plants.

All the important river pipes crossing the Milwaukee River have been concentrated at one point—opposite the Third Ward Works, at which place a concrete and brick tunnel ten feet in diameter has been built under the river to carry the pipes across, thus doing away with any possible interruption to the service through failure of river pipes.

The Company, believing that no better means to stimulate the sales of gas can be employed than to display the appliances in the most effective manner, has built a display store adjoining its main office, which is undoubtedly the most extensive and best designed gas salesroom found anywhere. It contains ten thousand square feet of floor space and is especially designed so that the best light effects can be secured. This exhibition room is in charge of expert salespeople and demonstrators.

A painstaking investigation of conditions and a thorough canvass for comments on the gas service in Milwaukee warrants the opinion that public utility organization and service have reached the highest ideal in the Milwaukee Gas Company.

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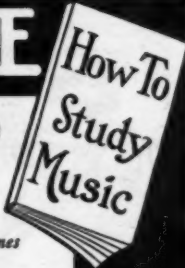
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IN THE KITCHEN

BY MRS. M. L. C.

If new tinware is rubbed over with fresh lard and thoroughly heated in the oven before it is used, it will never rust, no matter how much it is put in water.

For stained tinware, borax is the best cleanser. If a teapot or coffee pot has become discolored on the inside, boil it in a strong solution of borax for a little time and its brightness will return.

Kerosene, applied either with a brush or soft cloth, will clean tarnished silver well.

To Make Vinegar

Save the parings and cores of apples: put them in a jar with warm water, enough to more than cover them. Set in a warm place for several days, then strain and add one pint of molasses to a gallon of the water. Put in a jar, tie a thin cloth over it, keep in a warm place and in a few weeks this will be good vinegar.

TO KEEP LACE FRESH

BY MRS. W. B. F.

If after wearing a gown with lace collar or yoke, the latter are, upon removing, dusted upon the inside with talcum powder or gently rubbed with a cake of magnesia, the lace will retain its freshness a much longer time than is usual.

CARING FOR KITCHEN SINK

BY M. E. H.

Frequently the waste pipe of the kitchen sink becomes clogged and the water will not run off. By substituting soap powder in generous quantities for cake soap when washing dishes, there will probably be no further trouble.

To Protect Child's Coat

A man's worn negligee shirt makes an excellent dust protector for a child's coat, while the latter is hanging in the closet. Slip the shirt over the coat while it is on a hanger, so that the back of the shirt covers the front of the coat and button up the shirt.

DRY CLEANING

BY N. E. D.

A soiled lace yoke in a silk or woolen dress may be easily cleaned by brushing thoroughly in the meshes finely powdered starch, letting it remain a day or two, then brushing well. The soil will be gone.

Cutting Butter

To cut butter for the table without its sticking to the knife or breaking, cut a strip of the moist waxed paper in which it comes wrapped, fold over the blade of the knife and cut the butter. The result will be very satisfactory.